SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LIX JANUARY, 1916 NO. 1

MY REMEMBRANCES

THE MELANCHOLY TALE OF "ME"

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"THE BLESSEDS"

IT is on the very first page of my remembrance that I see myself held up in my nurse's arms to look into a pair of gray eyes which twinkle like the sun. There is a blaze of light and a great many people about. Some are in beautiful clothes and some are rough people in shirt-sleeves. I am on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre in London in 1862. The eyes that twinkle are those of my father. He is made up for his part of "Lord Dundreary," and is there before the beginning of the play to take a final look at the scene, and my brother and sister and I have been brought behind the footlights that he may say good night to "the Blesseds."

It was as a child of three years or so that I began first to be aware of my father. My mother used to drive him frequently to the theatre from our house in Kensington. Sometimes my brother Lytton and I would be taken with her. I recall well the refreshment-bar in front of the house, with sponge-cake under glass cases and all sorts of exciting things tied up in paper and gay ribbons. Held in my nurse's arms, I would help myself to these delicacies aided and abetted by the beautiful barmaid; later we would proceed through mysterious passages to greet "Lord Dundreary."

I remember perfectly my curiosity at the long, black whiskers. Indeed, my recollection of my father begins with his countenance thus disguised (it is at a much later date that he dawns upon me in his proper person)—whiskers, eye-glass, black hair parted in the middle, and with one eyebrow curiously higher than the other.

When we were old enough to witness the play, it was his great delight to introduce remarks during the performance which alluded to us but which the audience would think part of the comedy. Especially would he mention our names, as "I wonder what Eddy would say to that?" This invariably sent me down to the floor, to hide in trepidation and strange glee, and up again, half an inch at a time, to see if any one were looking at me.

All my father's acting at this time was not confined to the stage. Our garden at "The Cedars" was a very land of romance, and here, in nooks and corners and rockeries and on the lawns, "the Blesseds" enacted many a fairy-tale, from "Jack and the Beanstalk" to "King Arthur and the Round Table." As a war-horse, or an ogre, or a dragon, or a witch, my father lent much terror and realism to these occasions.

Whenever my father's acting season was over, we would be off to the seaside for the holiday. These halcyon days at Ramsgate are especially vivid still—Ramsgate, made immortal in the "Bab Ballads" and in the "Ingoldsby Leg-

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ends" by the fearsome tale of "Smuggler Bill," who was raced over the cliff by the devil himself. There is "The Smuggler's Leap" to-day in front of the Granville Hotel, and from the hotel garden one goes down into the "Smuggler's Cave," which, with long, dark, tortuous passages, leads out onto the face of the cliff some fifty feet above the sea, where, on the rocks below, crashed "Smuggler Bill" and his dapple-gray mare, in death-grips with the devil on his coal-black steed.

Here, on the very spot, my father used to read to three delightfully terrified children the blood-curdling adventure of "Smuggler Bill." When he got to the verse—

"Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse pistol, of which he had two,
Made by Knock. He drew back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he pulled, the welkin it rang;
The sound of the weapon it made such a *bang!*"

there was an awful effect, for he had begun the verse in a low, mysterious voice, very tense and holding onto us as though to protect us from impending danger. He proceeded rapidly in this hushed, tense tone, until he reached the word "bang," which he would give out with such a shout that the cavern echoed again, and we, gloriously frightened, would be hurled from him by the force of the explosion, huddled together and wide-eyed, to approach again for the next verse and the next shock. These nerve-racking recitations especially appealed to my small brother Sam, who would frequently drag my father from his writing-desk, or even from his meals, saying: "Ta wants 'The 'Muggler's Leap.'"

When Joseph Jefferson visited England about this period to play "Rip Van Winkle" in London, he became a party to these occasions. Mr. Jefferson stayed at our house in Kensington. You who remember the sweet and gentle Jefferson will smile to know that my parent told his children that a famous pirate chief was coming to hide from the officers of the law. Shortly Jefferson arrived, wrapped up in a very large greatcoat and accompanied by his son Charles, who had met with an accident on shipboard. Charles was carried carefully into a room on the ground floor and Jefferson and my father were closeted for a while making Charles comfortable in bed. When my father came out, I and my brothers were peering through the banisters at the door of the "pirate."

"Hush!" said my father. "There has been a terrible battle on the high seas. The pirate chief will be hanged if anybody speaks and his first mate is full of cannon-balls. There is only one thing to do, and that is to give up eating and to stand on one leg. Quick! There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he left us.

Shortly Mr. Jefferson came out of the room and found three little boys standing on one leg on the staircase.

"Don't shoot!" said my elder brother.

"Bang!" shouted Mr. Jefferson, and the three small lads fled in dismay.

It did not take long for us to make friends with this "terror of the seas." We were soon taken to see "Rip," and then we played "Rip" ourselves, assisted by Joe Jefferson. In those days we played many plays. The rockery in our garden very readily became a weird spot in the Catskill Mountains, "Sleepy Hollow" and the "Village of Falling Water" materialized with the swift magic of childhood's thought, which can make one a gnome, or a giant, or a flea, or an elephant within the twinkling of an eye. "Rip" was a great play for us. My brother Sam was a gnome and had to crawl about on all fours. He, however, was very mutinous, and no matter what character we cast him for he would insist on introducing the climactic speech from my father's performance of "Rosedale," where the hero cries: "Up guards and at 'em." Quite regardless of plot or play, Sam would cry this at inopportune moments, and when rebuked would mutter in his own secret language and conspire against our peace of mind.

"Wanted, a country house in Devonshire. Must have fishing from bedroom window." This advertisement, inserted by my father in the London daily papers, brought a prompt reply, and shortly "the Blesseds" found themselves in Devonshire under the precise conditions advertised for. Actually we could fish from the bedroom window, for a trout stream rushed by within twenty feet of the house. All his life my father was a persistent fisherman; nothing could daunt him.

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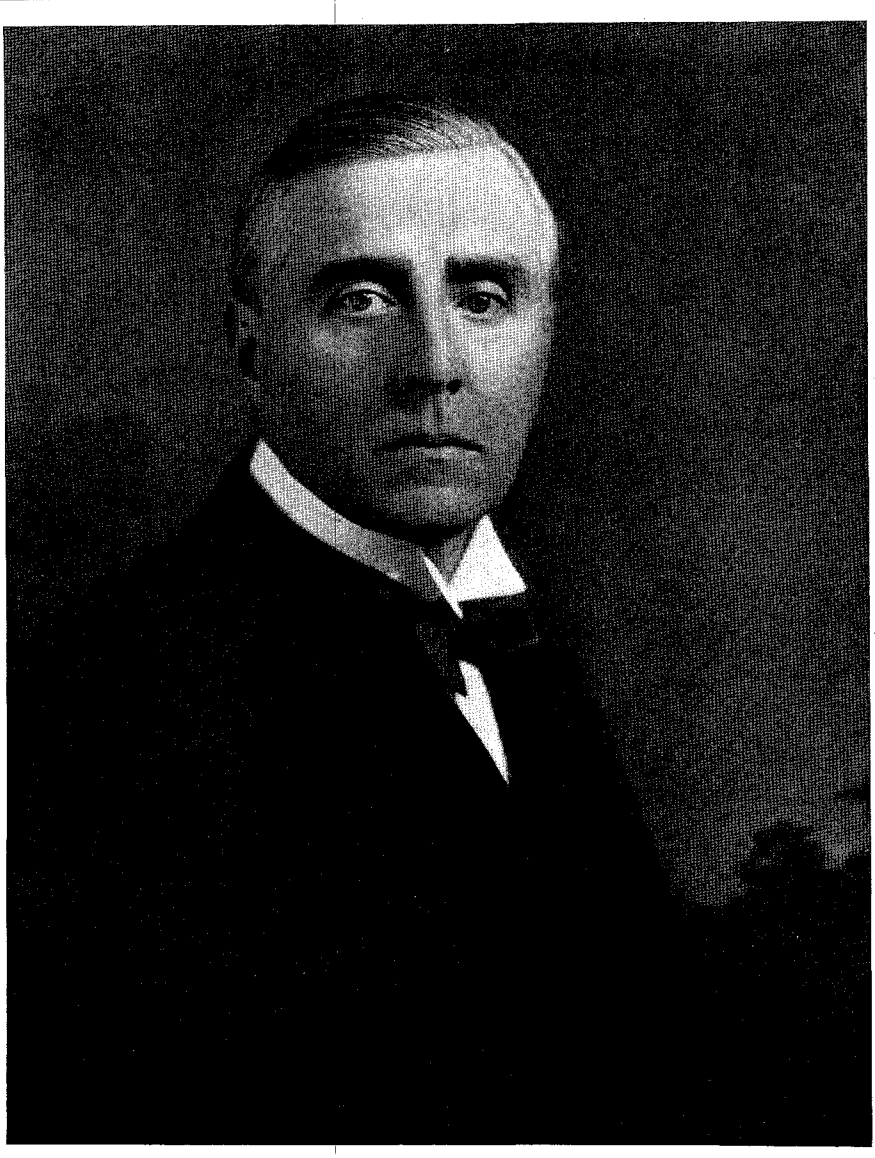

From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward H. Sothern, 1915.

The worst possible luck found him enthusiastic and victorious, for if he could not catch fish he would go into a shop and buy them, and so excite the envy and disgust of his equally unfortunate fellows.

Once, when we were fishing in the Rangeley Lakes, the sport was very bad indeed, and for an entire day but one trout was caught, and that by my father. He kept on pulling this same trout out of the water until the other sportsmen in distant boats concluded that his phenomenal success was owing to the spots he selected to fish in. They followed him about all over the lake. Wherever he threw his line, up came trout after trout amidst the greatest excitement and enthusiasm from him and his crew; but

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those who succeeded him could not get a bite. They waited his return home, a gloomy group upon the shore. As he approached he lifted his lone fish up again and again, counting an apparently endless catch before their very eyes, when lo! the craft ran ashore and there was but one trout.

A holiday with my father was no idle matter. We were all on the jump from morning until night. Things had to happen all the time. Once "the Blesseds" were taken to Margate. This time John T. Raymond was of the party. He himself was a restless spirit and ever on the alert to seize fun by the forelock. My father and he disappeared from our scene of action one morning. Shortly, when we went on the sands for our daily adventures among the Punch-and-Judy shows and the donkey boys and the minstrel men, we were attracted by a great crowd which surrounded some negro minstrels. Mr. Bones and the tambourine were especially active and diverting. We watched them for some time before we became

Mother with "Me" in her arms.

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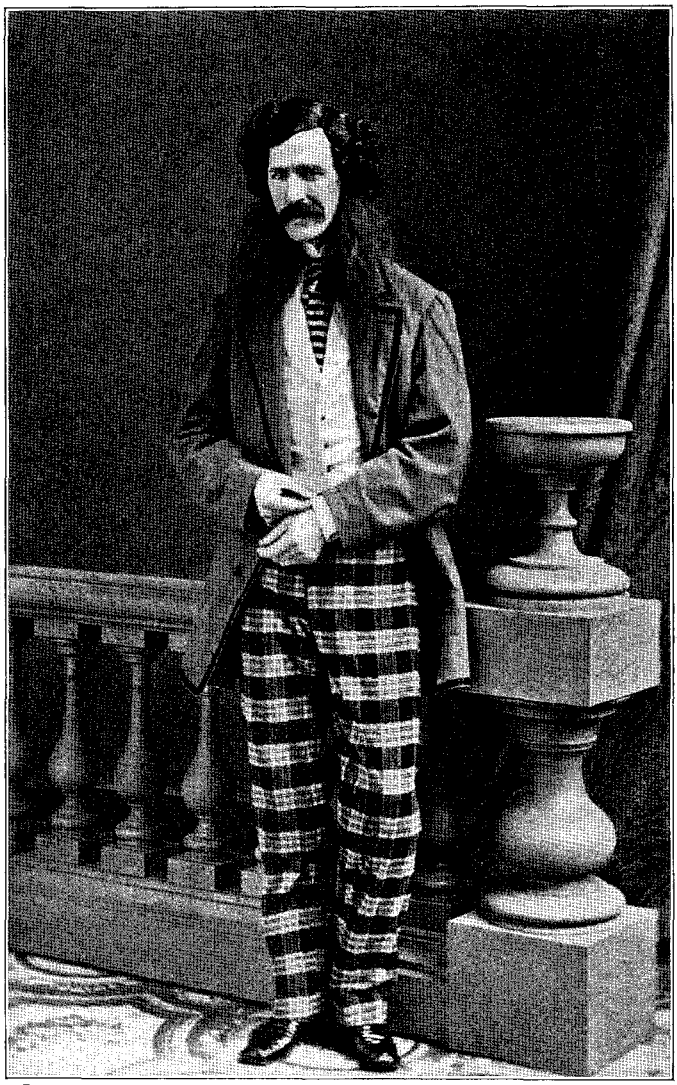
aware that the acrobatic Mr. Bones was in reality John T. Raymond and the agile Mr. Tambourine, whose convulsions were quite amazing, was our adored father.

the means of discovering my father's identity and precipitating his retreat in a cab—an open fly—which departed followed by a joyful crowd, Raymond and



From a photograph by C. D. Fredericks & Co., in the collection of Robert Coster.

E. A. Sothern as "Lord Dundreary," 1858.

The eyes that twinkle are those of my father. He is made up for his part of "Lord Dundreary."—Page 1.

It transpired that my father had encountered an old comrade who had enlisted as a minstrel, and under his guidance he and Raymond had thus attired themselves infusing unheard-of vitality into the performance and entirely eclipsing the efforts of rival performers.

Our delight knew no bounds, and was my father still playing bones and tambourine as they disappeared in the distance.

"TA"

SARAH TAME was my brother's nurse. My early remembrance of her was that of a tall, rather solemn and majestic woman.

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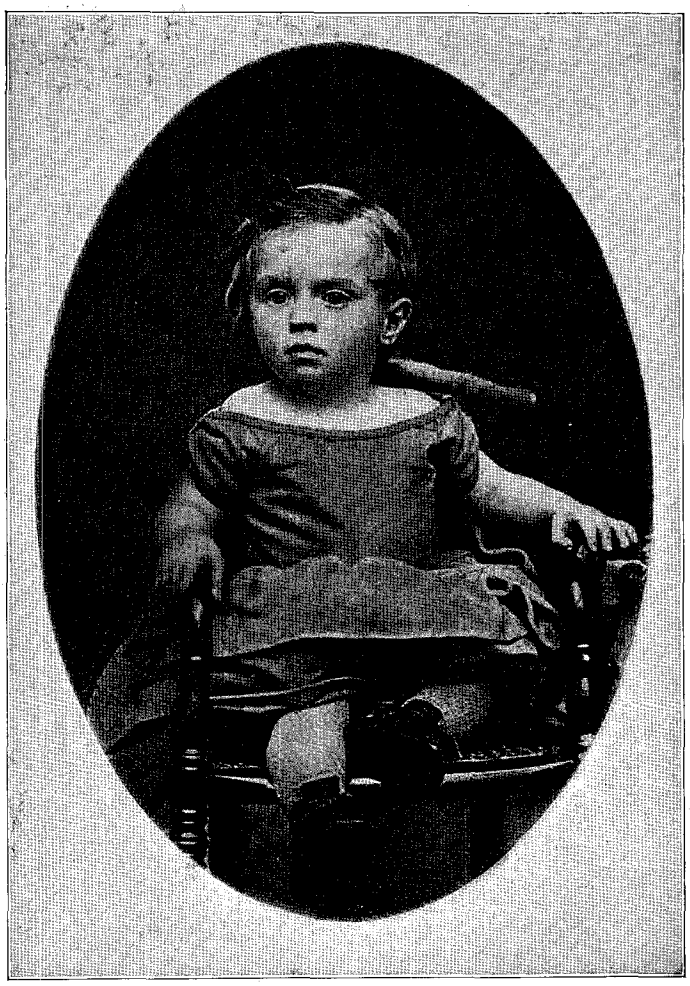
I had, as it were, to throw my head back to see her face when I spoke to her. That was forty-five years ago. I saw her in London a while since and find that she is a very small person some distance beneath me. I can distinctly look down on her. There was but one child in the world for Sarah Tame and Sarah Tame was his prophet. She used to call my brother *The Prince*. The other children were just children. My brother's name being George, my father naturally called him Sam, and with equal reason Sam addressed himself as Ta. He would never say, as ordinary folk do: "I want this or that." He would say, "Ta wants Ta's brexas," meaning breakfast. Sarah, to Sam, was Kluklums. There are, I believe, some three hundred languages besides volapük, but none of these would serve Sam's purposes. Those of us who had his interest at heart would try now and again to dissuade him from persisting in this new and strange speech. Sam would never argue about it; being smaller than his advisers, he had to listen, but when all was said and done he would make some remark in his unknown tongue, at which one could not take offense, not knowing what it signified, and move off about some important business. Never was there a child who had so much im-



"Me," aged two years.

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portant business as Ta. He was much given to soliloquy. It was rather uncanny to hear him talk in this mysterious lingo to himself. Sarah was the only one who understood him. It was as if these two had lived in some previous existence and, meeting on this planet, communicated in a tongue which was theirs eons ago, on Mars perhaps. Sarah herself was no ordinary woman; she walked in an atmosphere of impending Fate. If one should ask her to get a pocket-handkerchief, she would reply: "I'll get it if I die on the road." This was her customary phrase when performing any mission. I remember feeling somewhat awed at this way of treating a simple request, as though her blood would be on my head should death overtake her on the way.

"Ta," Sam Sothern, aged two years.

Ta and Kluklums persisted in this language of theirs until Ta was about eight years of age. Then their vocabulary was quite a formidable one and covered all the usual occasions and requirements of existence. My father was equal to the emergency, however, and when he returned to England one day after a couple of seasons in America he quickly perceived the profundity of Ta's mind and met the situation by inventing a rival language on the spot. He adopted some of Ta's words but broke forth in a multitude of new ones. A torrent of unfamiliar talk flowed from him in his conversations with Ta and Kluklums which overpowered them, and for two or three days they were observed in consultations apart, in remote corners of the nursery, the garden,

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or the stable yard. Ta seemed frowning and distraught and Kluklums over and over again was overheard to mutter: "If I die on the road." From that time Ta kept his secret language to himself. He lost to us forever? Be that as it may, Ta always was possessed of a wisdom not very evidently of this world. He seemed ever to have sat in the councils of the great. Even in boyhood graybeards lis-

Eva Tilly Edward H. Sam

"The Blesseds" at Ramsgate.

and Kluklums conversed mostly by signs. Their affection and their understanding remained as deep as ever but no utterance of any sort was permitted to attract the vulgar gaze. When they met after a separation of a quarter of a century quite recently, "The Prince!" said Sarah. "Kluklums!" said Ta.

For my own part, now in my mature years, I believe that Ta came to us with a message which he was not permitted to deliver. Who shall say that he was not a medium and that, had he persisted in giving out those strange sentences which welled up from within him, we should not now be in possession of secrets which are

tened to him with reverence and ancient men deferred to his opinions.

When Ta was first expected on this planet, I, who was then seven years old, was informed that he would one morning be found in a rhubarb bed at the bottom of the garden of our house, "The Cedars," in Kensington, London. Consequently, it was my custom to observe this rhubarb bed closely for any signs of the new baby. My reflections were not at all amiable toward Ta as I stood day after day and contemplated the large rhubarb leaves. I did not think I quite wanted a new baby. I couldn't exactly define my ideas on the subject, but I was distinctly uneasy. At

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last one fine day, while I was staring at the rhubarb, I was told that Ta had arrived and I was invited to go and see him. I was so angry at the deception practised jury seized me, and the undefined animosity I had felt while watching the rhubarb bed found vent in howls of anguish and bangings against the door of

"The Cedars."

Here, in nooks and corners and rockeries and on the lawns, "the Blesseds" enacted many a fairy-tale.—Page 1.

upon me, for Ta had been born behind my back as it were, that I struggled violently with those who would have conducted me to the house. I escaped them and by devious ways retired to a secret retreat of mine in the tool-shed to brood over my wrongs. After a while I crept up to the house and, by the back stairs, approached the room wherein lay the unconscious Ta. I heard sounds of wailing from within and certain tender consolations were being offered which had hitherto been my sole perquisite. An overwhelming sense of injury seized me, and the undefined animosity I had felt while watching the rhubarb bed found vent in howls of anguish and bangings against the door of the room wherein my rival lay. Anxious people came out and took hold of me. When I saw Ta my outcry increased; nothing would induce me to go near him. It was a long time before my mother, by tender endearments, persuaded me to first endure, then pity, then embrace the intruder, and at last to sob myself asleep with my arms about her. For days I regarded Ta with suspicion. He, on the other hand, observed me, as soon as he could observe anything, with stern and frowning toleration. By and by he began

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NAME.	Date of Birth.	Cadet at Entry.	Sub-Lieut.	Lieut.	Commdr.	Captain.	Medals.
HUGH ROBERT NEWBURGH-STEWART.	June 1, 1831.	March 27, 1846.	April 15, 1852.	Feb. 3, 1855.	March 1, 1865.	March 1, 1880.	Baltic. Crimean. Turkish. Canton, with Clasp.

Appointed Cadet to H.M.S. *Belleisle*, 74 guns, Captain Kingcome, which was employed as troop ship from APRIL 17, 1846, to SEPTEMBER 7, 1848, on N. American, W. Indian, Mediterranean, and Home Stations: afterwards joining H.M.S, *Prince Regent*, 90 guns, Captain W. F. Martin, and serving in Mediterranean Squadron under Admiral Sir W Parker, also during Commodore Martin's command of the Frigate Squadron on the Lisbon Station.

MARCH 26, 1850, joined H.M.S. *Lily*, 12 gun brig, at Lisbon, Commander Bedford, serving in her on W Coast of Africa for suppression of slave trade; also on E. Indian and China Stations, from SEPTEMBER 26, 1850, to NOVEMBER 18, 1854, being frequently engaged with pirates, at that time very numerous on the coast of China.

APRIL 7, 1852, landed at Shanghai in charge of small arm men for the protection of British subjects during the Taeping rebellion.

MAY 4, 1852, landed with small arm men on the Island of Patchugaan to rescue the crew of an American Merchant ship who had been made prisoners by pirates.

AUGUST 11, 1853, while off the coast of Tymong, serving in H.M.S. *Lily*, engaged, under sail, seven piratical junks (out of a fleet of 70), and after six hours' engagement, the ship having been raked twice by the fire of the junks, the pirates were dispersed and the junks sunk.

(For this service was on NOVEMBER 23, 1853, appointed Acting Lieutenant to H.M.S. *Rattler* (corvette), under Commander Mellish, for special service in Canton River.

Facsimile of part of the official record of Uncle Hugh.

to speak in this new language I have mentioned. My name of Eddy he reduced to D and in other ways he seemed to belittle me. He seldom smiled and never cried, was quite unsociable and, as I have said, talked a great deal to himself. An uncomfortable sense of Ta's superiority troubled me. I was beginning actually to hate him, when an event occurred which overcame me with that admiration and respect that I have felt for him ever since.

My father had given my mother a hundred and fifty pounds in Bank of England notes. These notes she had placed in a drawer in her desk. Shortly afterward my elder brother, Lytton, entered the room with the son of a neighbor who was his particular and constant playmate. These two were unusual-looking boys; both very handsome, just the same age, about seventeen. They were constantly together. When my mother returned to the room, my brother Lytton and his friend, whose name was Peters, departed. My mother opened the drawer to get money for her household bills, and found to her dismay that more than half of the bank-notes had gone. My father was called. I remember quite well the excitement that followed. My father went off in his dog-cart to Scotland Yard, and returned with one Detective Micklejohn, a celebrated sleuth of the time. Everybody in the house was examined; the servants, male and female, the latter weeping copiously because they were suspected. Of course no individual was suspected. The whole household, however, was searched. Ta and myself alone were exempt. Kluklums was examined with the rest, at which outrage Ta made some occult remarks to which Kluklums replied in the sign language.

Well, Detective Micklejohn was quite baffled. He could find no clew whatever. He had dismissed the servants as having nothing to do with the theft, and had for the moment concentrated his attention on my brother Lytton. It appeared that Lytton had gone to the drawer and had taken out the bank-notes and looked at so much wealth with some awe and then replaced the money. This he readily told the detective. My mother was in tears at the mere idea of Lytton being questioned. My father stood by, puzzled but stern. The men and women

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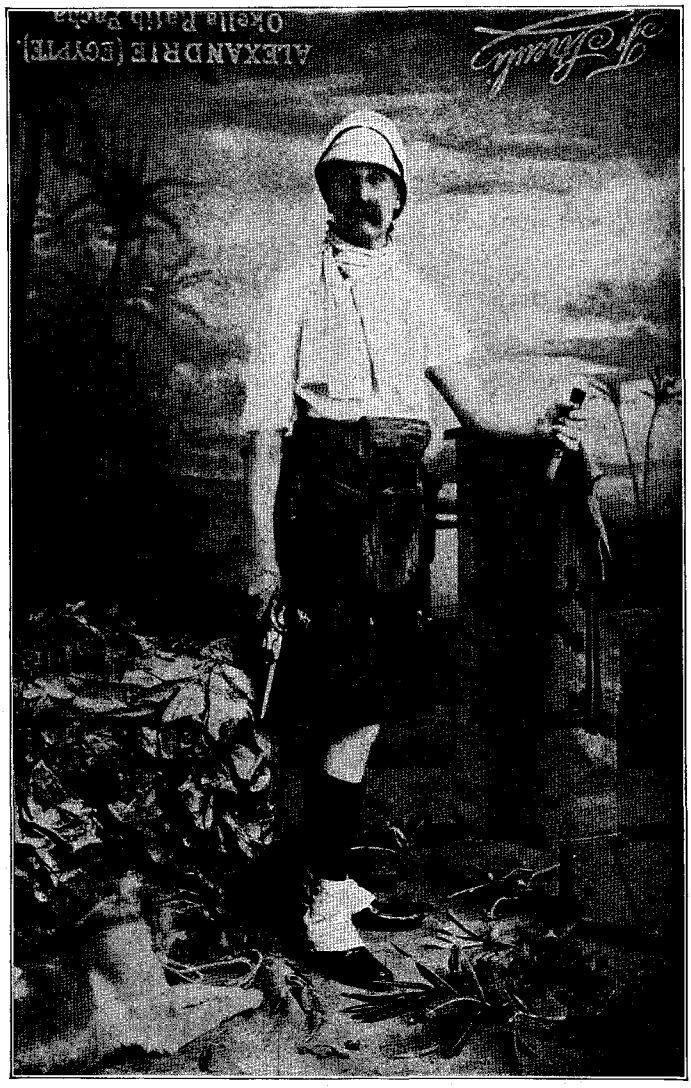
servants were gathered, a nervous crowd in the passage below. Ta and I watched, huddled together with Kluklums.



Uncle Hugh in Alexandria, Egypt.

Hugh gathered together his small resources, he fitted out an expedition all by himself. He started to rescue Gordon.—Page 16.
From a photograph taken in Alexandria, as shown in the reproduction at top.

"Thanks," said Micklejohn, "that's all!"

He was closeted for some time with my father and then departed. We heard that he suspected no one in the house. But he did; he suspected my brother Lytton, who had said nothing about Peters being in the room when he looked at the notes. Peters had taken the money and he went about spending it recklessly. He looked so like my brother Lytton that Micklejohn got on the wrong track, and was quite convinced that Lytton was the spendthrift.

He came to tell my father and mother his opinion. My mother told Kluklums. Kluklums must have communicated by wireless (which was not yet invented) to Ta, for that remarkable child came down

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Lytton Sothern, aged twelve years.

the stairs from his nursery, chanting a favorite chant of his to this effect:

"Dordy mady iddy far
Iffoo pindat madat dar
Dordy isso tindadood
Gidy iddy far effood."

Translated, this poem reads:

"God He made the little fly;
If you pinch it, it will die.
God He is so kind and good,
He gives the little fly his food."

He came down the stairs slowly and seemingly unmoved. He approached Detective Micklejohn, who was coming out of the room followed by my weeping mother and my frowning father. He doubled up his two tiny fists, and he struck that large policeman several rapid blows, at the same time pronouncing these cryptic words: "Dood titto dad peepor." Detective Micklejohn laughed. He had not yet solved a criminal mystery out of the mouths of babes.

"What does he say?" said Micklejohn.

"Dood titto dad peepor," reiterated Ta.

To the amazement of the assembly, Kluklums cried out: "I knew it!"

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"Knew what?" said my father.

"Oh, Sarah!" wept my mother.

Ta, having delivered his ultimatum, was now trying to catch a fly on the window-pane and chanting:

"Dordy mady iddy far—"

"I see the child speaks French," said Micklejohn.

"Iffoo pindat madat dar."

"I knew it!" cried Sarah.

"Speak, woman!" said my father.

"Dood titto dad peepor," said Sarah.

"She also speaks French," said the astute Micklejohn.

"Nonsense!" cried my father impatiently. "This is the child's babble that no one but Sarah can understand. The woman is a second Rosetta Stone."

In his excitement, my father shook Sarah, who, weeping, murmured: "Dood titto dad peepor. Oh, Master Ta! I knew it!"

"Sarah," said my father, "if you don't tell me at once what you mean I will bite your left ear."

This startling threat sobered Sarah instantly.

"What do those words mean?" cried my father.

"They mean," said Sarah, "'good Lytton, bad Peters,' that's what it means, if I die on the road."

"Who's Peters?" said Micklejohn.

"My son's friend who is always with him," said my mother.

"Iffoo pindat madat dar," sang Ta at the window.

"Does he look like your son?" said the sleuth, hot on the trail.

"Yes, they are both very handsome," said my mother.

"Dordy isso tindadood," crooned Ta, killing a fly on the pane.

"Call me a cab," hissed the detective.

"That child's intelligence is unnatural," said my mother.

"He takes after me," said my father.

"Gidy iddy far effood," muttered Ta, cornering another fly.

That night, as Peters was treating a crowd of foolish people at a bar, Micklejohn hit him a heavy smack on the shoulder and said quickly: "Give me that money you took from Mrs. Sothern's desk."

The wretched boy fell to the ground in a faint, and was brought to our house in handcuffs. He confessed everything. My mother wept over him; my father grew hysterical as he embraced his own boy, Lytton. No one but our own household ever knew of the theft or of the redemption of the foolish purloiner. His own people never knew. In my mother's arms, he underwent a change of heart which I know lasted for his life.

But Ta would never make friends with him—never! He invariably called him "dad peepor," until the language of Ta and Kluklums was numbered among those tongues that are dead.

How Ta reached his conclusions concerning the real culprit has never been known. Ta himself, now that he has emerged far beyond the shadowland of childhood, can recall nothing of his mental processes at that time. In fact he remembers nothing about it, save what I tell him.

With Kluklums it is different. To her Ta was and is a being of a different clay from that from which ordinary Londoners are made. In some other world than this, perhaps about the time of the Pharaohs, I myself believe that Ta was a prince. To Kluklums Ta is a prince here and now.

HUGH

If you have read "Tristram Shandy," you will remember Uncle Toby's defense of the redoubt built by Corporal Trim, and how the ancient warrior puffed pipe after pipe of tobacco smoke from his stronghold to represent the firing of cannon to the annihilation of an imaginary foe; and perhaps you thought such conduct quite childish on the part of a soldier and a gentleman. Such a conclusion depends entirely upon the point of view. One may be as a little child and not at all ridiculous or unreasonable to some people. I happen to have known a little child who had just such a relative as "my Uncle Toby," and this little child thought, and still thinks, that his uncle—Uncle Hugh was his name (my mother's brother)—

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was by far the noblest and sanest person he ever met, although most grown-up people were quite sure he was as mad as a hatter, erratic as a March hare.

These are some of the things that made them think so: Uncle Hugh distrusted all grown-up people. He did not like them. He adored little children and was a child again when he was with them. Although he was a poor man, he kept an old asthmatic dog for many years in luxury in a loose box in London. In another loose box he kept an old horse, a victim of all the ills horseflesh is heir to. I used to go with him to see these fortunate animals, but he would never take grown-up people to visit them.

Uncle Hugh and I were walking opposite the Knightsbridge barracks one day when a cavalry regiment which had seen service in one of England's "little wars" came in sight. They had come home. Some were wounded and wore bandages. Many a horseman led a riderless horse, and on each side of the saddle of many such a riderless horse, with foot in stirrup, had been secured the tall guardsman's boots of the dead soldier, while some garments of the absent rider were attached to the pommel.

"That is the way my horse came home," said Uncle Hugh.

I was well aware that Uncle Hugh loved this horse which he never rode. For fifteen years he had kept him—a big chestnut with white stockings—in a stable near St. James Street. It seemed a strange thing for a poor man to do; you can't keep a horse in London for nothing—it must cost about three pounds a week, that is, one hundred and fifty pounds a year. When a man has an income of only five hundred a year, this is a serious item.

"How did your horse come home, Uncle Hugh?" said I.

It appeared that Hugh once had a very dear friend, a soldier, an officer in a cavalry regiment. In a certain engagement, during a "little war," this friend had been fatally wounded and had fallen from his horse. After the charge, which had resulted so seriously, the horse of the officer, running wild over the field, had found his master, and had stood over him, neighing, and, as it were, calling, calling for help. Those searching for the wounded were attracted to the spot. The injured man was picked up and taken to a field-hospital. He lingered for an hour and then died. On a piece of paper he had scrawled these words: "Hugh, I am dying. Take care of my horse." The letter had been taken from his tunic; it was stained with blood.

Hugh was at home on the steeds of Father Neptune, but an English hunter, turned charger, was of no use to him. Still, there was the message from his dead comrade; there was the letter with its injunction stamped in blood.

Hugh, when I first recall him, arrived at my father's house in his naval uniform. He wore the long side whiskers of the day—1865. His sea-chest was full of treasures, which he soon disclosed to me. He gave me at once a nautical telescope with the flags of all nations on the outside of it, a mariner's compass, a small piece of the lately laid Atlantic cable, Peter Parley's tales and the "Ingoldsby Legends." He showed me his sword, and I soon became his constant companion. As usual, the grown-ups found him a bit odd. But I was able to entertain him.

During a dinner at the house of Hugh's sister one day a man at the table asked the hostess how she happened to have on the wall the picture of one Commissioner Yeh, the leader of the Chinese rebellion of 1858, who had distinguished himself by beheading 100,000 of his opponents, and he proceeded to recount the daring exploit of a young naval officer who, during the siege of Canton, accompanied a small band of about ten men, led by Captain Key of her Majesty's ship *Sans Pareil*. With most reckless daring these few made their way into the very centre of the hostile city. They found the hiding-place of the head and front and instigator of the rebellion, Commissioner Yeh. They entered his abode. Captain Key arrested him, and the coxswain of the party (Hugh), seizing the Chinaman's pigtail, wrapped it several times around his wrist, thus rendering him powerless. The rebel, who was a huge, fat man, was then conducted through the city of Canton, and onto the man-of-war. The Chinese were so amazed that not a shot was fired until the sailors were well out in the

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stream. This capture practically put an end to the rebellion.

My aunt pointed to the fair-haired, blue-eyed, childish-looking Hugh, who by this time was covered with confusion. "It was Hugh," said my aunt.

"What was Hugh?" asked the narrator.

"Hugh captured Commissioner Yeh."

Everybody laughed as at a good joke. She might as well have declared that I, a little boy, had done the daring deed. Hugh turned her talk away from the danger-point by some quite childish and irrelevant nonsense and no more was said. No one believed it. But it was the fact. Quixotic Hugh, the companion of children, the lover of his old horse and his superannuated dog, had done this thing.

Uncle Hugh lived alone without a servant in one small room at the top of a house in Waterloo Place. Occasionally he would move to Richmond for a few weeks, to the Richmond Club, and to a few chosen friends (children) he would exhibit a certain dog-kennel he had invented which, by means of intricate tackle, could be pulled up into a tree so that the dog might be placed in it at night and hauled up out of the way of dangerous reptiles and wild beasts. He kept, at a coach-maker's in London, a dog-cart of his invention. When your horse should run away, you had only to pull a lever and the shafts separated from the cart, which would come to a standstill while the horse would continue his wild career with the shafts attached to him. I think, however, there was a line fastened to the harness with which the horse could be thrown.

All the furniture and ornaments, and other necessary belongings in Uncle Hugh's room at the top of the house, could be seized with the greatest suddenness and in the most unexpected manner could be gathered into packages and chests and prepared, in a wink, for any kind of an expedition to any place on the planet. I saw it done. There was a dado which looked like oak—it was really tin; all the chairs and tables and chests, the bedstead—everything—were either receptacles or could be collapsed rapidly. Like a conjurer, Uncle Hugh would attack these things, and literally in five minutes every article would be packed in its exact place, ready to start anywhere.

People (grown-up people) used to think this was the mania of a mad person. Uncle Hugh always seemed to have an idea that he would be called upon one day to undertake an expedition which would necessitate this astonishing activity and despatch in packing up. To me, as a child, it was the most natural and reasonable way to pack things. Why take days and days over it if it could be done in a moment?

Uncle Hugh was a sailor, a naval officer of distinction. At about forty years of age he had retired with the rank of captain. His room was decked with trophies of the sea—sharks' teeth, harpoons, cannon, many kinds of firearms, charts, telescopes, nautical instruments, a sword over the mantelpiece, pistols, all the things that children adore. When Hugh would favor us with an exhibition of his dexterity in preparing for "the expedition," he would say: "Now, then, get ready!" He would lock the door, so as to shut out intruders, and with much seriousness he would begin: "You see I am prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice, at the Queen's command. Now, we imagine that a messenger is approaching with my commission. He is at the door below. He is coming up the stairs, two steps at a time [we were on the edge of our chairs by this and could assuredly hear the steps on the stone stairs without]. He knocks at the door. He enters. I take the blue envelope and open it. 'On her Majesty's service!' I read my instructions. I don't lose a moment. I say 'Go!'" And with a bound Uncle Hugh would seize the tin dado, rush around the room as he detached it from the wall, fold it up in sections, throw it into one chest; the tables, the chairs folded into each other, lamps, rugs, books, instruments, firearms, coal-scuttles, clothes, boots, decanters, silver, a travelling cook-stove—everything a man needs to go anywhere. In three minutes all had disappeared and Uncle Hugh, panting, triumphant, stood amid his sea-chests, overcoat on, hat on, sticks and umbrella in hand—"Ready! at the Queen's command," would say Uncle Hugh. Grown-

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up people who heard us talk about this experience laughed, naturally enough, and declared that Uncle Hugh was "gone there," tapping their grown-up foreheads. This used to annoy me when I was a child, because I was quite sure Hugh would one day do this thing he had on his mind, and which he had thus confided to me and my small brother, so we concluded we would not discuss him with grown-up ones in the future. We believed in Hugh and we waited in confidence.

One day people knocked at Uncle Hugh's door and were told that he had gone.

"Where?" said these callers.

"To rescue Chinese Gordon," said the man at the door.

These people smiled and went their way. But it was a fact. Not just yet "at the Queen's command," but at the promptings of even a higher authority, Uncle Hugh had taken his instructions.

It was in 1885 that Gordon was in such danger at Khartum. Hugh gathered together his small resources, he fitted out an expedition all by himself. He started to rescue Gordon. He proceeded across the desert. His force of natives turned on him, the only white man. They plotted to kill him. It was his habit to sleep each night with dogs tied to his wrists and a weapon in either hand. One night he heard his dogs growl. He awoke, and quite near him some men discussed the plan of murdering him and stealing his outfit and supplies. They put the plan into execution the next day. Hugh shot the leaders at once and marched the others back to his starting-point, day after day without sleeping, keeping them before him at a safe distance. His solitary expedition failed, as all grown-up people knew it would. But somewhere it has been hailed as a success of a kind.

Gordon was killed at Khartum, as all the world knows. Help arrived too late. Hugh suffered without complaint the pangs of poverty for years after this adventure. No one knew of his straits. He kept it from grown-up people and my brother and I and other small confidants were leaving our childhood behind us in distant lands. We never knew.

One day a doctor called on my brother and told him Uncle Hugh was ill. My brother went to his lodging. People at the door were pale and frightened. More doctors who were gathered there said that the room was barricaded, that Hugh was violent, that it was dangerous for any one to enter. My brother called through the door. Hugh knew his voice and opened. His appearance was quite wild and gaunt, untidy, distraught.

"I thought you were a grown-up person," said Hugh. Then he talked in his ancient, childish way sanely enough.

My brother got rid of the disturbed neighbors and for some days looked after Uncle Hugh. One day when he knocked at the door there was no reply. He went in. Hugh was lying in a hammock slung across the room—this was his present fancy in bedsteads. He was half-dressed. He was talking to himself. He had a large navy revolver in each hand; his other weapons, guns and swords, were about him.

"How are you, Uncle Hugh?" said my brother.

Hugh, looking steadily at him, said, "At the Queen's command," and died.

He had been called—whither? Who shall say if this was the expedition he had vaguely expected? Who shall say if the messenger whose coming we had so often seen enacted was not the angel visitor who had now knocked at the door? The hands, accustomed to weapons, had sought them instinctively at the approach of danger. But for this final adventure, dear Hugh, you were armed as few of us shall be. No foe can harm you; all others will salute and say: "Pass on."

This is not fiction. Uncle Hugh was a veritable Don Quixote. A child at heart, gentle, brave, true, kind, generous, simple, romantic, fanatical perhaps. Don Quixote I always think him. Long, thin, with large aquiline nose, very fair hair, blue eyes, a trace of Irish brogue in his voice; always laughing when with little children. He was a bachelor, but I am sure that somewhere there must have been a Dulcinea for that chivalrous heart. Perhaps "at the Queen's command" had a double meaning to him.

In the Elysian fields Uncle Hugh, I know, wanders with his asthmatic dog and his dilapidated horse; is greeted by

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the ancient heroes as an equal; and comforts small boys who may be frightened as they step from the boat that conveys them across the Styx. I am sure he plays at being a pirate, and perhaps he induces Achilles and other warriors to take a part. Dear Uncle Hugh, I salute you—"in the Queen's name!"

(To be continued.)

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THIS WAR*

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

I WENT out into the wind—the first southwest wind after many days of easterly drought. All the morning it had rained, but now the gray sky was torn; the sun shone, and long white clouds were driven over pools of blue, or piled up into heavenly mountains. The land of moor and valley, the hills and fields and woods gleamed in the sunlight, or were shadowed dark by the drifting clouds. Moss on the top of the old gray walls was wet, but warm to the touch; the birds—daws, pigeons, hawks—flung themselves at the wind. And the scent! Every frond of the bracken, each sprig of the furze and the heather, all the soughing boughs of young pine-tree and oak, and the grass, gray-powdered with rain, were exhaling their fragrance, so that each breath drawn was a draft of wild perfume.

And in one's heart rose an ecstasy of love for this wind-sweetened earth, for the sun, and the clouds, the rain, and the wind, the trees and the flowering plants, for the streams and the rocks—a passion for this earth which breeds us all, and into which we reabsorb, as untutored, wild, and natural as the love of life in the merest dumb thing that knows nothing of ideals, of Country, realms, and policies, nothing of War.

Our enemy calls the war—"this English war"; we English as fervently believe it a Prussian war, having deep root in Prussian will and history, and at last thrust on a world desperately balancing at the edge of the abyss, by a sudden swoop of the Prussian war party.

"Pourtalès (German ambassador to Russia) called Sazonoff's attention in the most serious manner to the fact that nowadays measures of mobilization would be a highly dangerous form of diplomatic pressure; for in that event the purely military consideration of the question by the General Staffs would find expression, and that *if that button were once touched in Germany, the situation would get out of control!*" (Count Szapary, Austrian Ambassador to Russia. Austrian Book No. 28.)

Of a surety a few men, perhaps not a score in all, have had the power to strip from millions their meed of life on this wind-sweetened earth! For myths conceived in a few ambitious brains the whole world must pay with grief and agony! What can we do, when this war is over, to insure that we shall not again be stampeded by professional soldiers, and those—in whatever country—who dream paper dreams of territory, trade, and glory, caring nothing for the lives of the simple, knowing nothing of the beauty of the earth which is their heritage.

II

"No corn planted, more men wanted!"—words of the old Russian song!

It is no use crying over spilt milk, and no good throwing down the instruments

*See "Thoughts on This War," by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1914.

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in the middle of an operation. But there is every use in keeping before oneself perpetually the thought that this war *is* an operation to excise the trampling instinct; for there are many among us willing to speak of an operation while it serves their purpose, who unconsciously believe in that which they profess to be cutting out. Human nature is much the same all the world over. The Prussian Junker is but a specially favored variety of a well-marked type that grows in every land. And the business of other men is to keep circumstance from being favorable to its development, and ascendency.

When we talk of safeguarding democracy, liberty, and the rights of small nations, we really only mean the muzzling of the Junkerism in human nature; the restraint of this trampling instinct. Who would give a rush for the immunity of any nation from the resurgence within itself of that instinct, unless it watches with lynx eyes? I cannot but think that, when peace comes and Prussian Junkerism is held harmless for a span, Junkerism in general will have a better chance of pushing up its hydra heads than it had before this war. Times will be very hard—the "have nots" and "they who have" will be very nakedly set over against each other. Circumstances will be favorable to civil strife; and civil strife, whichever side wins, fosters despotic leaderships, and the trampling instinct. Those not merely hoping and meaning to try for a better world after the war, but expecting one almost as a matter of course, forget that the devotion and unity which men display under the shadow of a great fear, and the stimulus of that most powerful and universal emotion, patriotism, will slip away from them when the fear and the emotion are removed. If before the war men were incapable of rising to great and united effort for their own betterment out of sheer love of perfection, are they even as likely to be able when, after the war, economic stress puts a greater strain on each individual's good will?

The words of a certain prophet: "Literature, Art, Industry, Commerce, Politics, Statesmanship will, when this fighting day is over, come into a new and better era," are but soothing-sirup. Let us hope for the best, but set ourselves to face the worst.

III

Because pens lie unused, or are but feebly wielded over the War, they would have us believe that modern literature has been found wanting. "Look," they say, "how nobly the Greek and the Elizabethan pens rhymed the epic struggles of their ages. What a degenerate, nerveless creature is this modern pen! See how it fails when put to the touchstone of great events, and the thrilling realities of War!" I think this is nonsense. The greatest pens of the past were strangers to the glamour of War. Euripides made it the subject of a dirge; Shakespeare of casual treatment; Cervantes of his irony. They were in advance of the feeling of their day about war; but now their feeling has become that of mankind at large; and the modern pen, good, bad, or indifferent, follows—*longo intervallo*—their prevision of War's downfalling glory. In the words of a certain officer, War is now "damn dull, damn dirty, and damn dangerous." The people of Britain, and no doubt of the other countries—however bravely they may fight—are fighting not because they love it, not because it is natural to them, but because, alas! they must. This makes them the more heroic since the romance of War for them is past, belonging to cruder stages of the world.

In our consciousness to-day there is a violent divorce between our admiration for the fine deeds, the sacrifices and heroisms of this war, and our feeling about War itself. A shadowy sense of awful waste hangs over it all in the mind of the simplest soldier as in that of the subtlest penman. It may be real that we fight for our existence, and our conceptions of liberty and justice; but we feel all the time that we ought not to have had to fight, that these things should be respected of the nations; that we have grown out of such savagery; that the whole business is a kind of monstrous madness suddenly let loose on the world. Such feelings were never in the souls of ordinary men, whether soldiers or civilians, in the days of Elizabeth or Themis-

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tocles. They fought, then, as a matter of course. In those so-called heroic ages "the thrilling realities of war" were truly the realities of life and feeling. To-day they are but as a long nightmare. We have discovered that man is a creature slowly, by means of thought and life and art, evolving from the animal he was into the human being he will be some day, and in that desperately slow progression sloughing off the craving for physical combat and the destruction of his fellow man. This process does not mean the loss of stoicism and courage, but rather the increase thereof, as millions in this war, after the most peaceful century in the world's history, have proved. We are a few paces farther on toward the fully evolved human being than were the compatriots of Themistocles or Elizabeth. That is why the modern pen, save some few atavistic quills, refuses, and will refuse, to identify itself with war, and to wax lyrical and epical thereon.

The true realities of to-day lie in peace. The great epic of our time is the expression of man's slow emergence from the blood-loving animal he was. To that great epic the modern pen has long been consecrate, and is not likely to betray its trust.

IV

One day we read in our journals how an enemy Socialist or Pacifist has raised his voice against the mob passions and war spite of his country, and we think: "What an enlightened man!" and the next day, in the same journals, we read that So-and-So has done the same thing in our own country, and we think: "My God! He ought to be hung!" To-day we listen with enthusiasm to orations of our statesmen about the last drop of our blood, and the last pennies in our purses, and we think: "That is patriotism!" To-morrow we read utterance by enemy notables about arming the cats and dogs, and exclaim: "What truculent insanity!" We learn on Monday that some disguised fellow countryman has risked his life to secure information from the heart of the enemy's country, and we think: "That was real courage!" And on Tuesday our bile rises at discovering that an enemy has been arrested in our midst for espionage, and we think: "The dirty spy!" Our blood boils on Wednesday at hearing of the scurvy treatment of one of ourselves resident in the enemy's country. And on Thursday we read of the wrecking by our mob of aliens' shops, and think: "Well, what could they expect, belonging to that nation!" When one of our regiments has defended itself with exceptional bravery, and inflicted great loss on the enemy, we justly call it—Heroism. When some enemy regiment has done the same, we use the word—Ferocity. The comic papers of the enemy guy us, and we think: "How childish!" Ours guy the enemy, and we cry: "Ah! that's good!" Our enemies use a hymn of hate, and we despise them for it. We do our hate in silence, and feel ourselves the better for the practise.

Shall we not rather fight our fight, and win it, without these little ironies?

V

The first thing he does when he comes down each morning is to read his paper, and the moment he has finished breakfast he sticks the necessary flags into his big map. He began to do that very soon after the war broke out, and has never missed a day. It would seem to him almost as if Peace had been declared, and the Universe suddenly unbottomed, if any morning he omitted to alter slightly three flags at least. What will he do when the end at last is reached, and he can no longer tear the paper open with a kind of trembling avidity; no longer debate within himself the questions of strategy, and the absorbing chances of the field; when he has, in fact, to sweep his flags into a drawer and forget they ever were? It would haunt him, if he thought of it. But sufficient unto his day is the good thereof. Yes! It has almost come to that with him; though he will still talk to you of "this dreadful war," and never alludes to the days as "great" or to the times as "stirring," as some folk do. No, he is sincere in believing that he is distressed beyond measure by the continuance of "the abominable business"; and would not confess for worlds that he would miss it, that it has become for him

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a daily "cocktail" to his appetite for life. It is not he, after all, who is being skinned; to the pursuit and skinning of other eels the human eel is soon accustomed. By proxy to be "making history," to become victorious in the greatest struggle known to man since the beginning of the world —after all it is something! He will never have such a chance again. He still remembers with a shudder how he felt the first weeks after war was declared; and the mere fact that he shudders shows that his present feelings are by no means what they were. After all, one cannot remain forever prepossessed with suffering that is not one's own, or with fears of invasion indefinitely postponed. True, he has lost a nephew, a second cousin, the sons of several friends. He has been duly sorry, duly sympathetic, but then, he was not dangerously fond of any of them. His own son is playing his part, and he is proud of it. If the boy should be killed he will feel poignant grief, but even then there is revenge to be considered. His pocket is suffering, but it is for the Country—and that almost makes it a pleasure. And he goes on sticking in his flags in spots where the earth is a mush of mangled flesh, and the air shrill with the whir of shells, the moans of dying men, and the screams of horses.

Is this pure fantasy; or does it hold a grain of truth?

VI

The War brings up with ever greater insistence the two antagonistic feelings of which one was always conscious: That men are radically alike. And that there are two kinds of men, subtly but hopelessly divided from each other.

Men are radically alike in the way they meet danger and death, in their sentiment and in their laughter, in their endurance, their passions, their self-sacrifice, their selfishness, their superstitions, and their gratitude. They are radically divided by possession or not, of that extra sensitiveness to proportion, form, color, sound, which we call the sense of beauty. Would there still be war in a world the most of whose dwellers had the sense of beauty? I think not. And they who have it, so few by comparison, are tragically compelled to live and bear their part in this hell, created by a world of which they are not.

These two kinds of men shade subtly the one into the other; but the division is real, for all that—the bristles on the backs of each true specimen on either side of the line shiver at touch of the other sort.

And the war, with its toil and hardships, its common humanity, deaths and dangers, and sacrifices shared, will not bring them one jot nearer one to the other. Is there evidence for thinking that a sense of beauty is more common than it was? I am not sure. But there is certainly no chance that the sense of beauty can increase within measurable time, so as to give its possessors a majority. No chance that wars will cease from that reason. The little world of beauty-lovers will for many ages yet be pitifully in tow, half-drowned by the following surge of the big insensitive world when it loses for a time what little feeling for harmony it has, and goes full speed ahead.

VII

Some argue earnestly that what really restrains and regulates the conduct of individuals is not force, but the general sense of decency, the public opinion of the community; and that the same rule applies to nations. In other words, that there is no reason why inter-State morality should be different from that prevailing amongst the individuals within a State.

This argument neglects to perceive, First: That the public opinion of a community is, in reality, latent force. And secondly: That there is as yet no community within which the nations dwell. An individual bent on rank egotism cannot carry it to the point of completely overriding his neighbors without knowing that those neighbors can and will give concrete expression to their resentment, and suppress him. This latent force is at the back of all State-law, and of all public opinion, which is but State-law unwritten. The essence of its efficacy is the fact that individuals do live in community each one perceiving with the non-rampant part of him that the rest are

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right in squashing his rampancy, since life in community would soon be impossible if they did not. He consents, subconsciously, to being squashed when he is rampant, because he recognizes himself to be part of a whole.

Until nations have come to be parts of communities, or group-States, there will be no really effective analogy between individual morality and State morality. There is, of course, a growing international decency, a reaching out toward community, a recognition that certain things are "not done"; but it is liable to be violated, as we have seen, at any moment by any State which is, or thinks itself, strong enough to override laws, written or unwritten, which have no adequate latent force behind them. To create this latent controlling force, we have paramount need of a system of group-States, leading on by slow degrees to an United States of the world. Whether an United States of Europe, of North America, of South America, and of the yellow races would have to pass through the same era of internecine struggle, as individual Countries are still passing through, before merging in World Union, is a far-off question which may well be left in the clouds. The necessary line of progression is sufficiently disclosed by the violation of Belgian neutrality and other matters in this war. Public opinion not backed by latent force has been proved useless. There is no such thing, I fear, as public opinion worth the name except within a definite community. The task of Statesmen when Peace comes, is the formation of an United States of Europe, with a real public opinion backed by a real, if latent, force.

VIII

NIETZSCHE was an individualist, a hater of the State and of the Prussians, a sick man, a great artist in words to be read with delight and—your tongue in your cheek. By quaint irony his central idea, "the ego-rampant," was temperamentally suited to those Prussians whom he hated. The Neo-German conception of the State, a law unto itself, demanding all things from the individuals who compose it, and taking all it can get from the world at large, may be inverted Nietzscheism, but it is the creature of Prussian history, and of very different men. One readily, however, sees how the thorough and logical German mind, having conceived this notion of their State, have felt the need of justifying it by a consistent philosophy, and here it is that the Nietzschean "rampant-individual-ego" has come in handy, and the philosophic denial of altruism been carried right down to the roots of Society. The strong State takes toll of the weak States, takes toll, too, of the weak individuals who make up the strong State, and in turn the strong individuals take toll of the weak individuals, and the weak individuals of the lower creation. This Blond Beast State is the prototype and example in shining armor for those who make it up. Such is the new German philosophy—such it has to be, to have the logic necessary to the German mind—an intellectual conception superseding the emotional conception of a philosophy not quite so prognathous. It is, of course, a reversion to the philosophy of man before he dwelt in communities at all, of the wild man of the forest, who scratched existence out of nature and, living in far harder environments, had more sheer "will to power" than any exponent of the new German philosophy to-day. It is based on what we others think is a transient and false notion of what States should be. We say they should not roam the earth like beasts, taking what they can devour. Though it is true that in the absence as yet of the system of group-States, they are liable to seize here or seize there, if they be strong enough, we emphatically deny that they should do so *on principle*, as the new German philosophy teaches, and set the robber's ideal, the robber's fashion of morality, for the individuals who compose them. The philosophy not only of the rest of Europe, but of Germany in the days of Kant and Hegel, presumed that the hard-won morality of individuals amongst themselves would ultimately become the morality of States.

"The fact that the sense of community among the peoples of the earth has gone so far that the violation of right in one place is felt everywhere, has made the idea of a Citizenship of the world no fan-

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tastic dream, but a necessary extension of the unwritten Code of States and Peoples." (Kant.)

"The binding cord is not force, but the deep-seated feeling of order that is possessed by us all." (Hegel.)

The new German philosophy has anointed the present immorality of States and thereby fixed it as the morality for individuals. But the German people have presumably been acquiring throughout the ages the same instincts toward altruism as the peoples of other countries. The new German philosophy will not, in the long run, succeed in imposing its logical ideal of the wild man in the forest, though never so gorgeously decked out, on the Germans, any more than the philosophy which rules elsewhere will make us others replicas of Christ.

Man never attains to his philosophical ideal; but it is just as well that he should see clearly its apotheosis before he tries too hard to reach it.

IX

Our enemy now proclaims that his objective is the crushing of Britain's world-power in the interests of mankind.

Britain certainly has a greater Empire than Germany, a greater trade, and command of the sea into the bargain—for, in their "consistent egoism," these islanders object to being starved.

Are we justified in retaining if we can what, in a by no means unstained past, we have acquired, or should we hand over our position, well and ill gotten, to this new claimant with his new culture, for the benefit of the world?

Man has a somewhat incurable habit of believing in himself, and we Britons hold the faith that our character, ideals, and experience fit us to control *our own lives and property* for the general good of mankind; but we have not yet said to Germany, and I trust we never may: "We so entirely differ from your main principles of procedure, from your autocratic State Socialism, and your iron Militarism, that even though you should strictly refrain from menacing and attacking other nations, we should still feel it necessary for the general good of mankind to take all the lives and property we can from you, and control them on our principles." The fortunate possessors of the greater Empire and the greater trade are not perhaps the most convincing advocates of the principle: "Live and let live." For all that, we find it impossible to admit the right of any nation to an aggressive policy toward us; and we—"*Ces animaux sont méchants; quand on les attaque ils se defendent.*" We are, of course, aware that Germany, after being petrified with surprise at our intervention, now accuses us of having planned the war and deliberately attacked her. We all see just now rather as in a glass darkly. And yet, with an immense Empire, an immense trade, and nothing whatever to gain anywhere, with a crop of serious social and political troubles on hand, "a contemptible little army," a tradition of abstention from European quarrels, a Free Trade policy, a democratic system of government, a Foreign Minister remarkable up to then for his services to Peace, and a "degenerate, wealth-rotted, huckstering" population, it still seems to us as improbable as it once seemed to Germany, that we hatched and set on foot such a wildcat enterprise.

X

"A war of exhaustion." How often we use those words! They are current in all the belligerent countries, and in all they are unreally used, as yet. But they are, I fear, literally true. It is a war which will not end till one group or the other have no longer the men to hold their lines. The sway of the fighting is of no great moment; it does not much matter where precisely the killing, maiming, and capturing go on, so long as they do go on, with mathematical equality. A year or so hence when the total disablement is nearer twenty than ten millions, the meaning of the words will be a little clearer, and they will probably only then be used by the side whose united population is still more than twice that of the other side. Two years hence they will be seen to have meant exactly what they said. All the swinging from optimism to pessimism and back again, the cock-a-hoop of the Press one day, the dirge of the Press the next; the alarms and excur-

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sions about the failure of this or that—they are all storms in tea-cups. The wills of the nations fighting are equally engaged, they will not break; the energies will not break; the food will not fail; the money will be found somehow; but the human flesh will give out, in time—that is all; on which side it will give out first may be left to any child who can count up to two. No glory about this business—just ding-dong shambles!

If one believed, with a certain Englishman, that there was no real struggle of ideals involved, these words "a war of exhaustion," meaning what they really do, would be too intolerable even to think of. He who denies this to be a struggle of ideals may have a brilliant intellect, but he can have no flair, no feelers, none of that instinctive perception of the essence and atmosphere of things, which is a so much surer guide than reason. He has perceived doubtless that autocracists and force-worshippers in England, in Russia, in Italy (there are but few in France) are fighting against the Central Empires as furiously as if they were the most ardent lovers of liberty; and that the democrats and humanists in Central Europe are fighting for their countries as devotedly as their force-worshipping rulers, and he has thought: "This is a mere blind game of 'Kill your neighbor,' with nothing real at stake save the aggrandizement of one group of countries or the other." I repeat, he has failed to scent out the heart of the matter. There are racial temperaments to which certain ideals are fatal. The Teuton of all men requires the Christian ethic to correct and modify something science-ridden, overbearing, and unhumorous in his soul. The Teuton, before the new philosophy of self-expansion laid hold on him, was salutary, from his many great qualities, in a world of other men. But his was the last nature that could afford to succumb wholesale to the Gospel of Force. If he could only see himself he would realize that the very thoroughness of his nature made it ruinous for him to tamper with this particular ideal, which he was bound to run to death, to the danger and alarm of all other races. No observer, who has the feelers of an artist, can fail to be aware of the spiritual change in Germany. I remember one tiny instance out of many—a mere straw showing the direction of the wind. The winter before the war there were in a certain hotel in Egypt four Teutons. A quiet dignified old man, his little quiet dignified wife, and their two big sons. The difference between the two generations was little short of terrible. In the older, such an essential air of unassuming goodness, in the younger a demeanor so intolerant, so gross and domineering; those two sons were respectful and good to their father and mother; but toward the rest of the world—to natives, English, Americans, and other small fry—they displayed an astounding truculence of manner.

The Berlin Concordia, I see, has just issued maxims of conduct to the German people, in a little book called "Let Germany learn." I cull two of them: "The soft corner in your heart for the foreigner will never give you his affection, but only his contempt!" and: "Everything depends on your own strength."

Democracy and Autocracy; the Will to Love and the Will to Power are at grips within every nation; but when the balance swings over definitely in favor of autocracy and force in a nation with such organized might, and such a temperament as this of the Teuton, then in the other nations discord is stilled, and they move out in armor against the Will to Power, lest they too be enslaved in a world as clamped down and formalized as ever was old Egypt.

XI

It seems certain that the practise of doping soldiers with ether, rum, or other spirit before an attack, has been largely resorted to by certain nations in this war. Nothing that is happening so illuminates the nature of modern warfare; illustrates more utterly the absorption of human bodies and souls into the Machines that are crashing into each other. Men have become lumps of coal to be converted into driving power. And in supreme moments, lest the bewildered spirit, brought up to peace, should move hand or foot in protest or recoil, that spirit is first stolen away. The usage is not prompted by motives of mercy, yet has in it a kind of aw-

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ful humanity. Granted the premises, who dare grudge this anodyne to the doomed?

Verily on every man who in time of peace speaks or writes one word to foster bad spirit between nations, a curse should rest; he is part and parcel of that malevolence which at last sets these great Engines, fed by lumps of human coal, to crash along, and pile up against each other, in splintered wreckage. Only too well he plays the game of those grim schemers to whose account lie the dehumanization and despair of millions of their brother men.

XII

A WONDERFUL night to-night, so that the spirit goes forth a little, enters the harmony of things, drinks the magic of the world. How beauty moves the heart! And war cannot destroy it, cannot take from us the feeling that—living or dead—we belong to such perfection. It cannot take the voice from the streams, remove the flight of small wings in the darkness, the gleam of moonlight, the whisper of night about us, nor that bright star. It cannot take from within us the soul that vibrates to loveliness, to the great-hearted rhythm round us.

If in this war the figures of cruelty and death have surpassed themselves in darkness, the figure of Humanity has never been so radiant and so lovely. Perhaps we do not know enough what man was really like in past ages, to compare him with man to-day. But it does seem as if he had grown in power for evil, and even more in power for good. Or perhaps it is only that, being more sensitive and highly strung, the tale is altogether more poignant.

From the letters of a young French painter, who, after months in the trenches, disappeared in an engagement on the 7th of April, I quote these sayings:

"You know what I call religion—that which binds together in man all his thoughts of the universal and of the eternal, those two forms of God!" "Dear Mother, that I love, don't let's lose hope; the trials of hope are many, but all beauty lives forever." "The dead won't hurt the Spring!" "Did you see yesterday's sun? How noble the country is, and how good, Nature! She seems to say to him who listens that nothing will be lost." "We know not whether all this violence and disorder may not be leading us toward a crowning good." "Out of this torment we shall be left with one great aspiration toward pity, fraternity, and goodness." "Never has life brought me such abundance of noble feelings; never, perhaps, have I had such freshness of sensibility for their recording; such a sensation of safety in my spirit." "We spend the days like children. . . . And the good from this war will be the making young again the hearts of those who have been through it."

And his last written words: "Dear beloved Mother, I send you all my love. Whatever happens, life will have been beautiful."

Not to many is given so clear a soul as this, so fine a spirit. Peace and loveliness be with him, and with all who die like him before their time, following the light within them. And with all who live on in this world of beauty, where the Dead harm not the Spring, may there be—in his words—the longing for pity, fraternity, and goodness!

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FÊTE DAYS

TWO DRAWINGS

BY

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

HALLOWEEN
CHRISTMAS

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Halloween.

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Christmas.

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Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Ahoy, *Olaf Horsa!* You have ten minutes to take to your boats."—Page 32.

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UNDERSEABOAT F-33

BY DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

SHE had slipped out of the mouth of the Elbe that morning—two hundred feet of sinister dull metal—past a forest of shipping, schooners, barks, barkentines, tramp steamers, passenger liners: past the lugubrious, futile line of men-of-war, caught in the harbor, like rats in a corner, and had punched her way into the snapping swell of the North Sea. Three hours out, fifty miles, the bridge had caught sight of the grim, waiting line of British battleships, squat, ugly, efficient, with thin tendrils of smoke floating dreamily from their stacks, like tobacco fumes from the pipe of an idler. She had dived instantaneously to sixty feet, and slipped cautiously past, hugging the shore. The officers of the bridge had mopped wet foreheads and laughed short, uneasy laughs of relief when she rose in safety twenty miles farther out. In that two hours and a half's submersion they had trusted blindly to Fate against sudden death. For even at sixty feet beneath the battle line there were dangers—mines cunningly balanced and vast, powerful steel nets—incredible, horrible things.

She was out of danger and a clear sea before her, Schroeder said to himself as he leaned over the rail of the collapsible bridge, six feet two of clean bone and sinew. The lean Bavarian quartermaster at the wheel looked at him with eyes eloquent with admiration, taking in his square, fighter's head: the closely cropped blond hair showing beneath the commander's cap; the heavy, clefted chin; the firm, thin mouth; the high cheek-bones; half-closed grayish-blue eyes; the bull's neck. The quartermaster looked at his hands as they held on to the rail, two great square, brown things. He shivered a little as he thought of those at his throat.

The commander drew himself up slowly, with the deliberate movement of a big animal, and began pacing the deck. He took in the fifteen feet of it in five easy strides. The submarine was cutting into her course like a racing-yacht. A long, thin angle of white foam broke over her bow, slapping her steel sides with a flat, metallic sound that suggested wood striking iron. Spray boiled over the freeboard and curled sinuously about the bridge. The staccato cough of the gasolene exhaust cut into the air with a monotonous rasp.

Schroeder stopped in stride and glanced at the compass.

"Northwest by north," he read.

"Northwest by north it is, sir," the quartermaster chimed in.

Schroeder's eye brightened as he looked about. All around him, like a vast gray plain, the North Sea stretched. The submarine's dull brown against the blue of the nearer water suggested a lone porpoise driving onward. There was an air of efficiency about everything that appealed to Schroeder. The sharp, metallic lines of the two periscopes, standing up like bare trees on a desolate moorland; the giant rivets on the deck; the lines of the wireless rigging; the bridge that could be taken apart and brought below in a minute and a half—compass, chronometer, and wheel; the delicate, flowing line of the great sea-harrier; the bulge of the hidden nine-pounder aft; the sinewy quartermaster, bent over the horizontal wheel like a chauffeur over the steering-gear of an automobile—all gave him a sense of power, of confidence in man's strength and ability, that sent his pulse beating and his eye gleaming with pride. To put to sea in a mere husk of steel, to appear and disappear at will, to deal death by mere pressure of a button, and all this the result of the gray matter that is in every man's skull—that was life, he said, that was triumph!

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He raised his sea-glasses and swept the gray line of horizon deliberately, searchingly. It seemed all one vast expanse of nothingness. Very dimly on the west he thought he could distinguish a speck of brown sail—some adventurous fisherman trawling for mackerel. But as yet nothing for him. He had been detailed to watch the Norwegian lane for contraband. Supplies were coming into Havre with regularity that came neither down the Baltic nor across from America. The grim, iron-fisted policy that made the English Channel a nightmare of horror was having its effect. Atlantic travel had all but stopped, but there was still a formidable leak. May had come and the ice had broken in Archangel harbor. A shrewd intelligence officer suggested that Russian vessels were skirting the Scandinavian coast and creeping southward, laden to the scuppers with supplies. It was Schroeder's task to reconnoitre and if possible to deal a stiff lesson. There were rumors too of Danish, and Swedish, and Norwegian skippers who didn't mind running the blockade for the adventure and the money in it. He had been given his own discretion how to act in cases not covered by his instructions. He knew how, he nodded to himself grimly, and his mouth twisted—he knew.

Somewhere below six muffled tinkles rang out. It was seven o'clock. There was the trickle of a musical-comedy bar being whistled, and the first lieutenant, a lithe, wiry Saxon, with black hair and flashing black eyes, appeared through the manhole. He made his way forward.

"Is that you, Halbrandt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the wireless got anything?"

"Not a thing, sir."

The commander handed over the glasses.

"I think I'll let you take watch now," he said, in his snappy, clean-cut tones. "Keep her off a couple of points, and don't take your eye off the sky-line for a moment. I'm going to turn in. The moment anything appears let me know."

"All right, sir."

Schroeder took a last look before he left the bridge. The bow still cut its flurry of foam. A wind had sprung up, and was whining through the wireless rigging. The vast desert of gray flowed off on all sides. There was a pale, hazy red smudge in the west—the setting sun.

Dawn broke—a faint flurry of pink and mauve. The sun flashed up in a great disk of polished brass. The plain of the sea extended green to the right and left, quivering, nervous, with caps of white foam like patches of snow on grass. A keen salt wind blew southward. Overhead a gull hovered like an aeroplane. A bunch of brown sea-weed floated past. The submarine cut into the waves like a knife, the sunlight making flashes of rainbow through the foam of the bow.

The navigating lieutenant turned to Schroeder.

"She's doing good time," he said.

"She'll be doing something else besides good time," the commander grinned, "if there's any luck at all. Submarines aren't built for racing; fighting's their best suit."

Hours passed, marked by the tinkle of the bells below. The watch changed. The sun mounted upward and beat down perpendicularly. The rolling swell of the Doggerbank caught and lifted them slowly and measuredly like the rocking of a cradle. The commander still kept to the bridge, scanning the horizon through his bulging sea-glasses. He handed them to the officer of the watch.

"Take a look to starboard. See anything?" he asked.

The officer of the watch, a thin, fair-haired boy, handed them back.

"It looks like smoke," he answered.

A faint brownish wisp, like the fleece of a cloud, hung off the sky-line. The submarine flashed ahead, the hollow cough of the exhaust rattling out its staccato routine. The wisp on the horizon grew more distinct. It resolved itself into two thin trickles of brown. Schroeder swung about on his heel.

"East-northeast," he snapped to the quartermaster at the wheel; "keep her off. Port a bit. A bit more. Steady! Steady!"

The bow of the submarine swung around in a segment of foam. Schroeder shut his glasses with a click.

"Clear the decks," he rasped.

The officer of the watch raised his

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whistle to his lips. It cut into the air in three shrill blasts. Blue-bloused forms swung up the manhole steps, swung onto the iron deck, and scurried forward. Quartermasters issued short, crisp orders. There was the whine of ropes through pulleys. Locks clicked. Compass, chronometer, and muffled search-light disappeared like a conjurer's trick. Somewhere a bell rang out a brazen signal.

"All below," Schroeder ordered.

The shield of the manhole shut to with a hollow clang. Below was a narrow passage of steel, lighted at intervals with electric bulbs. Great veins of wiring passed along the walls—huge, ungainly things. Schroeder bent his six feet two as he picked his way along the metal passage toward the conning-tower. At intervals doors opened in the alley, like the staterooms of a liner. On each side little cubby-holes of alcoves showed, marvels of compactness and inch-saving; the quarters of the officers and crew, long, inadequate things, with bunks lining them like rows of shelves; pantries; the galley, with its cunning electric devices for cooking; the arsenal, with the flashing colonnades of rifles caught to the wall; storerooms; lockers. He turned and made one last round before submersion. He passed through the engine-room, where the mechanics pottered around the giant oil-engines; through the storage-batteries, where lean electricians in brown jumpers passed from jar to jar with the eyes of hawks. He walked forward to the torpedo-chamber in the bow, with its arc light throwing dim blue-and-black shadows among the flashing steel capsules that held the deadly projectiles. The torpedo lieutenant stepped forward to meet him.

"All shipshape here, sir," the lieutenant reported.

"All seven in order?" Schroeder asked.

"Every one ready. Gyroscopes fitted and air connections made."

The commander picked his way out through the lines of steel tubing that led to the compressed-air chambers. He stepped through the torpedo-storeroom, where a gunner was making a tally of material; through the operating-room, with its walls covered by a bewildering series of wiring, of coils, transformers, gauges, wheels, levers, and clutches, the whole making a grotesque mechanical puzzle that seemed past human brains to solve. The engineer lieutenant passed from one gauge to another. His mate pored over a blue-print. Schroeder swung out into the alley again, and clambered up the ladder to the conning-tower. He turned to the helmsman sitting with his eye to the periscope.

"Mark for the smoke to starboard," he directed. "Have you got it?"

"Ready, sir."

Schroeder reached for the lever of the signal-box. It came back with a click to half-speed ahead. There was the high, whining whir of a motor being started. The iron frame of the submarine began to vibrate with a nervous pulsing movement. There was the tang of oil in the air. The commander picked the telephone receiver from the wall.

"Open tanks 2 and 5, port and starboard," he ordered.

There was a slight wallow from right to left and back again. The whir of the motors became a throaty rumble.

"Drop the diving-planes. Seven degrees," he directed the helmsman.

Water rose above the line of square port-holes in a muddy, yellow haze. Prisms and rainbows of refracted sunlight glowed through them for a moment in coarse, broad colors. The helmsman notched his plane-lever with a click, and a blank wall of blue showed before the windows, that shaded off gradually into a misty bog of green.

Schroeder glanced about the flattened cylinder of the conning-tower, at the automobile wheel of the helmsman, at the heavy plane-lever; at the shining brass of the compass, chronometer, spirit-level, and depth gauge; at the black enamel of the telephone. From above, the steel tubes of the periscopes jutted downward like rods. He watched the needle of the gauge creep around to fifty feet.

"Even keel," he ordered. He jerked the lever of the signal-box. "Full speed ahead."

The bow of the submarine rose slowly and steadied. The hum of the motors became a high, jarring roar. The platform of the conning-tower vibrated like the skin of a drum. Little nervous shivers passed from the floor into the bodies of

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the commander and the helmsman and set their fingers aquiver. Oil floated through the air in infinitesimal particles, like the odor of machine-works. The minute-hand of the chronometer moved twenty times, moved thirty, forty, fifty. The commander turned to the man at the wheel.

"Planes up," he ordered. "Easy on. Three degrees. Steady on."

The floor tilted upward. The blue of the water outside the port-holes changed gradually to a dark green, became lighter, had a tinge of yellow in it.

"Even keel," Schroeder said.

He bent forward and put his eye to the lens of the periscope. A great expanse of blue water met his eye. He turned the gun-metal crank easily. The periscope revolved. Slowly, like an apparition moving across a biograph screen, the bow, the midships, the stern of a liner crept into view. Two thousand yards away the two black smoke-stacks, the masts, rigging, decks, bridge, and boats hove up vaguely as through a mist. Along her sides he could distinguish a name painted in giant letters.

"Starboard," he directed the quartermaster. "More. More. Hold her there."

The liner drew closer as the submarine forced her way toward it. It seemed as if the steamer were being drawn forward by invisible ropes. On the bridge Schroeder could see the figures of the officers like tiny wooden people on a child's toy. Little by little the great white letters took form.

"The *Olaf Horsa*, of Christiania," Schroeder read. He reached for the signalling lever and rang for half speed. "Bring her up awash," he commanded.

The prisms of light showed through the port-holes as the conning-tower rose above water. The motors slowed in their whining note. The commander picked up the telephone again.

"Notify wireless," he ordered, "that there's a steamer to starboard. Let him signal her to lay to, and to seal her Marconi key. Empty ballast tanks. Pipe gun crew on deck. Stand by in torpedo-room. Go slow. Go dead slow. Stop."

He stepped out of the conning-tower, and into the steel alleyway. Bluejackets dodged past on their way above or to the torpedo-room. Somewhere a whistle piped shrilly. He picked his steps up the manhole ladder, unhooking the megaphone from its catch as he went.

Three hundred yards away the big steamer rolled to the waves like a pendulum. Her bulk stood out like a great house in a flat country. Schroeder could see the group of gesticulating officers crowd together on the edge of the bridge. Along the shelter and saloon decks figures leaned over the railing and gaped at the submarine with distended, frightened eyes—stewards, passengers, seamen. Groups collected about the boat-deck and huddled together as if in fear. Other figures went through weird motions, like a calisthenic drill. They were tying on life-belts. Schroeder raised the megaphone to his lips.

"What ship is this?" he shouted.

Faintly and thinly the reply trickled in to him, like the spent echo of a drum.

"The *Olaf Horsa*, Christiania; Janssen, master."

"Where are you bound?"

"Bound for Southampton."

"What have you on board?"

"Passengers—for trans-shipment to Liverpool."

"What is your cargo?"

There was a brief consultation on the bridge. Schroeder could see the officers argue together heatedly. The reply came in a faint monosyllable.

"Grain."

Schroeder turned around. Amidships the disappearing gun had been raised from its miniature pit. The sun blazed on its steel surface as on a mirror.

"Give me the telephone," he asked.

A bluejacket handed him the instrument with its length of trailing gray wire.

"Go slow," he ordered. "Stand by in torpedo-room." He turned to the helmsman at the newly fitted jury-wheel.

"Bring her about," he snapped. The bow of the submarine came around until it pointed directly at the liner. "Steady. Dead slow. Stop." He raised the megaphone. His voice rasped like the buzz of a saw.

"Ahoy, *Olaf Horsa!* You have ten minutes to take to your boats."

The groups on the boat-deck gathered

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closer. Schroeder could see the officers stand like men transformed to stone. A figure detached itself from the group. Schroeder raised his glasses. The figure walked to the rail, shrugged its shoulders, leaned over, and spat in the direction of the submarine. It walked back, its arms folded. Schroeder's voice took on a note of rage.

"Do you hear? Ten minutes," he megaphoned.

An officer swung down the companionway of the bridge, and hurried aft. There was the ragged pipe of a bo's'n's whistle. Men ran to and fro along the decks. Figures gesticulated. A knot of people swayed and fought together on the shelter-deck. Some one jumped overboard, fell in a curve, and struck the water with a faint white splash. The wind brought tendrils of conversation, guttural, angry, appealing.

"One minute gone," Schroeder marked.

The boat-deck of the vessel swarmed with people like a hive with bees. They crowded about the smoke-stacks, and fought their way to the white bulk of the boats. They swayed and turned and seethed. The men at the crooks of the davits worked like maniacs.

"Four minutes gone," the commander said.

The aft starboard boat came downward slowly, the oarsmen pushing against the side of the vessel to keep from striking. Schroeder could see the colors of women's clothes in the bow. It struck the water with a faint splash. The forward boat dropped with a run and stuck half-way toward the surface. It swayed to and fro. There was a faint scream as three figures stood up, tottered, lurched, and fell overboard.

A hail from the ship came indistinctly across.

"The forward port boat is stuck. The other won't hold all. Give us some time."

"You have got five minutes left," Schroeder bellowed.

The boat in the water began pulling frenziedly away from the ship. Men and women sprang from the one in mid-air, like little black objects being thrown into the water. Figures jumped from the decks and hurtled through the air like sacks. In the distance a woman began screaming, a high, piercing wail like the wind through rigging. Again the voice came from the bridge, hysterical, babbling, indistinct.

"Can't you see, damn you . . . impossible . . . a little sense . . . mercy, then. These people . . . seven hundred miles from land. How, in God's name . . ."

Schroeder's heavy shoulders lifted. He turned aside and watched the second-hand of the chronometer pivot jerkily around the dial. The first lieutenant touched him on the arm.

"Look at the bridge," he said.

Schroeder raised his glasses. The officers of the liner seemed to be fighting together. He looked again with fresh interest. No, they were holding some one back. As he watched, a figure tore itself free of the group and dashed across the boat-deck, thrusting forward an arm as it ran. There was a long spark of red, a little haze of smoke, a faint cracking like the distant spark of wireless, the minute splash of revolver bullets dropping into the sea as they fell short, like drops of rain. Schroeder swung about viciously, his jaw thrust forward, his blue eyes blazing. He looked toward the gun.

"Send that bridge to hell," he roared.

The knot of bluejackets about the nine-pounder sprang into action like mechanical toys. The gunnery lieutenant peered at the vessel through his binoculars.

"Three hundred and fifty yards," he jerked. "Angle of twelve."

The gunner braced himself to his lever. The group of bluejackets crouched as if about to run. A booming crash, like a single beat on a giant drum, rang out. A white fog of smoke floated along the submarine deck. Something red stabbed into the air for a moment. The bridge of the vessel exploded in a lick of yellow flame. Pieces of woodwork, bars of steel, dark masses like the bodies of men, flew into the air as though before a hurricane. A great silence seemed to come over the waters.

"Nine minutes gone," the commander muttered.

The first lieutenant made a megaphone of his hands.

"Nine minutes gone," he bellowed. His voice struck the air with a clang of brass.

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Schroeder's face became like stone. The eyelids closed. His mouth tightened. He reached for the telephone at his feet. The air about the side of the liner became black with jumping bodies. The water alongside her was spotted with dark, bobbing spots.

"Just like rats," said the first lieutenant.

The commander raised the mouthpiece to his lips.

"Fire one and two," he commanded.

There was an ear-splitting scream from the compressed-air cylinders. The submarine jerked slightly twice, as though it had been struck violently. There was the hiss of escaping air. Schroeder bent forward and looked into the trough of the sea. Two indistinct lines of foam bubbles showed vaguely over the waves. The swimmers in the water frantically opened two lanes.

"Fire three and four," the commander ordered.

As he spoke a muffled crash rang out. A second came. Geysers of water jutted up at the bow and stern of the liner. They sprang into the air as though from a gigantic hose, and fell again in a hollow thud. The steamer keeled over suddenly, like a wounded man. It swung back sickeningly, listed and stayed there, its decks at an angle of forty. The swell of her lurch travelled across the water like a tidal wave. The life-boat spun dangerously as it was lifted.

The air-cartridges screamed again, and again a pair of slender foam streaks cut across the waves.

"That'll finish her," said the chief officer.

Some one on board the liner screamed in terror. Other voices took it up. The sound clove through the air in a high, agonized crescendo. It suggested to Schroeder people tearing their lung apart.

"Just like pigs," said the first officer.

"Shut up," Schroeder growled. "There she goes."

The liner seemed to go up in the air in an immense pillar of white vapor and shattered wood. A crash like the discharge of heavy artillery vibrated across the water. She careened over, her stern high in the air, like a peak of rock sticking out of the waves. Metal, pieces of wood, water, stayed high for a moment and then began dropping.

"Got her in the boilers," the first lieutenant nodded.

The black stern of the steamer slipped into the waves as if some great hand had caught the vessel and was pulling her downward. The fan-like propeller showed for an instant like some grotesque sea-flower. It disappeared. There was a swirl of water, a patter of eddies and whirlpools, a seething of bubbles like soap-suds, a litter of wood chips, and then waves began forming again. Five hundred yards away from the submarine the first ship's boat pulled off, filled to the rowlocks with huddled, white-faced figures. In the distance another boat paddled with a scant three. Between them a life-raft hove and dropped on the waves, with a half-dozen drenched wretches clinging to her. Here and there a solitary head bobbed in the water.

The first lieutenant gazed soberly at the boats and the raft.

"Phew," he whistled, "not many left."

In the nearest boat a figure raised itself in the bow and shook clinched, impotent fists at the submarine. Schroeder looked at it a moment.

"Rifleman Wolff," he called.

The sharpshooter stood at attention.

"Get your piece and bring down that—No. Don't mind."

He looked at it a moment longer.

"Bah! Shark food!" he muttered. He swung about.

"Stow the gun."

The nine-pounder disappeared into its pit. The shield closed to with a well-oiled click.

"Full speed ahead."

The cough of the gas-exhaust broke out. The deck vibrated. Foam curled at the bow.

"Nor'east by north," he ordered.

"Nor'east by north it is, sir," the quartermaster chimed.

The boats aft became pin-points of white, became blurs, vanished. The blue sea rolled, and the sun flashed down on it and turned the crests of the waves to beaten silver. A gull dipped and spiralled overhead, and a breeze rambled south-

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ward, salt, fragrant, with a hint of pine forest.

So for forty-eight hours they beat their way toward the eternal magnet of the North, their foamy wake lying long and straight behind like a plough-line, their periscopes standing tall and gallant like lances at a knight's knee. To starboard the green Norwegian coast lay in serrated ridges and in queer hidden bays and winding inlets. From the deck of the submarine, five miles away they could distinguish brown, slumbering villages and antique towns, and the delicate gray of corn ripening. Occasionally a coastwise vessel lumbered along, and when they saw one they dived discreetly. Here and there were the white patches of fishing-smacks. But no sign of the burly Russian vessels, nor of other contraband-carrying liners.

"We may raise something out of Narvik," Schroeder said. "We'll lie off the Lofodens and see."

As he paced the steel deck, a furrow came into the commander's face and the hint of a shadow into his eyes. He looked at the green coast-lines beneath focussed lids, as a man looks at an enemy intent on his next move. He was a little worried. The country oppressed him. It gave him the impression of a distinct, more than human, entity, who knew what he had done to it, and was biding its time. He found himself visualizing it as an immense viking, armed, clad in shining greaves and cuirass, imperturbable, implacable, with all the cold, white fury of Northern men. He could imagine it flaying him—he shook himself with an uneasy laugh, but the feeling would not go.

As they drove onward, the sun went out of the sky, and clouds came up, black clouds, with the purple blackness of ink. A murky yellow spread over the water. A long, rising swell lifted in even rhythmical movements. From the distant shore the noise of surf reverberated like muffled drums. Four sea-gulls chased one another wearily landward. A northeaster came up and whipped spray from the tops of the waves like steam.

The first lieutenant turned to his chief with a grave face.

"Don't you think we'd better submerge, sir?" he suggested. "I don't like that nor'easter, and the tide's pulling like a rope. You know where we are."

"We're off the Lofoden Islands."

"Well, sir!"

"Well, what?"

"There's a pretty dangerous current running hereabout. The Maelstrom's five miles to leeward."

Schroeder laughed.

"The Maelstrom!" he chuckled. "For God's sake, have a bit of sense. Stop listening to fo'castle yarns. The Maelstrom! The Maelstrom!"

The first lieutenant looked him square in the face. There was something queer in his eyes.

"Look at the sea," he said. "Look at the wave-height. See how low it is. It ought to be thirty inches higher. Watch!"

He took a silver case from his pocket and threw a cigarette into the sea. It floated shoreward as if pulled by a string.

"Nine miles an hour," remarked the first officer laconically.

"We'd better head her out to sea," Schroeder nodded.

The coughing violence of the exhaust stopped for a moment, began spasmodically, and stopped again. An officer dashed up the manhole and sprang aft. He made his way through the swirl of water on the deck and peered over the stern. He straightened himself with a jerk.

"Stop the engines!" he shouted.

The signal flashed down to the operating-room in a jingle of bells. The submarine rocked to the swell like a cradle. The commander hurried aft.

"What's wrong?" he hailed.

"Propeller's foul," the officer at the stern snapped. "Bring the cage. Jump into a diving suit, some one."

A gang of bluejackets ran aft with a scaffolding of steel mesh. A sailor in the grotesque bulk of a diver's costume lumbered over the side and disappeared in an eddy of bubbles. The first lieutenant paced up and down the deck, his hands clinched until the knuckles showed white against the brown of the skin. He touched the commander on the arm.

"Better hurry," he advised. "Look!"

The waves had nearly died down. They showed only in faint, jagged ripples,

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like the patterns of snow on ploughed ground. The water seemed black and thick, like oil. A mile and a half away land bulked, like a shadow. There was the thunder of surf on rocks. Occasionally there was a booming report, like the firing of nine-pounders.

The diver rose out of the waves, a horrible dripping monster. They unscrewed his headpiece hastily.

"A big fisherman's net," he gasped, "around the propeller. All afoul."

Schroeder turned and shouted forward.

"Get a knife and hatchet," he ordered.

The diver looked at him with a white, scared face.

"I can't go down again," his voice became a hoarse whisper. "I can't do it. There's something pulling, sucking. . . ."

The commander looked at him with a cold, murderous eye.

"You'll go down again," he said calmly. He raised his voice. "Hurry up with those tools."

"I can't," the man whimpered. "Good God! I can't."

A white shroud of fog suddenly enveloped them. It converted them into towering, shadowy figures. The submarine spun suddenly in quarter its length, as if the helmsman had thrown over his wheel. They lurched about the deck for an instant. The thunder of the surf came nearer. The booming, artillery-like discharges crashed more distinctly. The first officer stamped his feet in impatience. He cracked his fingers. He whistled, as to a dog.

The fog cleared like a stage-curtain lifting. Ahead of them an expanse of black water spread like a village pond. To the right and to the left, a mile away and apart, islands reared like huge rocks. In front of them, across the expanse, a dim mirage of land showed. As they looked, the water broke into a pattern of eddies. Lines formed, as on the surface of a harbor in a catspaw of wind. A vast throaty gurgle shivered through the air. The bottom seemed to break in the water. It curled about in a small, in a large, in a gigantic, funnel. Something appeared on the edge of it, gray and brown. The submarine glided forward easily. The men on the deck had the impression of slipping along snow on skis. The gray-and-brown thing took form. They could see it was the battered hulk of a fishing-smack. It spun around in a flashing circle like a racing-car on a stadium track.

The first officer looked at it with a twitching face.

"All below," he shouted. His voice broke into a scream.

They plunged toward the manhole in a frantic rush. Schroeder's hands shook as he lowered himself. The manhole came to with a clang.

He picked his way toward the conning-tower with faltering feet. The alley tilted slightly under his feet. A feeling of dizziness was coming over him. He became suddenly cold and his heart seemed reluctant to beat. He clambered into the control-chamber. The deck tilted. He held on to the stanchions for support. The engineer lieutenant clawed his way forward.

"Empty the air-tanks," Schroeder commanded. In the silence of the steel husk his voice sounded with horrible loudness. "We'll sink."

There was a violent jerk, as though an explosion had occurred against the hulk of the submarine. She turned about suddenly, like a wheel. Schroeder felt his head strike the iron of the wall. He slid to the floor in a crumpled heap.

"Open the other side, you fool," he shouted. Nobody answered.

The submarine spun about like a teetotum. Schroeder felt himself being thrown here and there, like a limp sack. There was the crash of things falling everywhere, the rattle of earthenware, the tinkle of steel, the resounding clang of brass. The odor of oil floated sickeningly around. There was the acrid tang of acid. He felt his head knock against the wall again. A feeling of nausea came over him.

He lay for a moment stunned, and, as he moved again, little visions, like queer, scrappy biograph pictures flashed in and out of his head. He saw the water about the *Olaf Horsa* black with bobbing heads. He saw the bridge of the steamer disappear in a yellow crash. He saw the man shaking clinched fists at him from the bow of the life-boat.

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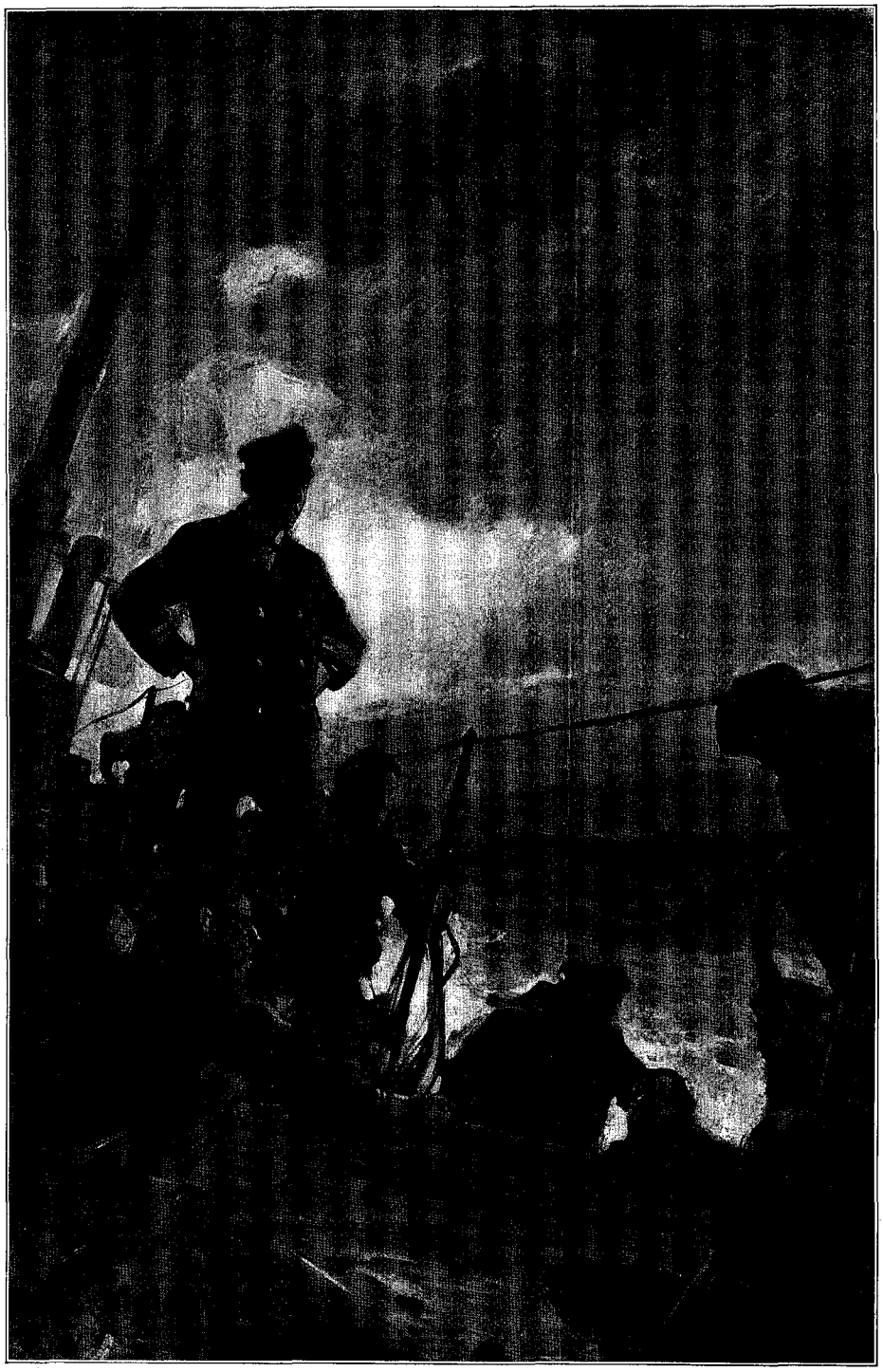

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"You'll go down again," he said calmly.—Page 36.

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"War," he muttered to himself. "After all, it's war, isn't it? It's war."

Some one came hurtling down the alley-way, screaming as he ran. He tripped over Schroeder, picked himself up again, and lurched away. His voice broke out in horrible, tearing spasms. Schroeder remembered vaguely having heard that sound somewhere before. It was the death-cry on the Norwegian liner. The memory struck him with the force of a blow.

A little water trickled from somewhere and splashed on his face. It became a stream. It rippled metallically on the steel of the alley as though splashing into a zinc pail.

The thought that had been haunting him all day on his bridge flashed up in his mind with the blinding quality of a calcium light. Norway had him. Norway was taking its revenge. The mighty viking in flashing armor held him at its mercy. It was buffeting him, crushing him, throttling him with white, implacable fury.

He put his hands to his collar and tore it open savagely, and, throwing his head back, he began howling, suddenly, loudly, insanely, like a trapped wolf. . . .

A THRENODY

By Bliss Carman

Not in the ancient Abbey,
Nor in the city ground,
Not in the lonely mountains,
Nor in the blue profound,
Lay him to rest when his time is come
And the smiling mortal lips are dumb;

But here in the decent quiet
Under the whispering pines,
Where the dogwood breaks in blossom
And the peaceful sunlight shines,
Where wild birds sing and ferns unfold,
When spring comes back in her green and gold.

And when that mortal likeness
Has been dissolved by fire,
Say not above the ashes,
"Here ends a man's desire."
For every year when the bluebirds sing,
He shall be part of the lyric spring.

Then dreamful-hearted lovers
Shall hear in wind and rain
The cadence of his music,
The rhythm of his refrain,
For he was a blade of the April sod
That bowed and blew with the whisper of God.

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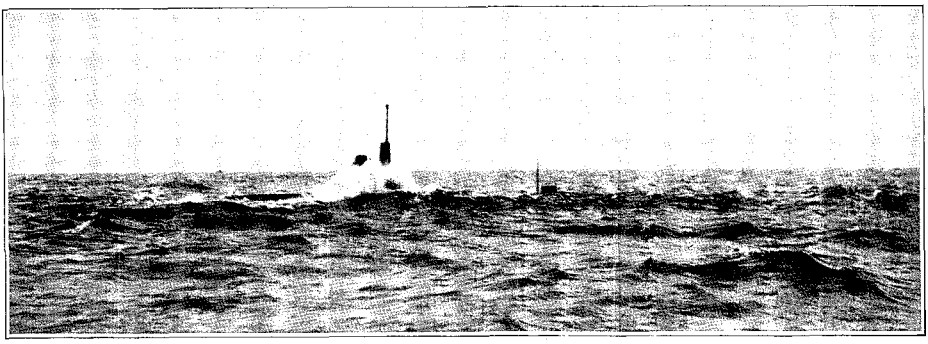

The Russian submarine *Kaiman* submerging in rough weather.

THE SUBMARINE IN WAR

BY ROBERT WILDEN NEESER

Author of "Our Navy and the Next War"

HAD there been a sensational press in the days of '76 and as much ink and paper expended in the chronicling of under-water episodes, there is little doubt but that Bushnell's *Turtle* would have been cloaked in an atmosphere of invincibility equal to that which shrouds the U-boat of to-day. For centuries people had been trying to invent a practical vessel for subsurface navigation with little encouragement. Then, in 1776, Bushnell's submarine made its appearance on the blockaded coast of the American colonies; and, while it achieved nothing startling, owing to its primitive design, it created a distinct feeling of uneasiness on board of the ships of the royal navy stationed off the New England ports.

Since the American Revolution every conflict has seen repeated in more or less acute form the menace of the submarine. In the Crimean War it constituted a prominent feature—on paper; in the American Civil War the Confederates accomplished heroic deeds with it. Again, in the Russo-Turkish War the submarine was a factor. But in the Russo-Japanese War the submarine did not figure at all. "It was still merely in its experimental stage," explained a French *communiqué*, "without military application on the high seas."

As long as naval warfare was carried on with the old weapons there was little question that a submarine boat could not have been of much use. But with the invention and perfection of the modern automobile torpedo war on the sea was almost revolutionized. In other words, the hour of the submarine came with the development of the torpedo.

It was this single event and the progress of submarine navigation in France and America, due to the perfection of the storage-battery and the gasolene engine, that in 1900 convinced the British admiralty that it could no longer ignore this type of war-ship. An experimental boat was forthwith built from the designs of Mr. John P. Holland, the American inventor. She was a small vessel with a water-line displacement of only one hundred and four tons, and a submerged displacement of one hundred and twenty tons. On the surface she was propelled by a four-cylinder gasolene engine, giving her a speed of eight knots, while for submerged cruising she utilized a small electric motor, capable of driving her barely four miles an hour.

In Berlin, where the passage of the ambitious naval act of 1900 had recently disclosed Germany's aspirations to a "future upon the seas," the addition of this puny craft to the British fleet was hailed with something approaching de-

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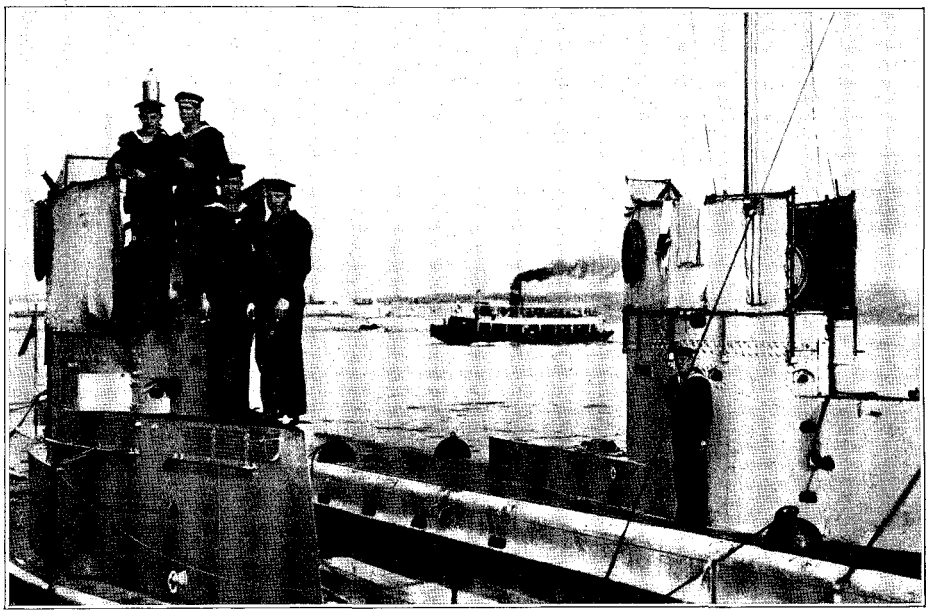
rision. The Prussian technical papers hastened to urge the futility of the submarine with a wealth of argument. The little Holland boat, however, proceeded travelling submerged at full speed—that an energetic policy of construction was immediately decided upon, although it was not until two years later that legis-



From a photograph by Brown & Dawson.

The conning-towers of German submarines.

to convince the British of the virtues of the submarine, and before long she became the model from which the British naval authorities proposed to develop a type of submarine in keeping with the best traditions of their service, until in 1906 undersea craft were being laid down for the British navy mounting two torpedo tubes on a displacement of 320 tons, and possessing a surface speed of 14 knots in combination with a submerged speed of 10 knots. When it is added that these vessels possessed a radius of 2,000 miles on the surface and were designed to travel some hours under water, it is not surprising that German naval opinion as to the advantages of the submarine underwent a very sudden, almost dramatic, change. Without so much as the formality of any public announcement in the Reichstag an *Unterseeboot* was laid down at the Krupp-Germania shipyard at Kiel in 1905, and so successful were her trials—on one occasion she succeeded in torpedoing a moving target twice while lative provision was asked of the Reichstag for the building of this type of warship.

It soon became evident that Grand Admiral von Tirpitz had grasped the significance and potentiality of submarine warfare. As inspector of the German torpedo service, and afterward as the first flotilla chief of the imperial torpedo vessels, he had obtained a practical knowledge of the importance of the torpedo that allowed no questioning of his views. "Politics are your affair—I build ships!" was his curt reply to the members of the Reichstag when, instead of permitting a decrease in the naval programme he demanded legislation for the construction, by the end of 1917, of 72 submarines, and it was precisely because he attended so strictly to his own business that he was able to do it so well. The submarine service was constituted as a separate branch of the navy, and as a practical result its personnel and its equipment, like every other department

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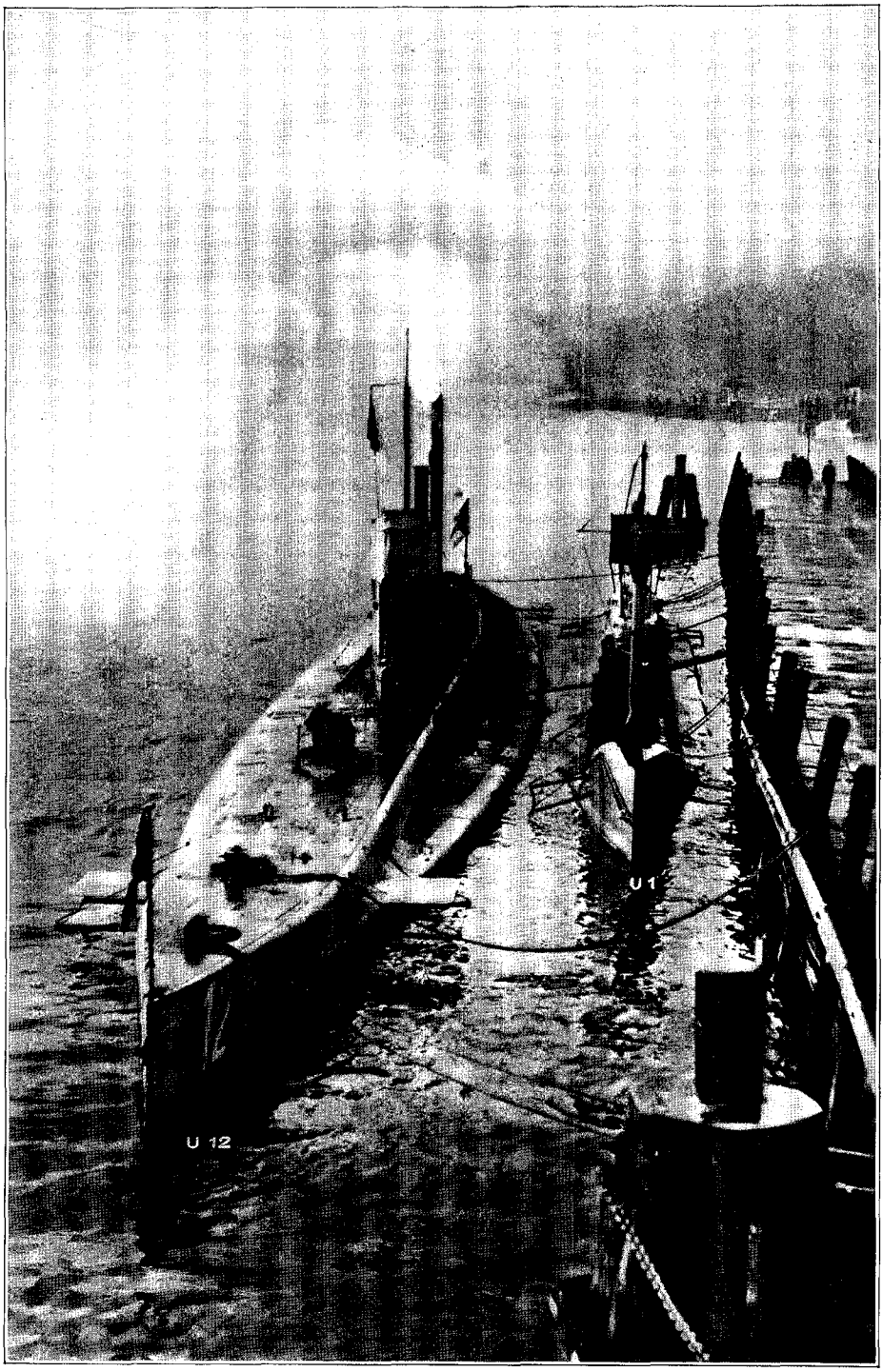

From a photograph by Brown & Dawson.

The German submarines *U-1* and *U-12*.

Showing the horizontal diving planes which regulate the angle of descent and ascent.

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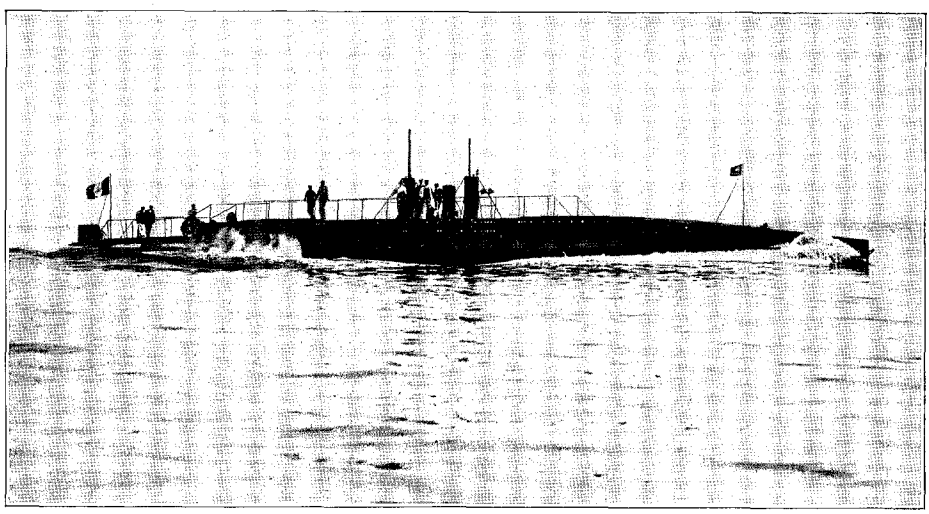

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

The French submarine *Palaçois.*

of the German navy, attained a degree of organization and efficiency that, at the outbreak of hostilities, quite astounded those who were not already aware of its capabilities. The war had hardly been in progress a week before the British light-cruiser squadron was attacked by submarines. By a singular piece of good fortune the attack failed and one of the submarines was sunk. But the first conclusions drawn from the sinking of the *U-15* by the *Birmingham* were altogether too sweeping. In less than a month the German craft began to score a series of unheard-of successes. On September 5 the *Pathfinder* was sunk; within another fortnight followed a more reverberating blow—the *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue* were disposed of at one fell swoop; then the *Hawke*, the *Hermes*, and the *Formidable*, in the very chops of the channel; and in the Baltic Sea the Russian cruiser *Pallada* suffered a like fate. It seemed as if the startling declaration that less than two months before the war appeared in the British press over the signature of Sir Percy Scott had had in it almost too much of an element of truth. The public began to wonder whether, after all, the former director of naval ordnance was not right in so uncompromisingly predicting that the submarine had made it impossible for any surface ship to put to sea or even lie safely in harbor. The wide-spread belief that there was something mysterious about this heretofore untried instrument of war was naturally succeeded by a feeling of alarm which shook confidence in the ability of the British navy to cope with a weapon that possessed such awful potentialities.

To the Allies, however, this submarine phase of the war did not come entirely unexpectedly. In fact, it had been foreseen as early as 1907, when, in the light of the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War, Germany's probable aims were discussed by British officers. It was the opinion "that in the next European struggle Germany will not rely so much on her mammoth battleships, but more largely on torpedo-craft and mine-layers for carrying out the maximum amount of destruction at a minimum outlay." In other words, the submarine was considered primarily the weapon of the weaker navy, and it was more the business of the stronger power to devise means to defeat it.

There is every reason to believe therefore that the British navy, while pressing the development of the submarine, at the same time bent every effort to develop a system for frustrating its attack. How successful these defensive measures are proving is not very likely to be published in official documents before the close of

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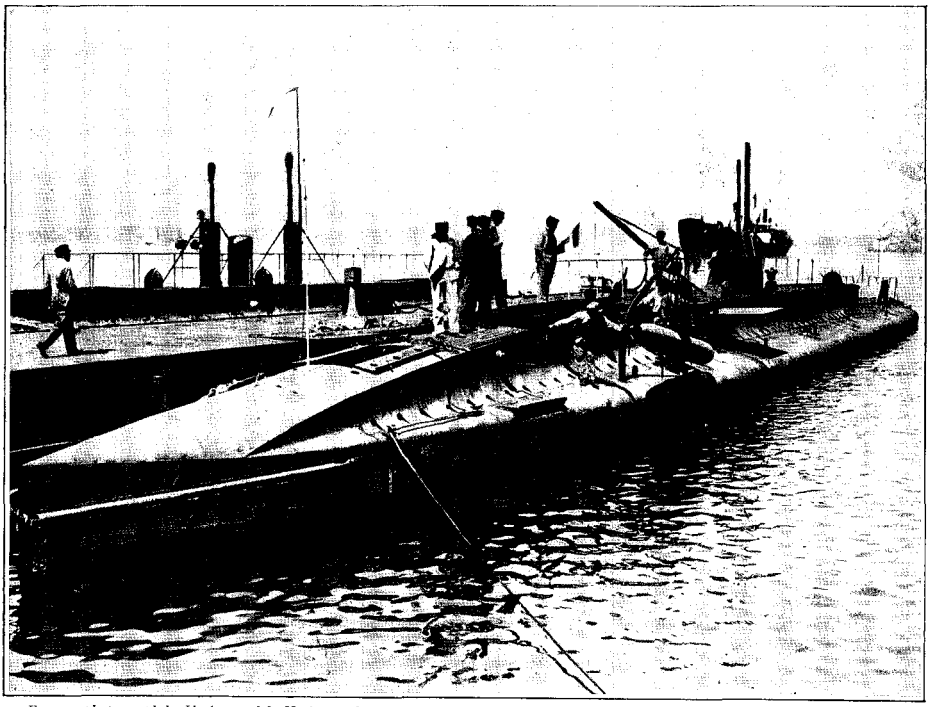
hostilities, nor has any mention of them been allowed in the daily press. But that the problem, difficult as it is, has already been attacked with marked success is vouched for by the mute evidence of the captured German submarines safely moored within the "tight little island's" own naval harbors.

Just what system of protection against the U-boats is being employed by the British navy is not definitely known. There are reports of submarine nets and traps, and accounts of the activity of torpedo-boat destroyers and of "sweeping" by trawlers in restricted waters. Portsmouth is said to be closed by means of a submarine boom defense, stretched across the mouth of the harbor, and likewise the approach to the River Elbe, leading to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, is effectively closed to British intruders by boom-defenses, mines, and submerged wire entanglements. But effective as mine-fields and cable nettings may be against hostile "undercraft"—as in the case of the channel where not a single troop-ship or supply-ship has yet been lost—they can be said to be only a deterrent, little more. A mine-field, such as was laid between the Goodwin Sands and Ostend, does not necessarily form an absolute barrier. If submarines care to run the risk of groping their way through the mine-infested area they can do so. They can also sometimes pass beneath it, if previous reconnoissance has shown the position of the danger zone and the water is of sufficient depth to allow of such a manœuvre. But the chance of fouling the mooring-ropes can never for a moment be ignored. Early in the war a British submarine, the *E-6*, while diving, actually did foul the moorings of a German mine and on rising to the surface weighed it with its sinker. Fortunately the horns of the mine were pointed out-board, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that the crew divested the boat of her unwelcome and dangerous load without exploding it. On the other hand, in the Dardanelles and in the Adriatic the obstructions placed by the Turks and the Austrians have already caused the loss of



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Lowering a torpedo into the hold of a French submarine.

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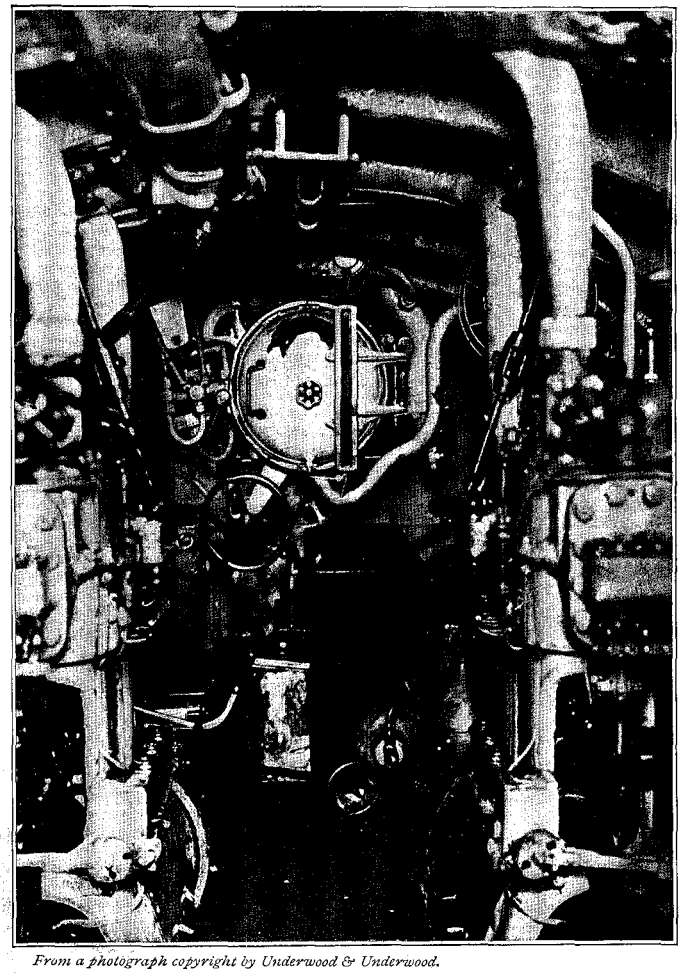
five British and French submarines, although on numerous other occasions the passage into the Sea of Marmora has been successfully forced.

It is almost superfluous to say that since the outbreak of hostilities no official details have been vouchsafed as to the composition of the several submarine flotillas. The number of vessels stationed at the various bases in July, 1914, was, of course, generally known. Great Britain's 82 submarines were distributed along her coast-line and based upon Devonport, Portsmouth, and Chatham. But regarding any possible rearrangement or increase of the flotillas that may have been made in the course of the past twelvemonth no information has been allowed to filter through, except perhaps in the case of Commodore Keyes's despatch, the first in the history of naval warfare to recount the operations of a group of submarines, from which the public gleaned that several of England's largest and most modern boats had already been engaged off Heligoland. The French ministry of marine, likewise, has maintained an inscrutable silence in regard to the movements of the republic's numerous underwater craft, although one *communiqué* did refer at length to the operations of her Britannic ally's submarines in "menacing the hostile fleets before their bases in the North Sea." But, curiously enough, this paragraph was preceded by the statement that for many years officers had "considered the command of a gunboat of 400 tons—a vessel of no military value—preferable as affording better opportunities for promotion to that of a submarine of 600 tons!" And this in the French navy, which had been the pioneer in adopting the submarine torpedo-boat as a vessel of war! What may have inspired the publication of such an utterance? Since 1888, when France assumed an unquestioned leadership in construction of underwater craft, her efforts had met with such success that by 1902 naval manœuvres were held



From a photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Interior of a British E-boat.

Showing a closed torpedo-tube and the air compressors for charging the torpedoes. This view gives an idea of the cramped quarters in which the men have to work.

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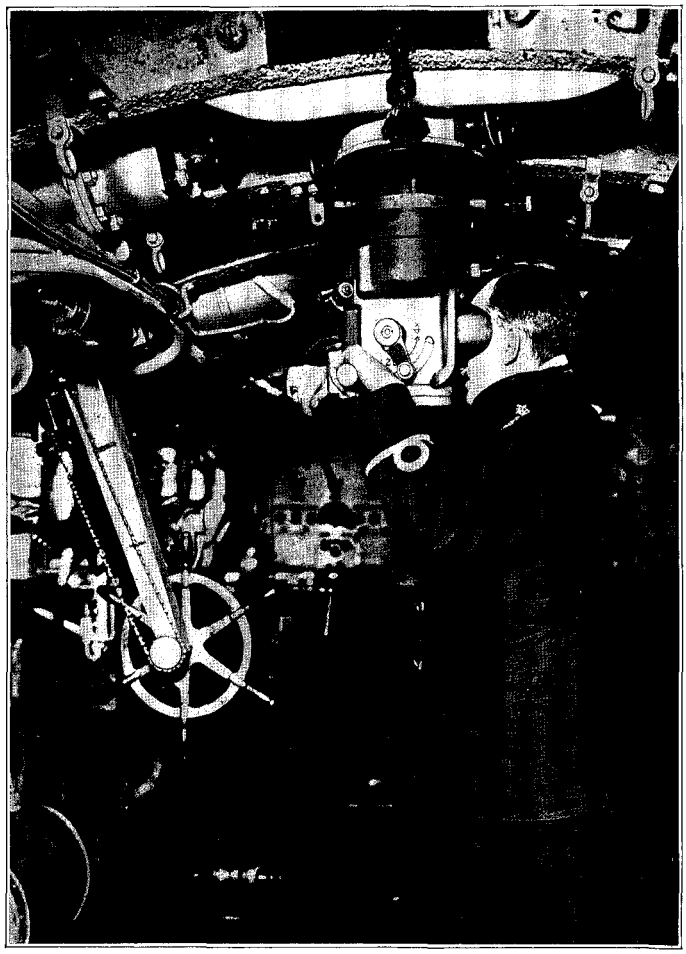
solely to test the comparative merits of the different types under consideration. In that year her war fleet actually included 14 submarines in commission, while 25 more were on the ways. It is true that practically every one of these vessels was of the coast-defense or harbor-defense type, but efforts to develop sea-going submarines were already meeting with some success, and eleven 531-ton boats of the Labeuf type were about to be undertaken. Then occurred an unfortunate change in the cabinet at Paris. Monsieur Pelletan became minister of marine, and under his administration all submarine construction was suspended. From June, 1902, to January, 1905, not a single submarine was laid down, and only the *Aigrette* and a sister boat were launched. The advantage which France had gained by her previous readiness to adopt a consistent policy for the creation of a great submarine fleet was thus abandoned. Some years later every nerve was strained to recover the lost ground, but, although a large number of vessels was actually laid down, only a few could be completed at a time, as their construction was restricted to the three government yards, to the exclusion of private builders, with the result that it was seven years before the boats laid down in 1906 were completed and ready for service.

Meanwhile the Germans had taken the lesson so seriously to heart that they entered the war with a flotilla of 30 vessels and a reserve of 6 new boats which were secretly nearing completion. This was no mean record for nine years of submarine construction, but not in the least surprising when we consider the opportunities enjoyed by the Berlin *Admiralstab*, thanks to its wonderful system of espionage, of profiting almost instantly by what in other countries had required years of study and experiment. It was unblushingly admitted by a German naval officer, in an account which appeared in the German press last year, when he remarked that the submarine he com-



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The "look-out" from below.

British submarine commander taking a sight through the periscope.

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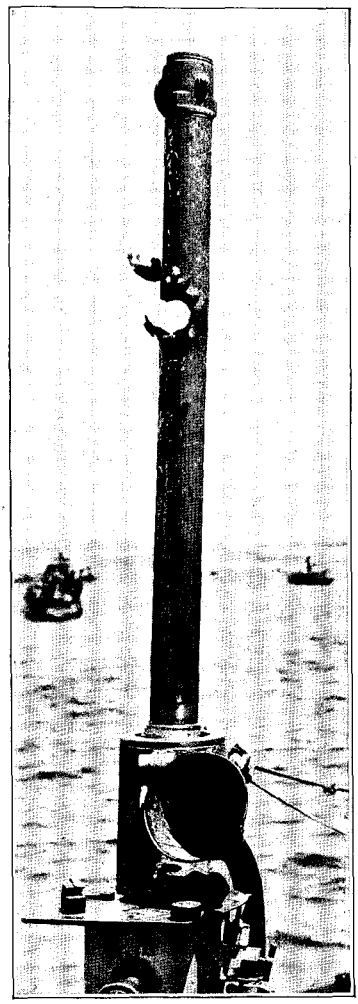
manded was "built upon the Labeuf principle, which is a modern design and the type generally adopted for all our seagoing submarines." But what is astounding, even in view of what we now know, is that the very year in which Germany constructed her first U-boat the French attaché at Berlin informed his government that the Krupp works were offering to Roumania a submarine designed from French plans. And since the outbreak of hostilities Germany has been working her shops day and night on submarines. Every shipyard has been requisitioned and even those acquired by the German arms in Belgium have been utilized. The Teutonic press announced some months ago that one hundred U-boats had been laid down during the past year. "These figures," comments a French naval officer, "are very much exaggerated." Yet the most reliable reports received in this country indicate that Germany last July had completed her seventieth submarine, and had many more on the ways.



The periscope of the British *E-11* pierced by a Turkish shell.

Several factors have to be borne in mind when considering the surprising efficiency of the submarines during the past year, factors known to the advocates of underwater craft before the commencement of hostilities. The first is the advantage which the submarine enjoys over all types of surface war-ships, of being able to become invisible at will. On the surface so little of her frail hull shows above the water that it may be made to blend with the ever-changing tints of the surrounding sea. To increase this invisibility various colors have been adopted by the different navies. The French, after many experiments, have chosen a pale, sea-green, non-luminous paint; the British a dull gray; the Germans a gray-brown. But it is when fully submerged that the concealment of the submarine becomes practically perfect. And this has earned for her the name of the "daylight torpedo-boat," for in a short space of time she acquires the ability of performing the same task by daylight that the surface torpedo-boat may accomplish only under cover of darkness or fog, that of creeping unobserved within range of an enemy and of launching her deadly missile. It was thus that the *E-9* torpedoed and sunk the German light cruiser *Hela* six miles south of Heligoland, and immediately afterward faded from view by submerging, while a flotilla of German destroyers, summoned to the scene by wireless, hunted her in vain on the surface.

Another factor, which the practical experience of war has confirmed, is the ability of the submarine, by sinking, to cover herself with a sufficient thickness of water to be absolutely shell-proof. She thus may enjoy an almost perfect immunity from gun-fire, and she has only to fear the possible danger that may be awaiting her at the hands of a watchful foe as she rises again. Strange as it may seem, the operation of coming to the surface is far less difficult than that of submerging quickly. When a submarine is running on the surface with her decks

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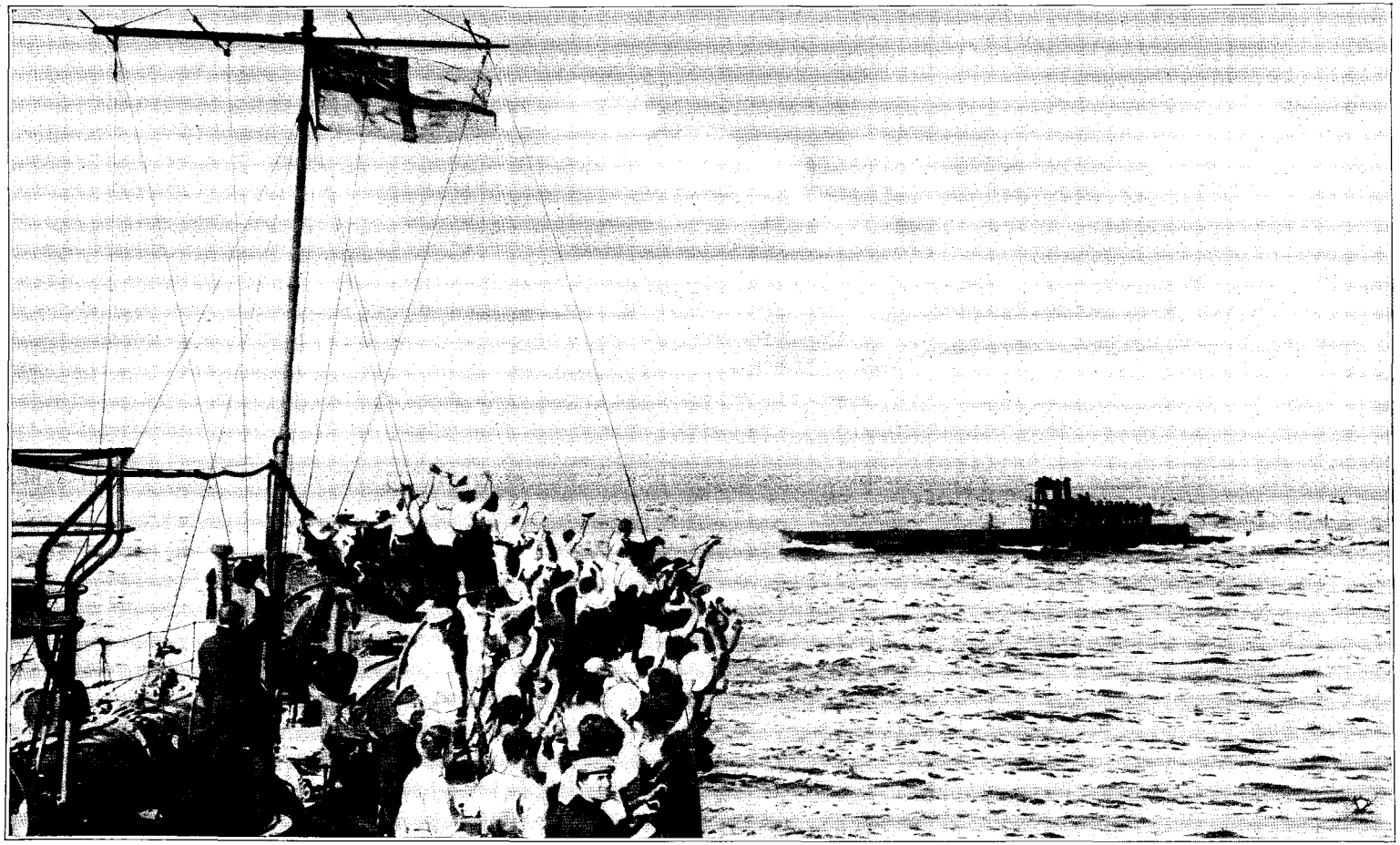

The crew of H. M. S. *Grampus* cheering the *E-11* on her return from a successful cruise in the Sea of Marmora.

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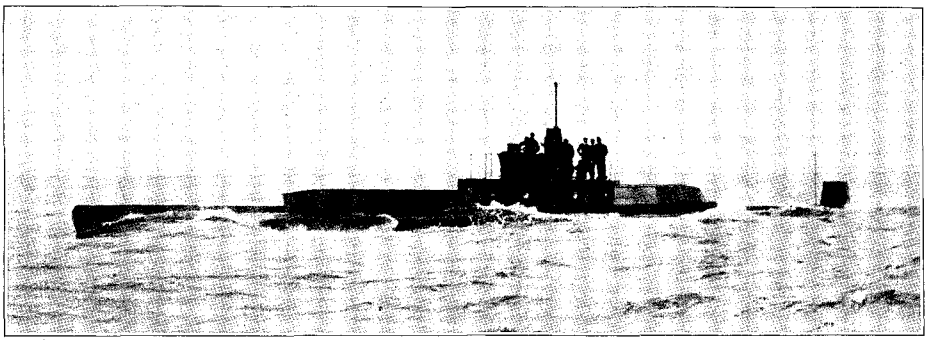
above water, in what is technically called the "light condition," she has her water-ballast tanks empty, but the moment she is required to sink, so that her tiny deck is awash and only the conning-tower remains above the surface, water must be let into these ballast-tanks. The additional weight of this water causes her to sink until her back is almost flush with the surface. In this condition the cruising on the surface. The destroyer opened fire with her guns and instantly started in pursuit, forcing the submarine to submerge. But this the U-boat was not able to do in time. Before her periscope could disappear beneath the surface the French vessel was on top of her; there was a crash, a crumbling of steel plates, a large amount of oil floated to the surface, and the submarine was no more.



The Russian submarine *Kaiman* making a surface run in the Gulf of Finland.

submarine's reserve buoyancy is small indeed, and total submergence then requires not additional weight in the ballast-tanks but merely the deflection of her horizontal rudders, which, placed in pairs, and sometimes both forward and aft, enable the vessel to descend to the required depth after her electric motors have given her sufficient headway. The tendency of the boat to rise, owing to her buoyancy, is then counteracted only by maintaining a slight degree of horizontal helm, but should the propellers that drive her along cease to revolve and the vessel slow down she would instantly begin to come to the surface, because the rudders no longer had any effect. Generally speaking, the time required for submergence has been so reduced that it is claimed to answer every military requirement, although not so many years ago eight and even fifteen minutes were needed to accomplish this apparently simple operation. Yet recently, on various occasions, several submarines have been lost through their inability to dive in less than three minutes. On March 30 a torpedo-vessel of the French light squadron off Dieppe saw a German submarine

Gun-fire in most cases, except by sheer luck, has proved ineffective against the small targets offered by the elusive underwater craft. But what the U-boats have learned to fear more than the prospect of being hit by a chance shot is the crushing effect of an enemy's sharp prow upon their frail hulls, and there is no gainsaying that the submarine commanders, from this new danger, have experienced many anxious moments. Some of the German boats, following the example of the Greek submarine *Delphin*, which, during the Balkan War of 1912, submerged to a depth of sixty feet just in time to avoid the ram of a Turkish cruiser that then passed directly over her, have been able to evade such attacks. One, last June, was reported as having in this way escaped from being sunk by the Anchor Line steamer *Cameronia*. But, on the other hand, the *U-3* was not so fortunate, the *U-12* was rammed by the destroyer *Ariel*, the *U-8* met a similar fate off Dover, the *Badger* accounted for a submarine off the Dutch coast, while the merchant steamer *Thordis* crashed down upon a U-boat which was struggling in the trough of a heavy seaway.

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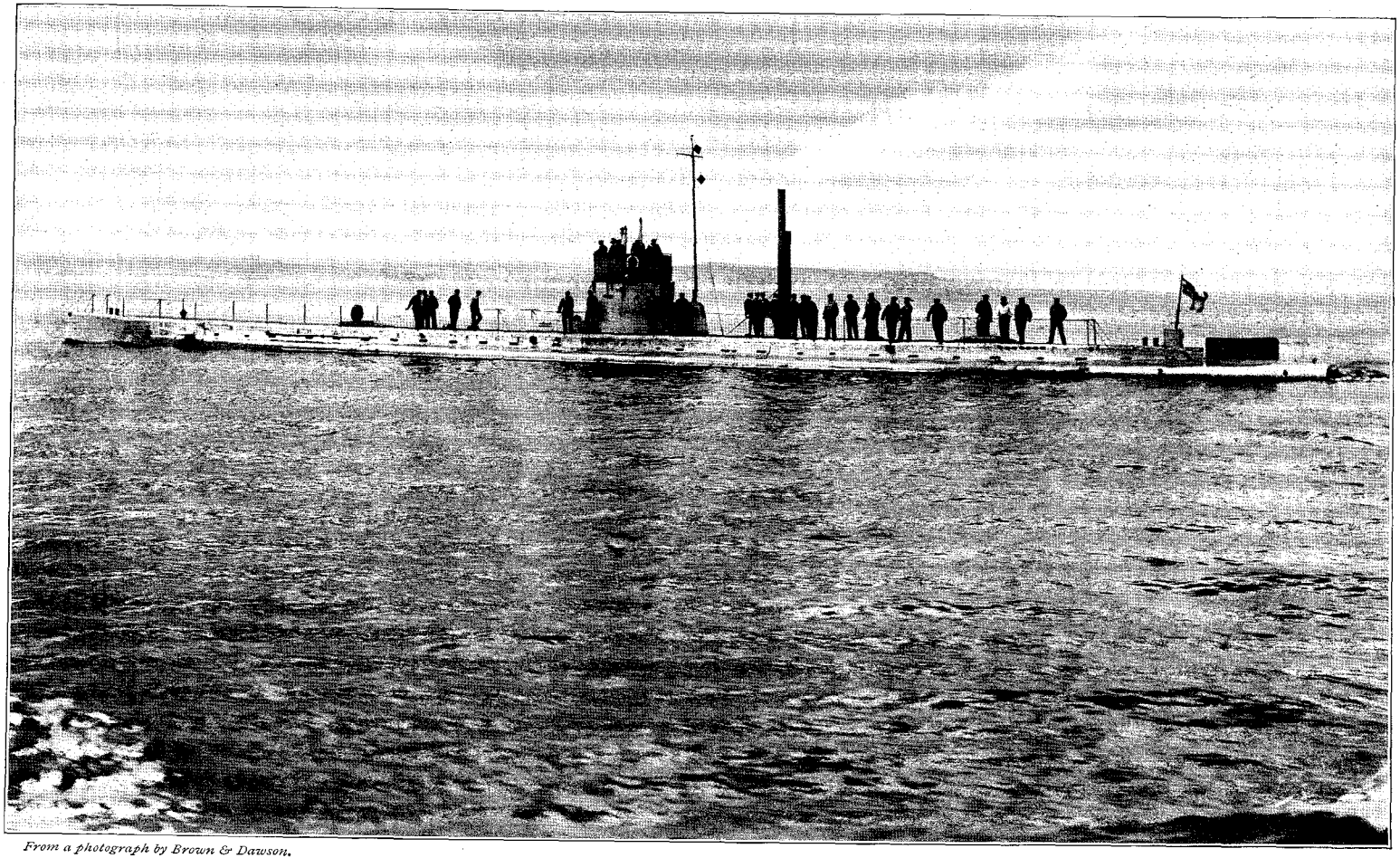

From a photograph by Brown & Dawson.

The German submarine *U-11* on her trial trip in the North Sea, June 21, 1911.

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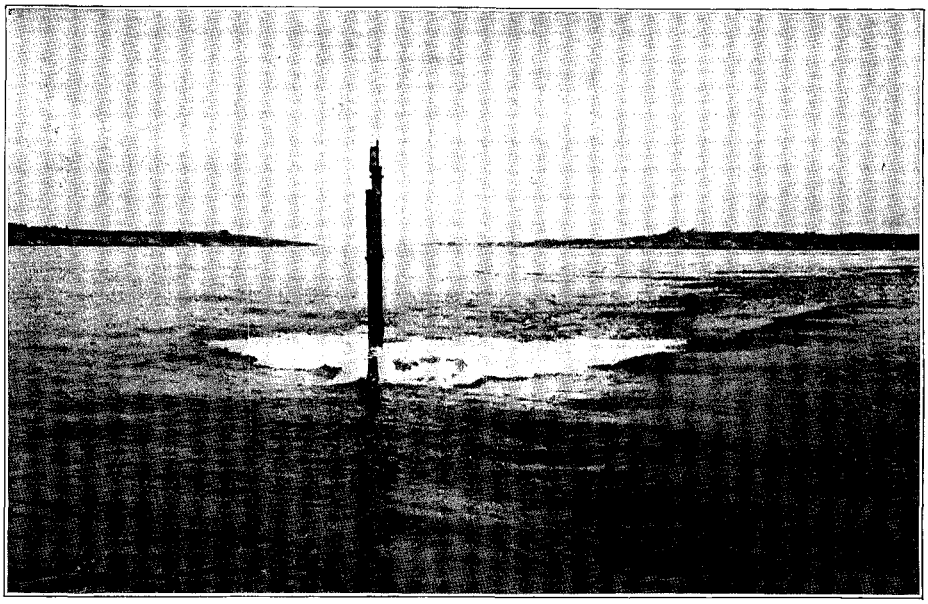

From a photograph copyright by Enrique Muller.

An American submarine running submerged.

Of all the perils which attach to ocean navigation the most paralyzing are undoubtedly those caused by fog. No type of ship is immune from its terrors, and every ship captain has to guard against the dangers that may be lurking within its misty veils; for the fog takes away his sight and deprives him of the surer dependence on his ears which he has in a clear atmosphere. When it is realized that these conditions are practically the normal conditions of service of submarine craft some idea may be formed of the difficulties of underwater navigation, for beneath the surface of the waves an impenetrable mist shrouds the vessel and places her at as great a disadvantage as a surface ship in thick weather. This was one of the most dreaded handicaps of the submarine during the numerous trials held in the French navy, for twice there occurred collisions between submarines cruising below the surface. They ran into each other without the slightest knowledge of their close proximity. On neither occasion were the vessels seriously injured, but the experiment was not repeated, at least not in the case of the *Bonite*, which had figured in both accidents. The French manœuvres consequently demonstrated the difficulties attending operations of submarines acting in company, because when submerged the sole means of intercommunication between boats is the submarine bell, which at best is slow and uncertain and cannot be used in the face of an enemy without betraying the submarine's presence. It is true that the larger boats are now provided with wireless apparatus, but this is of use only on the surface and within a very limited radius.

The greatest difficulty, then, which beset both submarine construction and navigation was the problem of how to enable the commander of a submarine to see when the vessel was entirely submerged. At first these efforts were not very successful, but in the end this shortcoming was met by fitting periscopes to their conning-towers. By a series of lenses and prisms an image of the surface was thus refracted downward through the tube, which in some cases is telescopic, being focussed by an appropriate lens at the base. A man with his eyes at the lower opening of the periscope could thus see the surface clearly, the tube being sometimes of such length, varying from fifteen feet to twenty feet, that the submarine could submerge sufficiently to give him a feeling of security

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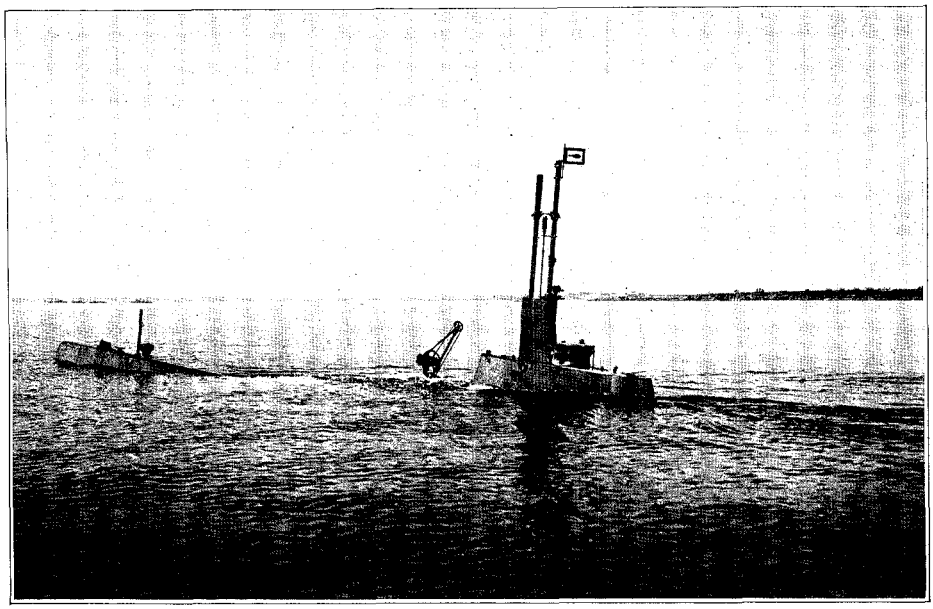

From a photograph copyright by Enrique Muller.

The U. S. S. *D-3* coming to the surface after a submerged run.

when he swept the horizon. In nearly all boats there are now two periscopes, one for the commander when guiding the vessel and discharging the torpedoes, the other for the constant use of the look-out. Recently the observer's field of vision has been increased to about sixty degrees by the adaptation of panoramic lenses. At night the periscope is useless, even by day it does not furnish an entirely satisfactory means of vision, since it is very difficult to estimate the distance of objects seen, while, in addition, the range of visibility, even under the most favorable conditions, is limited to five miles, and much less in rough weather. Yet with the periscope splendid work has been done by both sides in the war. The loss of three British cruisers at the hands of the *U-9* proved conclusively that, with experienced observers, the periscope serves well enough for practical purposes. The British submarine *E-9* also successfully torpedoed the German destroyer *S-126* off the mouth of the Ems River while running at high speed. But in making these attacks the underwater craft ran the risk of becoming blinded by the shattering of their periscopes. This was the fate that befell the *U-15* when she attempted to torpedo the cruiser *Birmingham*. Her "eyes" were carried away by a well-aimed, or chance, shot. She dived to escape her assailant, but in the circumstances under which the action was fought she was bound to come to the surface again. This the commander of the British cruiser well knew, and the moment the dark mass of the submarine showed upon the waves the *Birmingham* fired a second shot which struck the base of the conning-tower, shattering it completely.

While it may be said that the capabilities and limitations of the various types of submarines were well known to naval men before the fateful 3d of August, 1914, it must be confessed that their calculations have been rudely upset in at least two respects by the recent achievements of the underwater craft. For example, it was never believed possible for one submarine to engage another submarine in battle. Yet, within a month of Italy's entrance into the war such an encounter did take place between the Italian submarine *Medusa* and an Austrian U-boat. From the fact that both were running submerged and came quite close to each other without becoming aware of one another's presence it would seem that the meeting took place more by

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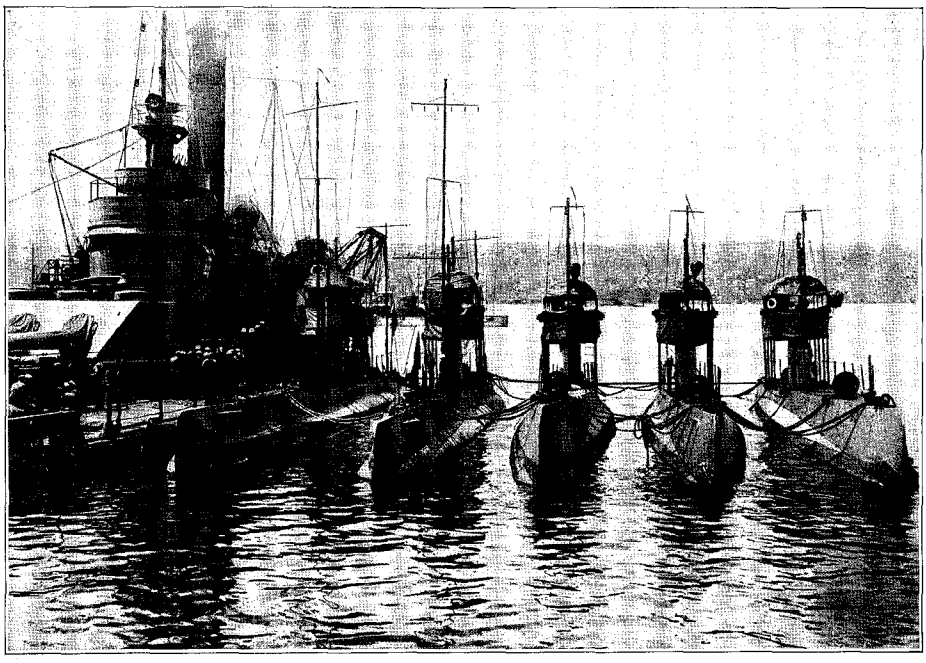
chance than by judgment. At any rate, the *Medusa* came to the surface first and, finding the way clear, emerged. Shortly after the Austrian boat also decided to come up, but as her periscope rose above the waves her commander saw the *Medusa* not far off and directly ahead. From this favorable position it was then only a question of moments before a torpedo could be discharged. The Austrian boat had made her score by stealth.

In the absence of detailed reports the operations between submarines and aeroplanes have given rise to many interesting speculations regarding the ability of aerial observers to detect the presence of submerged vessels. In the Mediterranean and in tropical seas, where the water is clear and calm and the light favorable, air-craft when flying at an elevation of less than a thousand feet can usually see submarines operating down to a certain depth below the surface. But under conditions such as are met with in the choppy gray waters of the North Sea the difficulties that arise often preclude any possibility of successful reconnoissance by aviators. As an instance may be cited the air raid along the Belgian coast last February, in which thirty-four British and French aeroplanes participated without detecting a single German submarine—yet several of them were known to be in those waters. Nevertheless, if we are to give credence to the press reports, encounters between aeroplanes and submarines have taken place, and the advantage thus far has been with the former, except on one occasion when a British underwater vessel is said to have actually driven off her assailant with the fire of her small deck-guns.

And now we come to the vital question of armament and speed, without which no war-ship could remain at sea a week. Strange to say, the submarine is deficient in both of these factors so necessary to a successful offensive, owing to the limitations imposed upon her by the very theory of her conception. Before the war the Krupps were making two types of guns for the undersea boats of the German navy, one a 1.45-inch piece on a fixed pedestal mounting; the other a 12-pounder on a disappearing carriage. The English also were known to have armed



A group of American submarines moored alongside their mother-ship.
Showing the submarine's wireless equipment.

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their larger vessels with 3-inch quick-firing guns placed on high-angle disappearing mountings. And recently the British submarine officers were the first in the field to make legitimate use of their guns when they bombarded the Turkish powder-mills on the shores of the Sea of Marmora. But the advantage possessed by such a battery was found somewhat offset by its insufficient gun-power and by the very limited supply of ammunition which could be carried on board. Likewise the limitation to the submarine's torpedo-armament results from her being unable to fire her death-dealing missiles at all arcs of training. Owing to the very small space available, it has been possible to equip submarines only with fixed tubes, laid in a line with the keel. The boat herself is therefore the gun-carriage. The difficulties attending submarine attack are then apparent. Unless the enemy can be brought directly ahead and within a point-blank range every torpedo fired does not necessarily find its mark. On one occasion, I am told, a German submarine sighted the *Mauretania*, which since the outbreak of hostilities has been used as a troop-ship, and fired four torpedoes at her without once striking her—a lavish expenditure of precious ammunition when we realize that, according to the most reliable accounts, the newer U-boats carry only eight torpedoes, of which half are usually high-speed, short-range weapons, capable of travelling barely three-quarters of a mile. And apparently the British, quite early in the war, became aware of still another technical difficulty under which their Teutonic antagonists were laboring in carrying out their submarine campaign. Torpedoes, as is known, may be adjusted to run at any depth below the surface. But the German Schwartzkopf torpedoes, it seems, had all been set for a standard depth of twelve feet. So when the British navy was called upon to aid the Anglo-French-Belgian left flank in stemming the German offensive along the coast of Flanders the Admiralty immediately despatched to the scene several recently completed monitors drawing only five feet of water. "Our ships were persistently attacked by German submarines, and torpedoes were fired without success," reads the official statement given out on October 24, 1914. But what the writer of that despatch failed to add was that the torpedoes fired had all passed *under* the monitors without doing the slightest damage.

Deficiency in speed is another handicap imposed on the submarine in her operations against surface war-vessels. Imagination reels at the thought of what would have happened to the British battle-cruisers in the Bight of Heligoland had they not possessed such remarkable steaming powers. "Our high speed," wrote Vice-Admiral Beatty, "made submarine attack difficult." And it is this factor which so often in the war has enabled the surface man-of-war to cope successfully with her underwater antagonist. The maximum speed of the submarine at the present time is approximately 18 knots, as against the 22 knots steamed by the battleship, the 28 knots of the battle-cruiser, and the 32 knots (54 feet per second!) of the destroyer and light cruiser. It is obvious that the submarine is at a great disadvantage, and at a disadvantage extremely difficult to overcome. For any realization of high speed on the surface, through a tendency toward the adoption of the stream lines of surface craft, can be obtained only at the sacrifice of her speed when submerged, and, besides, the bluff and round-ended bows needed to accommodate the torpedo-launching tubes are far from conducive to great speed.

But if the torpedo-armament provisions had to be taken into consideration when designing the submarine another perplexing difficulty also arose in the method of propulsion to be used. In the French navy most of the early boats were electrically propelled. But the cost of electricity in weight was nearly thirty times more than that of other motive powers. Besides, it was extremely dangerous on account of the chlorine gas generated whenever leaky batteries admitted the slightest amount of salt water. So another type of engine had to be devised for surface navigation. At first steam-driven reciprocating engines were installed, then the internal combustion gasolene engine, after which came the paraffin engine. The carrying on board

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of large quantities of gasolene, however, was attended with too much risk, and paraffin was a source of constant worry, whenever any naked light was brought near. Consequently further efforts had to be made. And right here is where Germany took advantage of her opportunity. While the French and British naval services were experimenting with steam and gasolene the Germans were perfecting the heavy-oil engine with which they had surprised the world at the 1900 Paris Exposition. The result was that when their first submarine was built there was no indecision as to the motive power to be used, all the trials proved remarkably satisfactory, and the development of Germany's submarine flotilla proceeded apace. The British, after various trials with the gasolene engine, finally resorted to the heavy-oil engine in 1908, with the construction of their "D" class. But the French do not seem to have been so fortunate. In their effort to develop a large sea-going submarine they appear to have overlooked the fact that, the more powerful the Diesel motors are, the more delicate their working. Every increase in motor power was accompanied by no end of trouble. The 720-horse-power Diesels of the *Mariotte* had to be completely remade. The attempt to install 2,400-horse-power engines in the 1,000-ton *Nereide* proved a costly experiment, and the French designers found themselves obliged to retrace their steps and substitute the steam turbine which they had discarded only a few years before on account of the extreme heat contained in the boilers and the impossibility of submerging in less than fifteen minutes when steam was used for surface propulsion.

As an illustration in passing of what the submarines have been able to accomplish even with the handicap imposed by the division of power between two sets of motive machinery—for all boats have to carry electric motors and the necessary installations essential thereto in addition to their surface engines—I may refer to the astonishing long-distance cruises already made by the boats of several European navies. We were prepared for this some years ago by the remarkable performances of the small French coast-defense submarines *Papin* and *Faraday*, which, under their own power and in heavy weather, actually accomplished runs of 1,230 and 1,730 miles respectively. But if these were feats performed under peace conditions we had still another record to turn to in the operations of the French-built Greek submarine *Delphin*, which left Toulon just before the declaration of the first Balkan War and, under her own power, not only cruised the length of the Mediterranean, covering the distance of 1,100 miles in 130 hours, but for months maintained her station off the Dardanelles and effectively prevented the Turkish fleet from sallying forth on depredatory raids against the Grecian coast. Of course, to keep the sea for so long a period various bases of supplies had to be depended upon, but these were easily established along the sparsely settled shore without the Turks being any the wiser.

It is quite evident from the course of events upon the sea during the past year that the lessons taught by these astonishing performances of the submarines were not long overlooked by the great European powers. In Germany the submarine service was immediately established as a separate branch of the imperial navy, with a large personnel interested solely in the development of underwater warfare; France, handicapped by the dominance of party politics and unable to put forth her best energies, hastened to reassure herself as to the efficiency of what seagoing vessels she possessed; while England, not to be outdone, despatched two submarines which she had recently constructed for the Australian navy on a 12,500-mile voyage to Sydney. Then the European War broke out, and prophecy gave way to proof.

Only a few weeks before the order of mobilization was issued from the Rue Royale the French underwater flotillas had been engaged in various problems of offense and defense along the channel coast from Brest to Dunkirk. According to the official observers, the submarines "had more to boast of in the efficient working of their motors and the endurance of their crews than in the accuracy of their torpedoes." But, reading be-

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tween the lines, it was evident that the French had derived strategic lessons of the utmost importance from those days and nights of practise, for, to quote again, "to Frenchmen it was a warning that the most favorable field of operations for submarine craft is in the immediate vicinity of the foe's naval bases and that a submarine offensive at the outset of hostilities is the course best suited to submarine weapons." And it is interesting to note that this is the very policy pursued by the British Admiralty since the 3d of August, 1914. Within three hours of Great Britain's declaration of war the submarines *E-6* and *E-8* were on their way, unaccompanied, to carry out a reconnoissance in the Heligoland Bight, after which the whole of the Eighth Submarine Flotilla took up positions from which it could have attacked the German high-sea fleet, had it emerged from its base and sought to interfere with the transportation of the British expeditionary force across the channel. Without relief this patrol was maintained both by day and by night, until the last battalion was safely landed on the northern shore of France and all chance of effective interference had disappeared. But against an enemy whose capital ships never, and whose cruisers seldom, emerged from their fortified harbors, the opportunities of delivering submarine attacks were necessarily very few. Only on one occasion, during the first six weeks of the war, was a British submarine within torpedo range of a German cruiser during daylight hours. Yet the ceaseless vigil was not in vain, for the British soon found themselves in possession of extensive information regarding the habits of the Germans, without which the "fortunate and fruitful" Battle in the Bight might never have taken place.

While reconnoissance work has proved one of the main duties of the submarine in war, the power of offensive operations has not been overlooked. In this respect the Germans scored their greatest success and compensated themselves, in a measure, for the fact that their naval ships were practically blockaded within their own harbors, and that their merchant marine was being swept from the high seas. By mine and submarine they scored repeatedly and successfully. But as time wore on, at least in the North Sea and around the British Isles, the activity of the U-boats became less pronounced, until it ceased to produce any recorded results against their enemy's fighting fleet. From their legitimate prey the Germans then turned savagely upon unarmed merchantmen, peaceful fishing-vessels, and penny pleasure-boats. And right here Germany committed a grave error of principle, for when she began her guerilla warfare beneath the waves she embarked upon a policy of attrition purely secondary in effect and without influence on the main issue of the war.

Admiral Von Tirpitz's undersea warfare against merchant ships at first gave the impression that it would sweep England's merchant marine from the seas. But Berlin's rejoicings were premature. In spite of the occasional activities of the U-boats the commerce of the United Kingdom has steadily increased. Of nearly 20,000 vessels that entered or left the port of Liverpool during the first five months of the submarine blockade, the Germans were able to intercept only 29. And during the month of June, 1915, which the Berlin admiralty claimed was the most successful from their point of view, the British Board of Trade reports showed an increase in imports of $89,180,000, and a net gain for a year of war of $55,985,000 over the previous twelve months of peace.

The menace of the submarine, however, has exerted a decided influence on naval operations upon the high seas. In the North Sea the British grand fleet has been forced to seek a distant base, remote from the waters of the German Ocean. Touch is kept with the German coast-line by means of the cordon of submarines maintained off Heligoland, assisted by the French channel flotillas, whose presence likewise deters the German battleships and battle-cruisers from issuing from their protected harbors. The only waters in which the battleship was able to roam unattended seemed to be among the islands of the distant Ægean Sea, where the more optimistic hoped that "the business would be completed before these pests made their appearance." But the enterprising Commander Otto Hersing managed to find his way from the North Sea to

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the Dardanelles, and his appearance upon the scene produced a situation which the British admitted "could not be otherwise than disquieting." With the loss of the *Triumph* and the *Majestic* the activities of the more powerful ships ceased and the troops operating on shore were deprived of the support on which they counted so much to assist them in their advance against Achi Baba. Had the Turks possessed submarines in the straits, there is little question that the operation of disembarking troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula would have proved far more difficult and dangerous than it was. But in this the British forestalled their opponents and by the activities of their own undersea boats effectively arrested the flow of reinforcements and supplies on which the successful Turkish defense of the Dardanelles will ultimately depend.

The submarine has, through its enterprise, thus effectively hampered the operations of the capital ships. But it has not stopped them. With adequate precautions against this form of attack, and with destroyers present in sufficient numbers, the war has proved that efficient protection can be given, and it is interesting, in this connection, to note that the most effective work of the destroyer against the submarine has been done, not in the daytime, but at night. Owing to her inability to use her periscope in the dark, the undersea boat has been obliged to spend the hours from dusk to dawn on the surface, using her oil or petrol engines, not merely for cruising, but also for the additional purpose of running the dynamos in order to recharge her accumulators and renew the air-supply for the following day. In this condition the submarine on many occasions has met her fate, for the throbbing of her air-compressors, heard many miles off by the lurking destroyers, has revealed her whereabouts and invited her own destruction before she could escape or submerge.

Dodging about the seas and viewing the world through a periscope, with the constant reflection that the vessel in which you sail may at any moment be sunk and never again rise to the surface, cannot be a very exhilarating occupation. The moderate truth of the matter is, as Captain Hansen of the *U-16* himself admitted, that "it is fearfully trying on the nerves." Every man cannot stand it. When running submerged a deathlike silence reigns on board. Even the electric motors are silent. The temperature within the vessel is above the normal for a ship's engine-room, and the air, as it heats, gets poor and mixed with the odor of oil from the machinery. "The atmosphere becomes fearful, an overpowering sleepiness often attacks new men, and one requires the utmost will power to remain awake. I have had men who did not eat for the first three days out, because they did not want to lose that time from sleep," which perhaps was just as well, for no stove could be lit, as fire burns oxygen, and the electric power from the accumulators was too precious to be wasted in cooking. Yet day after day the vigil of the submarine crew has had to be maintained in the cramped quarters. "I have sat or stood for eight hours," wrote Captain Hansen, "with my eyes glued to the periscope, peering into the brilliant glass until my eyes and head have ached." There is no rest to be obtained, even in calm weather. And when the westerly gales sweep the North Sea, the strain becomes almost unbearable as the boats strive to remain on their stations in the short, steep seas so common in those waters, for "even when cruising at a depth of sixty feet," reported Commodore Keyes, "the submarines roll considerably, and pump—*i. e.*, move vertically—about twenty feet."

Volumes might be written, if all the facts were known, about the many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes which have been incidental to the work of the submarines in this war beneath the waves. Some have already found their way into the daily press, but others have not yet been recorded and doubtless never will be known to us. In the first category may be mentioned the remarkable exploit of Lieutenant Holbrook, who, with the *B-11*, entered the Dardanelles and despite the difficult current dived under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*. Another astonishing feat was that of Lieutenant Cochin, commanding the French submarine *Papin*. Recently he suddenly found himself in the midst of an Austrian mine-field. It

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was too risky to proceed any farther, so Cochin adopted the novel expedient of clearing the field single-handed—by having his crew dive for each mine, sever the holding cables, and then explode it as it floated to the surface. And in this connection also should be noted the timely work of rescue performed by the *E-4*, which, during the Battle in the Bight, came to the surface and took on board a boat's crew from the destroyer *Defender*, which the latter had been obliged to abandon in the face of the enemy's fire.

In the way of sensational experience, however, one must be alluded to as specially noteworthy. A Russian submarine, while cruising in the Baltic last June, submerged to attack a squadron of German battleships which was escorted by torpedo-craft. The submarine was able to approach quite near without being observed by the enemy, until one of the destroyers came so close that she was obliged to descend to a depth of fifty feet to escape being run down. Then the enemy passed on, and the Russian commander attempted to raise his periscope. But at that moment the leading German battleship was sighted less than a hundred yards off. The Russian boat immediately submerged again and fired her torpedo. Almost simultaneously a terrible crash was heard. The submarine trembled from stem to stern, the electric bulbs burst, crockery and all kinds of articles flew about, something above broke, cracked, and gave way. The submarine took a list of 25 degrees to starboard. Her crew were unable to keep their feet. But fortunately not a man lost his head. By keeping going at full speed, and thanks to the stanchness of her upper deck, which had not been penetrated by the collision, the boat was able to regain her balance. Only the periscope had been damaged, and some water was leaking through the stuffing-box. But rising to the surface was out of the question. Each time the Russian commander attempted to do so the screws of the German vessels cruising overhead could be heard. So for four hours the boat remained beneath the waves, until darkness permitted her to emerge again and regain a haven of refuge.

There is little question that the submarine has brought new problems into naval warfare which will henceforth seriously influence the handling of the battle-fleets. Ten years ago underwater torpedo-boats were passing into the navies of the world, which were small, fragile, slow, and comparatively ineffective. What the submarine of to-day is we already know. She is yet neither invincible nor invulnerable. She has not supplanted the battleship. But what she may become in the future no one can predict.

IN A GARDEN

By Livingston Ludlow Biddle

I SAT one day within a garden fair
Pining for thee and sad because alone,
Wishing some fate could send thee to me there.

All things appeared to share my saddened mood,
Each flower drooped, the sun was hid from view,
The very birds in silence seemed to brood.

Then, as I day-dreamed with my eyes half closed,
Sudden the birds began to sing again,
The flow'rs, uplifting heads, no longer dozed.

Thinking the sun had come once more for me
And for all nature, to effect such change,
I turned, and, lo! saw not the sun, but thee.

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REMATING TIME

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONCE upon a time in his bright past there had come a golden girl named Evadne. Now, of all the women Leonard had loved before his marriage, she was the only one he still loved after his marriage. And yet, of all the women he ever loved, Evadne was the only one to whom he had never told his love. She was so enormously rich and he was so romantically poor.

It was not that he believed his case was hopeless. On the contrary, if he had only been sure of that he would have told her all about it, beautifully. And he would have accepted his rejection in the nicest, most understanding way, making it all lovely and easy for her, adding, as usual: "But there is one thing that will be mine always—always. No one can take this from me: I have known *you*."

In short, Leonard had no pride about being refused by a beautiful woman, but a great deal of pride about being accepted by a wealthy one. For, with all his fickleness and philandering, he had the highest ideals of love and marriage, and, like all honorable gentlemen, deemed it more honorable to have a wife he could support than one he could love. If he had married Evadne she undoubtedly would have supported him.

True, Evadne might have been willing to descend to picturesque poverty with the man she loved—for, oh, she loved him so! but she would not have known how to be poor, and it would have been selfish in a devoted husband to teach her, when two could live comfortably upon a tenth of the interest of her income. No, Leonard had seen it happen with other men; inevitably a truly generous husband would gradually have been drawn up into awful affluence with her, by a sort of capillary attraction, and she would have paid the bills—an intolerable thought to an ardent idealist who believed in protecting and providing for the weaker sex.

So he bit his lip and let her go by—with, oh, such a haunting look in her sweet young eyes, half questioning, half frightened, and wholly horrible to recall. He had scorned the woman he loved.

That look haunted him still. It filled him with shame—even greater shame, perhaps, than if he had lived upon her income, for he might have become inured to such suffering; it has been known to happen; whereas he never could become inured to this. He had forsworn his true true mate.

Well, in the course of time—a cruelly brief course it seemed to Leonard, now abroad—she married a man named Bill, on the rebound. For she had to marry somebody, not having learned how to do anything else, and having been trained especially for this purpose from earliest infancy. Besides, she liked Bill ever so much. Now, Bill, as it happened, was even richer than Evadne, so she could not possibly support him. Therefore it was an honorable match.

Then lonely Leonard married a girl named Mary, on the rebound. For he had to marry somebody, too, not being a monk but a poet, to whom women were not an idle luxury but a beautiful necessity, the very breath of life. Besides, he was a man of honor and believed in having a wife of his own.

Now, Mary, as it happened, was even more beautiful than Evadne and even poorer than Leonard, so this also was an honorable match. Two honorable matches. Evadne could neither support nor really love good old Bill, and Leonard could neither support nor really love dear, sweet Mary. But the principle remained intact, and "it isn't so much the money as the principle of the thing" that counts in marriage. Besides, they were all good people, and thus far had fulfilled the chief requirement of marriage, which is not happiness for the individuals concerned,

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nor benefit for society which is still more concerned, but to stay married.

II

Now, Leonard was a poet but the dream of his life was to be practical—of his married life, that is. As a bachelor, he had not dreamed of being practical. That may have been why he had succeeded as a poet. But when he began to live poetry, he stopped writing it, and supported his beautiful wife on verse. And when living it produced poetic results, two pink adorable ones, a boy and a girl, he provided for his offspring by means of humorous rhymes. It is wonderful what a man can do, even a poet, when sobered by domesticity. Leonard became a man of strong character and indomitable energy; and so, working early and late, Sundays and holidays, avoiding all other interests than those of the Home, he soon succeeded in exhausting his entire stock of salable ideas—so thoroughly indeed that he could no longer have supported even a rollicking bachelor on poetry, verse, or rhymes. So he went into business.

He became a broker's clerk in a flashy firm's up-town branch, adjacent to the bar of a huge hotel. He now wore beautiful clothes, and smoked cigarettes with his initials on them in gold, symbolizing prosperity, instead of a poetic pipe symbolizing poverty. His duties were to applaud and repeat smutty stories, to buy and drink cocktails with customers, and in general to interest the world in gambling. This brought him into contact with many sorts of people he had never known before; and, as poets love all mankind, he expected in time to learn to love his work. We all love to do what we can do well, and he always did with his might whatsoever his hand found to do. Such was his capacity for friendship, anecdote, and alcohol that almost from the start he began bringing new accounts to the firm's books, and the head of the firm begged Leonard to autograph a copy of one of his own, as a mark of approbation. Moreover, his salary was raised, and Leonard now felt that he was quite practical.

But he was a poet, and loved not only humanity but the truth. Indeed, he loved both so much that one day he gave a new customer, already an old and dear friend, some practical information which prevented a great loss to the nice new customer for whom Leonard felt responsible. This was love and this was the truth, but it was not business—according to this flashy firm's standards. In fact, it knocked a business plan of theirs into a cocked hat. So the head of the firm requested Leonard's autograph to a copy of his resignation. "You're no business man," said the broker; and Leonard, agreeing with him, became a bookseller—for the firm which had published his poems.

But he knew too much about writing books to sell them. It was difficult for a sincere lover of the truth to let others believe that books were good when he knew that they were bad. Moreover, he lacked the proper attitude of respect toward the consumers of literature, being himself merely a creator of it. Book-buyers should be treated as patrons of the arts. "You're rather impairtinent for a clark," snorted one of these, a wealthy American who had lived abroad and liked to talk like an Englishman. "What do *you* know about this book?"

"Well, you see, I wrote it," said Leonard.

In short, he was not practical as a salesman. He tried other work, but he remained incorrigibly impractical. He did not care for money and hated to think about expense. Therefore he had to think about it all the time instead of thinking poetic thoughts.

Now, early in his business experience he had discovered that there was one practical thing he could do well. At the bar of the huge hotel he had once composed a wonderfully harmonious cocktail. It became famous, and to this day it bears his name, the best-known and most deeply appreciated of all his poetic compositions. At last, being desperate, he decided to go back there and ask his dear old friend Jack, the head bartender, for a job. There was poetic precedent for this, and he believed that he could sell things he made himself, for he knew that they would be well made. This would be a combination of art and commerce, and the patrons of this art are never patronizing to bartenders.

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"We haven't seen you in here for a long time, sir," said Jack, delighted to renew the old friendship. "What'll you have, sir?"

"I'd like a job, sir," said the poet.

Jack was scandalized, was eager to lend him money but not to give him a job. "It wouldn't do, sir," said Jack, mixing a couplet of Leonard's lyrics. "You're a gentleman, sir."

"What of it?" asked Leonard, raising his glass to Jack's. "I'm a good mixer and I never get tight." The poet emptied his glass. "You never saw me tight, did you, Jack?"

"No, sir, you never get tight, but you're a gentleman all the same."

III

No one would give him anything to do. For, as every one told him, "This is a practical world," and he was not a practical man. That was certainly not their fault, nor could he be altogether blamed. No, he had simply strayed into the wrong world. Should he not, therefore, apologize for the unintentional mistake and quietly withdraw?

Now, like many a true poet of the past, and of the future, too, if there are to be any more, Leonard often longed for death, and there was even better precedent in the poetry business for suicide than for tending bar—more of it, at any rate. To be sure, Leonard likewise loved life as only a poet can, but he hated married life as only a poet can. Nevertheless, on the excellent principle that whatever he wanted, like poetry and Evadne, must be abandoned, and that whatever he did not want, like brokerage and Mary, must be embraced, he had steadfastly sacrificed the luxury not only of self-expression but of self-destruction too. He had kept right on living and gaining character. For, while it may be all right and rather romantic for a self-centred young bachelor like Chatterton to indulge in suicide in a picturesque garret, Leonard had never felt that he could afford such things, being a married poet with a family in a Harlem flat.

Early in his married career, however, when still cherishing hopes of complete reform, he had taken out some life-insurance, like a practical business man. And now the annual premium was due in a week, and he had nothing left to pawn. His family faced starvation; he could live and let the policy lapse, or die and let it be paid in full to his widow within twenty-four hours. So at last death seemed no longer an idle dream of a poet's fancy but a safe and sane business proposition for an idle poet's family.

And yet, even while he was making practical preparations for this final venture, he had a curious premonition that it, too, would fail. Perhaps he had become superstitious.

IV

Sure enough, his wife saw his light burning late, stole in upon him, caught him in the very act.

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard," Mary cried, wild-eyed and beautiful, "you couldn't, you wouldn't do that!" Soft, detaining arms pinioned his, making him feel limp and impractical.

"Why not?" asked Leonard weakly. He felt ashamed but determined.

"Why, Leonard, it would be so selfish. It's not like you, dear, to be selfish."

"But I *am* selfish," he replied, making a clean breast of it. "I've always been selfish; that is my true nature."

But heretofore he had always restrained his true nature. Perhaps that was why he had failed as a poet. It is difficult to practise self-repression and self-expression on the same ego.

"Oh, Leonard," she cried, "I am responsible for wrecking your whole life—don't make me feel responsible for your death, too."

"What nonsense!" Leonard replied. "You haven't wrecked my life; I have wrecked yours."

He did not love her a bit, but he liked her ever so much, and this was their only serious point of difference. She always claimed that it was all her fault, and he always maintained that it was all his fault. For, whenever anything goes wrong with a marriage, it must be the fault of one or the other, or both, marriage itself being perfect, like all our institutions.

She took him by the shoulders and looked into his deep, despairing eyes. "If

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It is wonderful what a man can do, even a poet, when sobered by domesticity.—Page 59.

you really loved me, Leonard, you would not dream of such a thing. You would want to cling to life despite all."

Leonard did not love her as poets love in poems, but he cared for her as many husbands do in the prose of matrimony. He had been willing to live for her, die for her, and lie for her. Heretofore, when she had made this accusation he would take her in his arms and say, "Oh, you know I love you, dear," and kiss her to prove it. He loved the truth, therefore he had always sacrificed it. To-night, however, he was too tired, too close to the great reality, to keep up the mocking illusion. Gazing back into her fine, honest eyes—"But I don't love you," he said. "I never did."

She recoiled in amazement and stared at him. "You don't love me?"

Leonard dropped his eyes, overcome with remorse. Why could he not have lied a little longer! "Not in the right way, I'm afraid—not as you deserve to be loved, not as you may still be loved by some more worthy man, if I only get out of the way. You deserve everything, Mary; you have nothing."

She covered her face with her hands and began to sob as children sob. "This is too much," he heard her whisper.

It was too much for Leonard, too. It always was when women or children sobbed. "I do love you!" he cried. "You know I do!" Alas, Leonard loved woman more than truth.

"No, no," she muttered, eluding his arms, "you don't! I've known it all along." She looked up at him through her tears. "That is not what breaks my

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heart; it is that you are willing to die for such an unworthy wife as I. I don't love you either, Leonard."

It was Leonard's turn to be amazed. "You, Mary!" he said hoarsely; "I don't believe it." He had long since lost faith in himself, but never in her.

"It is the solemn truth," she returned, nodding vigorously—"not as you deserve to be loved, and might have been loved, if I had only kept out of the way."

They looked at each other with new eyes. They did not love each other, but now they respected themselves. They faced the truth at last—perhaps the truth would make them free.

"Well," said Leonard, "it doesn't really matter about that. We had our chance. We missed it. That is merely hard luck. But there's something more important than ourselves—our children. This is a practical proposition. My life-insurance is the only asset I have left. The time has come to realize on it."

It always made Leonard feel quite businesslike to employ such terms as "proposition" and "asset," just as it made the men who formerly employed him feel quite literary to quote from Leonard's poems. Mary knew this little foible of her husband's, and even now it made her smile fondly, as at her children's lovable whimsicalities.

Leonard saw the smile, and even though he was facing death it hurt his feelings as it might hurt the feelings of a book-collector ridiculed for calling himself "literary." "If you can show me that my plan is not practical," he said with dignity, "I will agree to abandon it. Now, let's sit down and talk it over calmly."

So, arm in arm, they sat down and talked it over like the two good friends they were.

"To-day I applied for a job as a laborer in the tunnel," Leonard began. "'Let's see your hands,' said the foreman. I held them out. 'You won't do—this is no tea-party.' The world doesn't want me, Mary. I don't think I'm supersensitive any longer, but really, you know, I can take a hint."

Mary threw her soft arms about him again. Then releasing him abruptly: "Well, if we must look at it practically," she said, "how long could a widow and two young children live on five thousand dollars?"

"H'm," said Leonard, after the manner of his former boss, "longer than all four of us can live on nothing. Mary, haven't you noticed that every day I keep on living I keep on eating?"

Tears came to Mary's eyes once more, but she restrained them immediately. "Yes, dear, but when the five thousand is gone, what then? I have never learned to earn money. The children are too young to be left alone, even if I could find something to do. Have you thought of that?"

Leonard had. "But before it's all gone, don't you see, my dear—" He hesitated. "Mary, you are still young, still beautiful; so—well, don't you see?"

Mary sprang from her seat. "You expect me to marry again? Leonard! do you think I could?"

"I *know* you could." He gave her a gallant look.

"Do you think I *would?*" She gave him a friendly kiss.

"It isn't a question of what you want, or I want, my dear, but of what you and I must do—for the children's sake. I must die for them—you must live for them. Your good looks are *your* only asset."

Mary shuddered. "Suppose I *were* willing to sell myself! It is hard enough for any widow with children to catch a husband, but the widow of a suicide! They'd all say I drove you to it; they would avoid me like a pestilence."

Leonard winced. "It will be a handicap, I admit, but——"

"A handicap? A blight upon your entire family! Think of the children's future! 'Something queer in the blood,' people will say. It will ruin the poor little things' chances in life. Leonard, your plan isn't practical at all—it's sheer poetry!"

Leonard began to pace the floor. He was deeply discouraged by his helpmate. "Then name an alternative before the clock strikes two," he cried, "and I'll follow it. If you can't you'll have to follow my plan."

There was a pause. She could think of no alternative. "No one in his right mind ever takes his own life," she said.

"Oh, I've heard all that before," said

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Leonard with a smile of victory. "It's like saying that right always triumphs in the end, that one always finds one's true happiness in duty. We've done right, we've done our duty—and look at the result."

This was love and this was the truth, but it was not business.—Page 59.

Mary began to pace the floor. "There must be some other way," she said.

"All you have to do is to name it," said Leonard, "and I'll prove my sanity by following it. Isn't that fair?"

Nothing could be fairer than that.

"You promise?" Mary demanded.

"I promise."

There was another pause, a longer one.

You have five minutes more," said Leonard, glancing at the clock.

"You solemnly promise to do anything in the world, no matter what it may cost you?"

Leonard nodded confidently. "Anything short of crime, yes."

"Then, Leonard, I have it, I have it! You needn't die, the family needn't be disgraced, the children's future needn't be ruined, and I needn't marry again!" Mary looked radiant.

Leonard looked sceptical. "Well," he said, "what is it?"

"You think that your life-insurance is the only asset you have left," Mary cried jubilantly. "Why, my dear, you still have the greatest asset you ever had. While everything else has gradually gone, this has gradually increased a hundredfold. Your wonderful personality, your splendid character, your magnetic charm—that's what you must realize on."

"Haven't I tried that?" he asked with a sneer. "You see the result."

"Ah, but you invested it in the wrong field, my dear," she went on excitedly. "*You* are not practical, Leonard; you never will be." Leonard dropped his eyes. "Men cannot stand it, but women adore it. At making money you're a failure, but," she added with a little laugh, "at making love, you were always a great success. Don't I know!"

Leonard looked up in amazement. Had

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her troubles affected her mind? or was she merely playing for time?

"And now," she rattled on, as she smoothed back his hair from his troubled brow, "this little touch of melancholy, this dash of desperation, why, Leonard, it was all you needed to make you irresistible, utterly irresistible."

Ordinarily this might have interested him, though, to be sure, he might have pretended otherwise, but now, when his face was turned with dignity toward death, to have such frivolity thrown up in that face—it was unworthy of his usually sensible helpmate.

"Of course I know," she went on, laughing, "that you don't feel like being irresistible to-night; I know it sounds like a queer thing to suggest when you've taken such pains for years and years to avoid being irresistible; but it'll all come back to you in time, I know it."

"For God's sake, shut up!" cried the poet. It was the first time he had ever been so rude to her. It sobered her. She turned upon him.

"Well, if one of us must marry again," she said resentfully, "just why should I be the one? It's a far more 'practical proposition' for *you* to win another woman than for *me* to win another man! They don't run away from interesting young poets; they run after them! Haven't I seen them try it? Don't I know what they say? 'That commonplace wife of his, she doesn't appreciate him'—that's what they say, and they'll throw themselves into your arms once they have a chance."

A horrible fear came over Leonard. He made a rush at his wife and pinioned her in his arms. "No, you don't!" he cried. "You shan't! You can't! *You* mustn't kill yourself. Children need mothers more than fathers. Besides," he added, suddenly triumphant again, "you have no life-insurance; you can't afford to die. Aha!"

Mary patted his arm. "But I don't intend to die!" she said reassuringly. "We must both live for the children's sake, but, my dear boy, death isn't the only way. There is such a thing as divorce, Leonard."

"Divorce!" He stepped back, horrified. To him divorce was even worse than death. "I have no cause for divorce. You have no cause for divorce. What are you talking about?"

"Ah, but you could so easily give me cause." Mary had great confidence in her husband. "You must just look at it practically," she added, imitating his businesslike tone of a few minutes before.

Leonard turned his beautiful, desperate eyes, a poet's eyes, upon his beautiful, desperate wife, a poet's wife, and tried to look at it practically. "I see nothing practical in your divorce proposition," he declared simply. "What good would it do you? What good would it do the children? This is all damned nonsense," and he glanced at the clock again.

"Ah, but there is such a thing as alimony," said his helpmate.

"How much alimony could you collect from a bankrupt?"

"Ah, that depends upon your second wife," returned his present one. "There are dozens of little dears who adore your love-poems, Leonard—sleep with them under the pillow every night. All you have to do is simply pick out one of the rich ones, and I'll do the rest with the aid of the divorce courts." Again she laughed nervously, but she really seemed to mean it.

"Mary, you must be crazy!" Leonard, turning his back upon her, resumed the vicious circling of the conjugal chamber.

"Not at all," Mary returned, pacing the floor at his side like a faithful dog, or wife. But I must be practical. You never can be. Why, think, Leonard, how much better care I could take of the children with a large alimony than a small life-insurance! A college education for Leonard! A brilliant match for Mary! My way is the only way to save the whole family. It is your duty, dear. You have never shirked your duty before."

"Duty? Divorce!" cried Leonard. "So I'm to save the family by divorce? Mary, are you crazy or am I?"

"Neither, dear, it's simply that you are so conventional," said his devoted wife. "We have before us a choice of evils—is there any question of which is worse?"

"But there is such a thing as morality, decency, honor!"

"Oh, well, when it comes to that," Mary retorted, "there is nothing very moral

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about self-murder either. Suicide is criminal, divorce is fashionable—if you must look at it conventionally."

When it came to that, Leonard approved neither of the modern convention of divorce among fashionable people, nor of the more ancient custom of suicide among poets, but what to him was worse than either was the idea of marrying for money! What an irony! After refusing to marry the woman he loved because she had money, now to leave a woman he liked in order to live on some woman he neither loved nor liked!—no, it was against his principles. He had steadfastly refused to marry for money as a bachelor, and now, even though he had a wife to support, he would not, he could not do it, even to preserve the institution of the family. He was an idealist. Then

"But I *am* selfish," he replied, making a clean breast of it.—Page 60.

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and there he determined not to live without a struggle.

"So you, my own wife," he cried with indignant scorn, "would actually urge and aid me to dupe some poor rich woman, woo her, win her, marry her, in order to get her money! And for what purpose? To support *you* and your children! I'm ashamed of you, Mary. I'd rather die than do such a thing."

"Why, of course you would, dearie," said Mary sympathetically, "but if you die, don't you see you will simply compel me to do the same thing? To dupe some rich man in order to support your wife and children. Have you a right, Leonard, to die and force the woman you promised to protect into such an ordeal as that?"

Leonard blinked. "Oh, but that's different," he said. "Quite different. You are a woman. I am a man."

"Do you mean that men are so much more chaste than women, so much more monogamous in their instincts, so much finer in their feelings, that such a relationship would be more horrible to you than to me, Leonard?"

Leonard blinked again.

"What you mean, Leonard," his wife added more gently, "is merely that women, millions of women, have had to do such things, all through the history of civilization. Men haven't had to. So the world, made by and for men, calls it honorable for us women to sell ourselves and dishonorable for you. Isn't that true, Leonard?"

Leonard now dropped his eyes entirely. A lover of truth and of women, he knew that Mary was right. As a married man and the fond father of a family, although a hater of marriage and divorce, he perceived that it was his duty to live and love some other woman than his lawful wife and thus save the fundamental institution of civilization. He sighed. His dream of death was done.

"I suppose you're right, Mary," he said. "You are always right. I'll do it to spare you. But, oh, if you only knew how I wanted to die."

"I know, dear," said his wife, gazing with trust and affection into his deep, bewildered eyes, "but some day you'll thank me for it. Some day all this will seem like a horrible nightmare. And, who knows, dear, perhaps you will yet find true happiness in duty. And now you must go to bed," and she added with a little laugh—"you must get your beauty sleep, Leonard."

Leonard went to bed, but not to sleep. "I might have known it," he said to himself. "I said it couldn't be. Such things are not for me!"

Yes, it was his duty to live, because he wanted to die. That much was clear. But suppose, just suppose, she were not only wealthy and willing, but fresh and fair! Suppose, as Mary suggested, he were to find happiness in duty! In short, suppose divorce, like death, became desirable after all! Then what, oh what, would be right? How was a poet to tell? He knew beauty from ugliness, kindness from cruelty, truth from hypocrisy; but when it came to what good people called Right and Wrong, he had been in a daze all his life—all his married life especially.

V

"But where are you going to find a victim for me?" asked Leonard the next morning. "Since we married we've seen so little of rich people."

It is hard to break the habit of a married lifetime. A true husband, he always consulted his wife about his problems. They shared each other's burdens. If he had to marry again, it seemed only fair for her to choose his bride. A model husband, a perfect wife.

"There, there!" said Mary, cheering him up. "That's easily arranged. Do you remember that lovely creature named Evadne? Well, she will pick one out for you, if you only ask her, dear."

"Ask *her!* Ask Evadne to be my go-between!"

Mary nodded brightly. "You see, since she married Bill she has seen nothing but rich people. No doubt she could introduce you to a dozen little dears who know your love-sonnets by heart, the ones you wrote to me, darling."

Mary meant it kindly, of course. She meant everything kindly, just as Leonard did, but Mary did not know what she was asking. Those love-sonnets had not been written to Mary, but to Evadne. They

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"Ah, Evadne, if you only knew how unworthy of her I am, you would despise me as I despise myself."—Page 69.

contained all the idealism of his impractical youth. Since the memorable day when he romantically ran away from her he had not even seen Evadne. He had not dared to, being a model husband. And now, after all these years, with all those tenderly enshrined memories, to go to her on such an errand would be sacrilege, to him exquisitely horrible, to her even worse.

"Mary," said Leonard, "on second thoughts, I believe I'd rather die. Evadne is not a very practical person. I will not go to her."

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Down the avenue of oaks in the soft sunset glow came Bill and Mary.—Page 70.

"You needn't, dear; she is coming to you."

"To me! Evadne coming to me?"

"Yes! Isn't it nice? She's on her way here now! You see, I was afraid of this. I thought you might want to change your mind; so when I went out to pawn my wedding-ring—I shan't really need one any more—I telephoned Evadne that you were in trouble. And the dear thing is so distressed. She said she would do anything in the world for us, Leonard."

"Mary! Surely you didn't tell her what you wanted of her!"

"No, dear. I can't do it all. You will do that. There! I hear her car. She is going to take us all out to her beautiful place in the country for a month. It will be so nice, as she says, for her children to know our children."

"Mary! We can't go!"

"Leonard, where else can we go? We've no more wedding-rings to pawn. Here she comes. Now I shall do the packing and you will—do your duty."

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But when Evadne came, he forgot duty, he forgot death, he forgot everything but Evadne. Whenever he saw a woman or child in distress, it filled his heart to overflowing so that there was no room for troubles of his own. There was the same half-frightened, half-questioning look in her sweet eyes, no longer young but oh, so much sweeter, the sweetness that comes of suffering. Evadne, his Evadne, had suffered. Only she was not his Evadne. And that was why she had suffered.

She had been born a year before Mary and yet she now looked the younger of the two. Mary had been born to be more beautiful than Evadne, but now was the less lovely. Why? Because Mary's husband, instead of supplying her with resources for retaining youthful freshness, such as travel, Turkish baths, and lady's maids, had lavishly supplied her with resources for developing character, such as staying in the city all summer, and giving baths to the children and the dishes without the aid of a housemaid.

Therefore, should he not have loved his brave wife? He should. He would have told you so himself. But instead of that, he loved Bill's wife. Therefore, do you blame him for wanting to die? But now he did not want to die. He wanted to live, live, live!

Was it not strange? And was it not wicked!

VI

It was the last day of the visit to the country. Evadne and Leonard were returning from their last walk together through the woods, the same brown woods in which they had said good-by many years before, when each wanted to say something so entirely foreign to farewell.

The sun was setting in the same way.

And they were silent for the same reason.

Now, as then, Leonard had failed to do his manifest duty. For though he and Evadne had had many walks and talks together, so many that Bill seemed alarmed and sought Mary's wise counsel, Leonard had never once mentioned the object of his visit.

At last the silence was broken by Evadne. "Leonard, last night your wife and I had a long confidential conference."

"My wife is wonderful," said Leonard. "Ah, Evadne, if you only knew how unworthy of her I am, you would despise me as I despise myself."

"You mean, because you cannot love her, Leonard? Is that your fault?"

"It is not hers!" answered Leonard loyally. "So it must be mine," he concluded logically. For surely it must be the fault of one or the other when married people do not love each other. They solemnly promise to do so when they marry. Therefore it is wrong not to.

"Ah, Evadne," cried Leonard, making a final struggle to keep that promise, "if you only knew the sacrifices she has made, the hardships she has endured! That ought to make me love her, oughtn't it, Evadne?"

"Perhaps so," said the woman he adored, "if you had loved her in the beginning. But, Leonard, did it never occur to you why she has been such a good wife, so patient, so long-suffering? It was for the same reason that you have been such a kind and devoted and faithful husband. It was to make up for the one great lack. She has never really loved you, Leonard, not in the way she once loved some one else. She told me so herself."

"Some one else? Evadne! she never told *me* that." He was disappointed in Mary.

"Why should she? She never told the other man."

For that matter, Leonard had never told Mary about Evadne. It was for the same reason in both cases, sheer kindness.

"And all this time I thought she had married me for my poetry!"

"No, Leonard, for your poverty."

"My poverty!"

"She thought you needed her. A true woman wants above all to be needed. And the other man was so capable of taking care of himself. So, do not hesitate to follow Mary's plan just for Mary's sake. You would be doing her the greatest kindness. It is the only way to make amends for the years of hardships you have brought her, Leonard!"

The poet's moral world was upside down. If Mary was not making a sacrifice in giving him up, was it not wrong for

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her to give him up? Assuredly. Only in case she loved him should she give him to another. To live with a man without love was unselfish and therefore right. To do what one wanted to do was selfish and therefore wrong.

"So she told you all!" cried Leonard, aghast. He turned his face away in shame. "And did she—did she tell you what she expects me to do?"

Into Evadne's sweet eyes came the same frightened look that had haunted him for years, as she steeled herself to say: "Why didn't you tell me yourself, Leonard?"

"Because there are some things too sacred to be profaned!" he burst out with all the ardor of repressed youth. "I cannot, will not, do this thing. Evadne, dear Evadne, did you think I could?"

Evadne was silent for a space, tingling with the music of her poet's voice. "If it is hard for you to speak of this, what must it be for me, Leonard? But your happiness is more important. Your wife has shown me my duty, and I shall do it, though it kill me. I have chosen your victim. You must take her."

"I will not!" cried Leonard.

"Let me tell you of her first. I promised."

"I do not care to hear."

"She will bring wealth to you, peace to your wife, a future to your children."

"Not at that price—nothing is worth it."

"She will love you."

"I would hate her."

"You will deem her beautiful, I know."

"But I shall never see her, I shall run."

"She adores every line you have written."

Even that did not woo the poet. "Then I shall never write another."

"You owe it to the human race to write. Here is your chance. It's your duty, Leonard, not merely to your family, but to the whole world."

"I am sick of the world, I am done with duty!" cried the poet. "Come what may, cost what it will, I love you, Evadne, I love you, love you, have always loved you, and ever shall through all eternity. I cannot be untrue to you again."

Oh, how sweet to Evadne were those wicked words! Raising her eyes and hands to his: "You need not be," she whispered. "Your victim is to be myself."

For a golden moment Leonard had no words. Neither had Evadne. They only gazed at each other, the veil lifted. "But," he said at last, "this cannot be. You are married already!"

"So are you!" she said, laughing as in the glad days before marriage had separated them. "You needn't think that you are the only one who can get divorced! Bill will be so relieved. I'm such a nuisance to him, but he is too polite to say so." Her husband merely took it out in drinking too much, but she in her turn was too polite to tell.

"But this cannot be right," said Leonard with simple faith. "Don't you see, it would mean happiness for us all! Therefore it would be wrong. If I did not love you, or if my wife loved me—in short, if it made everybody miserable—I might justify it. But now how can I?"

Evadne laughed at him—silvery laughter, as if she were the dryad of her woods. "Ah, my poet," she sighed, "no wonder you have ceased to sing! Your soul is in a cage. Release it, forget yourself, and find your duty in happiness."

This was a new idea to Leonard. He had contemplated death as a duty, even divorce as a duty, but happiness—it seemed too desirable to be right. "I will," he cried, "I will! With you at my side I can do anything, everything."

But the habit of a married lifetime cannot be broken at one stroke. "It seems such an unfair advantage to take of my wife. And of your husband; we've become such friends. Mary meant me to seek out some young woman she had never seen, some one I could never love."

"Ah, my dear, you never fully understood that wonderful wife of yours. You are only a man. How do you know what Mary meant? Look, Leonard, look!"

Down the avenue of oaks in the soft sunset glow came Bill and Mary, walking slowly hand in hand, as had been their wont in the happy days of long ago when they were boy and girl together.

"Leonard," said Mary, sweet and shy as a maiden as she drew near to her husband and Bill's wife, "we have come to announce our engagement, dear."

(To be continued.)

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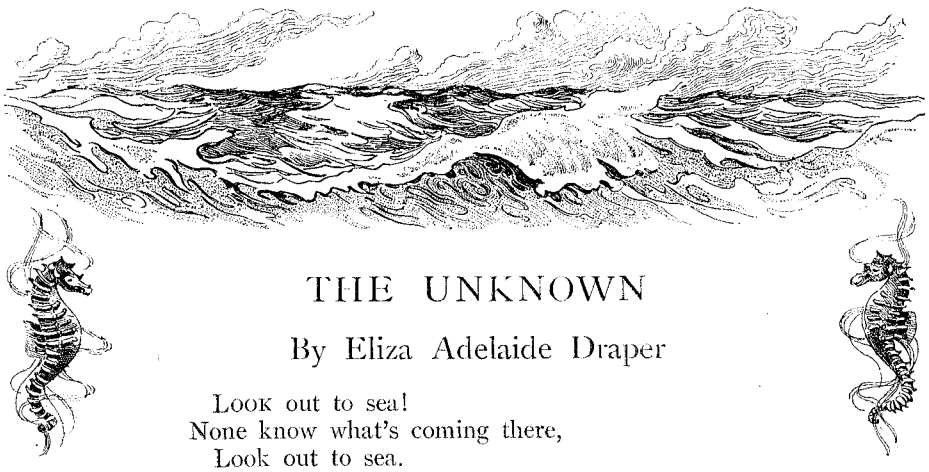


THE UNKNOWN

By Eliza Adelaide Draper

Look out to sea!
None know what's coming there,
Look out to sea.

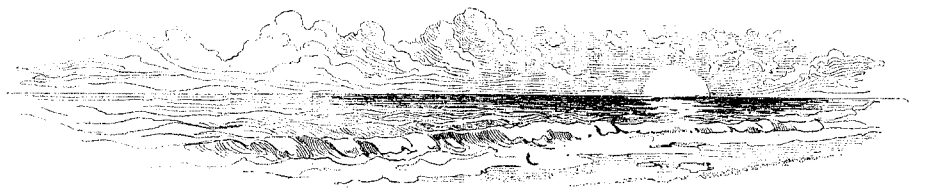
Days of a fearless brightness, sunshine days,
When the free wind, wanton and fitful, plays
With the languid sea.
The ripples lap and plash against the beach,
And break and curl at pebbles out of reach.
Look out to sea!

Storm—and the boom of breakers, driven spray
That leaps as the mad winds lash it from their way,
The winds at war;
Tumult, the shout of battle, moaning cries,
And the lost voice that screams and faints and dies.
Look out to sea!

Days of dull grayness, dragging wearily,
Gray sky, gray wind, gray heaving dunes of sea,
Each day the same.
A dull and monotoned eternity
Of lowering sameness on the shifting sea.
Look out to sea!

The gray-white mist creeps in from out at sea,
Long feathery strands that vanish dreamily
And come again.
Within the drifting wall that shuts around,
White silence, cut by long-lost human sound
We wait we know not what.

Look out to sea!
None know what's coming there,
Look out to sea.



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THE KING OF KANABALOO

By John Patrick

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

UNDER the canvas awning aft, on a battered trading-steamer that was loafing down the Queensland coast, the talk had drifted idly from one thing to another until some one introduced the subject of monarchy.

"Any one can be a king," a perky little commercial traveller asserted contemptuously.

"No, he can't," a big Englishman contradicted flatly as he looked out from beneath the brim of his white duck hat. "I don't hold any brief for monarchy in general, but, like a poet, a king must be born. It takes real imagination to make a king."

For some moments there was silence. The Englishman's statement was so definite that everybody instinctively felt there was more behind it.

"I knew a real king once," he admitted, after a thoughtful pause, and every one sat up expectantly, for a man who has been intimate with a king is an object of interest even on the hottest day.

"He wasn't exactly of royal descent," the Englishman went on as he lighted his pipe, "but he was born to be a king, all right. He had Yankee blood in his veins, and was a long, thin streak of humanity named Burton. When I met him first he'd probably be about thirty-five. He had knocked round the world for fifteen years, and in consequence his experiences had been wide and varied. He was one of those naturally ingenious types who can do anything, and do it well; and when he took a thing in hand it became the only thing in the world for the time being. He could concentrate, could Bud, as he was always called. At some period of his career he had been mixed up with soap, and he knew all about that commodity from raw material to finished product.

"Bud didn't have to go looking for his kingdom. He had it thrust upon him unawares. The accident of getting wrecked out in the western Pacific introduced him to Kanabaloo. He didn't know it was a crime to land on that island; but it wouldn't have made the slightest difference if he did. He had been adrift alone for two days, with only a small and rickety raft between him and the heaving Pacific; so, when the island floated into view, he didn't worry about what kind of a reception he might get. The only thing that really troubled him just then was a craving to get his feet on to something solid before that raft finally succeeded in performing the disintegration act. After many hours of weary waiting he was washed across the reef and ran aground on the beach beyond. Then he left the raft and, having staggered through a few yards of shallow water, fell face downward on the sand. A dozen naked savages, carrying uncomfortable-looking spears, danced madly round him for some minutes and then dragged him before the chief.

"The head man of the village was a wizened-up old dwarf about as cunning as they make them. He spoke a little English, a misguided missionary having once taken him down to Sydney, where he had received just a sufficient veneer of civilization to make him a positive danger to every one who afterward came into contact with him. He was wearing a spotless white duck suit with brass buttons, and he sat cross-legged on a mat in the centre of the big meeting-house. When Bud was brought before him he grinned and motioned to his exhausted prisoner to sit down. Then he produced an elaborate shaving outfit and, having carefully propped a silver-backed mirror up on the floor in front of him, began slowly to lather his dusky face with a stick of shaving soap and a silver-mounted brush. This done, he took up a modern safety razor and slowly shaved himself to demonstrate how perfectly civilized he was.

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"This ceremony over, the natives sat round in a circle and discussed Bud. What conclusion they came to is not known; but when Bud began to recover from the results of the long exposure he found himself with a gourd of water and a wooden dish of native food in a staked enclosure, roughly roofed with palm-leaves, where prisoners of war, slaves, and other eatables were usually kept. A naked savage sat outside the crude gate playing idly with a dangerous-looking club; but even that didn't make Bud worry. The only thing that really troubled him just then was the fact that he hadn't had a shave for three days. Bud hated to miss his daily shave.

"Took up a modern safety razor and slowly shaved himself."—Page 72.

"In that heathen prison there was a white man who was just ready to tumble right through the bottom of the pit of despair. He had been in charge of the launches for The Pacific Trading Company over at Roonga, about twenty miles away. His first name was Mat—his other name doesn't matter just now. Ten days before Bud hit the island Mat had been coming round from the south coast of Roonga, during a gale, with three natives in one of the company's launches, when the engine suddenly went sick and he was blown on to Kanabaloo. He was a big, burly chap whom you'd have thought could have stood up to anything; but he couldn't. He lacked imagination and was a born pessimist. According to his view of things, the world was always just about to come to an end; and it hadn't exactly improved his fast-drooping spirits when, at three-day intervals, the different members of his party had been taken away and eaten. When Bud began to recover Mat was busy reviewing his past life and finding it decidedly unpleasant. But when Bud was told the tale of woe he considered it quite encouraging.

"'If it's three days since they took the last of your crew,' he said lightly, 'it's pretty clear that I've got three days left to think about *my* prayers.'

"That was how Bud attempted to improve the look of things; but, with all his light-heartedness, it was some time before he succeeded in making much impression on Mat. He continued to talk to him, however, like the proverbial Dutch uncle.

"'You're down and out with a vengeance,' he said the first evening they were together, 'but you've sure got to join the Optimist's Club if you figure on inhabiting this shack with yours truly. If you don't you'll be fed to the bow-wows. So stick close to me, old son. I'm your one tiny ray of hope—the veritable silver lining to your dark cloud.'

"Mat, of course, was expecting to be sent for by the *chef* at any moment, so he wasn't exactly overjoyed the following morning when a ferocious-looking savage appeared suddenly outside the gate. The messenger, however, merely pushed a folded slip of paper through the rough bars and silently departed. Bud picked

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up the message and opened it out; but he couldn't make head nor tail of it. In some ways it was the rummiest-looking epistle he had ever seen, consisting as it did of several rows of letters, punctuation marks, and figures made with a typewriter. He tested one of the lines by rubbing it with his finger, and as it smudged easily he knew that it had been recently done. This proved that there was a typewriter, of all things, on the island.

"Bud sat down and studied that queer jumble from all points of view, for he felt certain there was a reason behind it somewhere. After pondering over it for some time he showed it to Mat, who just then was crouching down in a corner giving an excellent imitation of absolute despair. Mat said frankly that rot like that made him sick, and admitted that he'd received two similar notes every day while he'd been there.

"'The little chief does them and thinks they're letters,' he explained dismally.

"'Does he?' Bud commented thoughtfully.

"'He's mad,' Mat said with some show of contempt.

"'What did you do with your notes?' Bud asked after a short silence.

"'Tore them up, of course,' was the puzzled reply.

"'Tore them up!' Bud repeated, turning away to hide his scorn. 'Good Lord, have you no brains?'

"Suddenly he swung round on Mat fiercely.

"'Have you done anything since you've been here?' he demanded. 'Have you made any effort to get away?'

"'I've tried hard enough,' Mat protested weakly.

"'Tried?' Bud said with fine sarcasm. 'I suppose you've tried to climb out while the man with the club was asleep?'

"'You've guessed that?' Mat said, looking up in surprise.

"'No,' Bud asserted, 'I knew it. That's just the kind of thing I'd expect from a man of your caliber.'

"'What could I do?' Mat wailed pitifully. 'What could I do?'

"'And you call yourself an engineer?' Bud said, standing over him. 'Why, an engineer is expected to grapple with problems. About all you could do would be to run engines that other men had made.'

"He gave Mat a gentle kick to put life into him.

"'Rouse, ye brave!' he quoted dramatically. 'If your ambition is to be the chief course at a heathen banquet, mine isn't. You can't climb out of a mess like this, even when the guard's asleep, by using your hands and feet; but you can climb out of anything by using your brains.'

"Bud waved the sheet of paper in Mat's face.

"'Here's your *passport*,' he declared. 'You've been pining and wasting away for ten days, and all the time the chief himself has been sending you two urgent invitations a day to go out and visit him. O, the density of some craniums!'

"'How was I to find that out?' Mat asked meekly.

"'How did I find it out?' Bud said evasively, not wishing to hurt the other's feelings.

"Mat spoke the lingo of that accursed island, and it wasn't long before Bud had him at the door explaining to the savage with the club that Bud was anxious to accept the chief's invitation. The native answered with a grunt and proceeded to call a messenger by beating upon a *tam-tam* that hung from a pole at one side of the entrance to the hut.

"Within a few minutes Bud was seated in the meeting-house before the little chief, who immediately began to repeat the shaving performance of the previous day. Bud sat and watched him, at the same time rubbing his own rough chin reflectively. Then, suddenly, a brilliant idea came to him. So, when the chief had finished, Bud calmly reached for the outfit, slowly lathered his face, and leisurely shaved. The little chief looked on and grunted with delight. That was really where Bud first came into his own. There are some things that even a cursed heathen can appreciate, and nerve is one of them.

"Bud then explained that he had come in response to the chief's letter, and said he was ready to discuss business. The old pirate's face wrinkled up into a smile at this, for he was real glad to meet a man at last who knew what a letter was when he got it.

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"A naked savage sat outside the crude gate playing idly with a dangerous-looking club."—Page 73.

"'You come letter?' he queried, and Bud hastened to assure him that he wouldn't have been there but for the letter. Then Bud's eyes beheld a typewriter standing on a stool in one corner. It was a modern writing-machine, bearing a world-famous name, and beside it there was a box of paper. Bud dragged the machine into the centre of the room, and quickly wrote a note to Mat telling him that everything was going well and ordering him to make haste to the meeting-house to act as interpreter. Bud was an expert operator, and the chief was greatly amused by the frequency with which the bell tinkled at the ends of the lines. When the letter was finished a messenger was hurried away with it, and in a few minutes Mat appeared upon the scene.

"'Your royal highness,' Bud began,

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with Mat passing the gist of it along to the chief, 'I am deeply grieved to see you ill-treating the stranger within your gates. Your actions aren't in accord with the methods of the best society. Before a man can be thrown into prison he must be given a chance to write the story of his life. I crave permission to make a start on mine.'

"The chief said he was sorry if everything hadn't been done in the proper form, and hoped that Bud would continue to play on the machine and make the bell ring. Bud started to work right away, and the chief took a great fancy to him because of his nimble fingers. That was the beginning of his good luck.

"At the end of three days Bud, with Mat as assistant, had taken undisputed possession of the best hut in the village and was pounding the typewriter six hours a day before an admiring audience of naked savages. Also he was having a palm-leaf veranda built to his own special design to improve the look of the place. It wasn't really possible to suppress Bud for any length of time.

"'Do you know,' he said to Mat one afternoon, 'I believe, if we only play our cards right, we'll own this blessed island in less than three months, and have everything slap up to date, with electric cars running on the main street.'

"'A monument to us in the main street'll probably be what we'll get,' Mat growled.

"The way Bud took that little native village under his wing was remarkable. He really had a wonderful knack of getting on well with the savages, and he ordered them about right from the start. At the end of a week Mat was beginning to get restless and wanted to know when an effort was to be made to escape.

"'Escape?' Bud said as if he hadn't heard aright. 'Who on earth wants to escape?'

"Mat admitted that he had a bit of a hankering that way.

"'Well, I wouldn't set your heart on it if I were you,' Bud advised, 'because we're going to stay right here and set up a kingdom. We're going to bring this island up to date. We're going to introduce the very doubtful blessings of civilization: we're going to clothe the naked savage, with profit to ourselves; and we're going to make him work, with further profit.'

"When Bud had once grasped the idea of becoming a king there was no stopping him. Mat was pessimistic, as usual, and declared that it couldn't be done; but Bud planned it all out in his mind and then started in to make it come true.

"'I've got four thousand dollars in the bank down in Sydney,' he said gayly, 'and I'm sure going to start a kingdom of my own. I know the soap business and I know what copra's worth. This place is simply bursting with it, and we might as well have it as the next man.'

"Bud had to rely on the money in Sydney to start the finances of his kingdom, so he wrote to a friend down there, appointing him attorney and instructing him to buy and send up by trading-steamer a lot of necessities and two gramophones, a dozen shaving outfits, a dozen silver-backed mirrors, and fifty dollars' worth of pennies.

"Every one seemed to give Kanabaloo a wide berth, and the getting of that letter to Sydney proved a real problem. Bud solved it at last by going out one afternoon with the little chief in a canoe flying a white flag, and so intercepting the monthly trading-steamer. The skipper hove to out of curiosity when he saw the flag. As soon as he reached the deck the chief squatted down, surrounded by the entire crew, and did his shaving stunt. The skipper, in the meantime, had taken Bud into his cabin.

"'You don't mean to tell me you're going back to that derned graveyard?' the skipper said incredulously when Bud had informed him that he only wished to post a letter. 'You take my straight tip and come right on to Sydney. That island's no good. Every one who's tried it so far's been eaten. Those who know anything shun it like poison.'

"But Bud only laughed.

"'I'll be all right,' he said lightly. 'Besides, look at the opportunities!'

"'Of course, it's the most prolific island in this part of the Pacific,' the skipper admitted, 'but how are you going to collect the stuff? The natives are a pack of head-hunting cannibals as well as being a lazy, good-for-nothing lot. You can't

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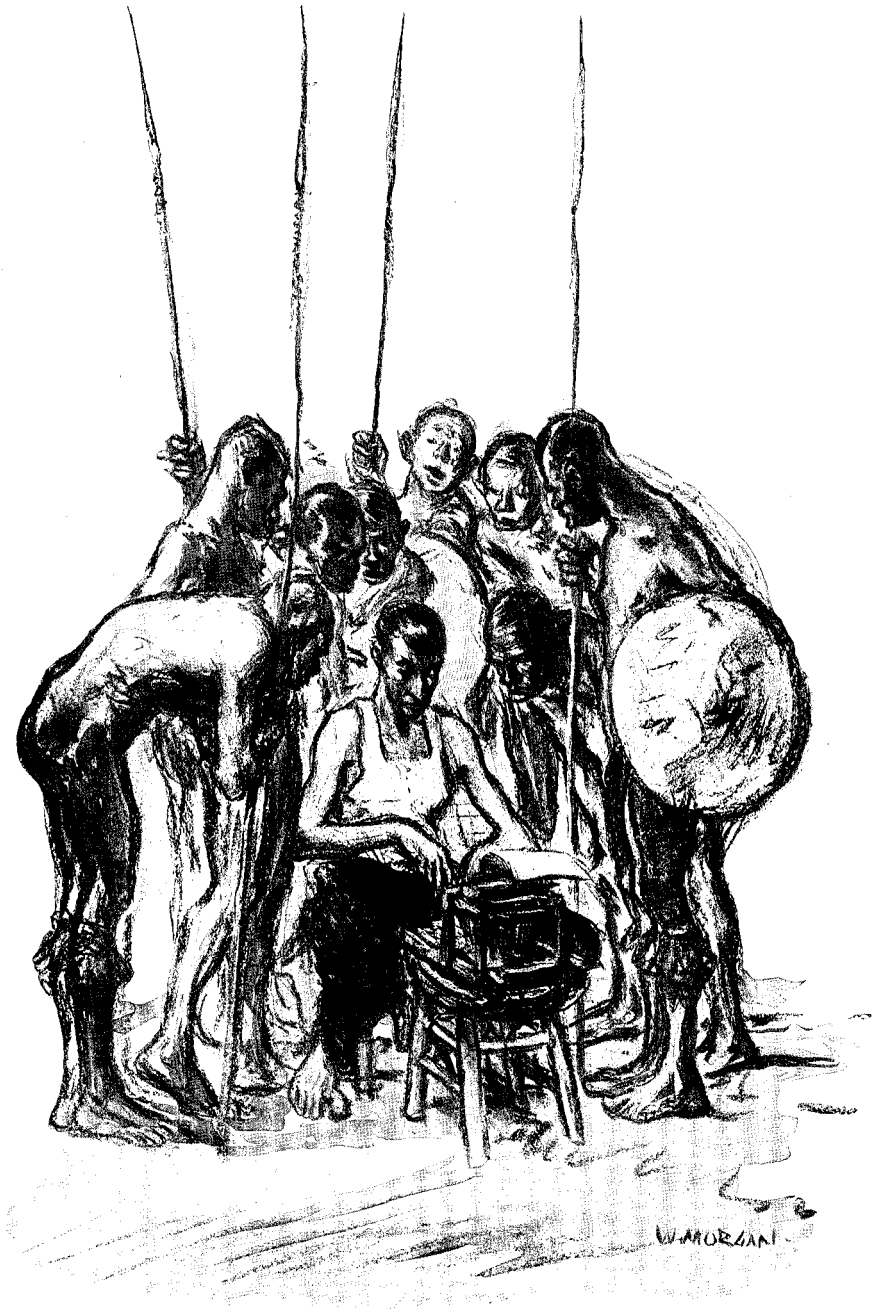

"Pounding the typewriter six hours a day before an admiring audience of naked savages."—Page 76.

trust any of them as far as you can throw them. Take my tip and leave them alone. It's much safer.'

"'I'm going to risk it, anyhow,' Bud told him; and, after arranging for the steamer to call once a month, he and the chief climbed over into the waiting canoe.

"'You'll learn a severe lesson on that island before you're done,' the skipper called over the rail.

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"That was how the kingdom really started, and by the end of three months Bud was firmly seated on his self-made throne. By that time he had shipped sixty tons of copra to Sydney and sold it at one hundred and sixty dollars a ton. Freight and expenses had absorbed six hundred dollars, leaving him nine thousand dollars for his three months' work. He had spent in all three thousand dollars on shaving-sets, gramophones, and silver-plated toilet articles for the natives and on a modern motor-launch for himself. The other six thousand dollars were in the bank in Sydney.

"It was Bud's business to look like a king, and he did it."—Page 79.

"The gramophones were Bud's most successful line, and the music they made charmed the savage breast and brought in a record harvest of copra. The shaving-sets were also a cause of much delight; and, as Bud added a lot of attractive extras, such as highly perfumed powder and scent sprays for use after shaving, the performing of the toilet of the average savage on that island became one of the fine arts.

"Bud toured round in his launch, accompanied by Mat and the little chief. He rounded up the natives at all the villages, and very soon had them all working with a savage sort of frenzy inspired by silver-backed mirrors and safety razors. The launch was kept busy every day collecting the copra. Bud got in his finest work with the head men of the various tribes. He ingeniously got them all on his side by giving them the things they coveted and by investing them with authority.

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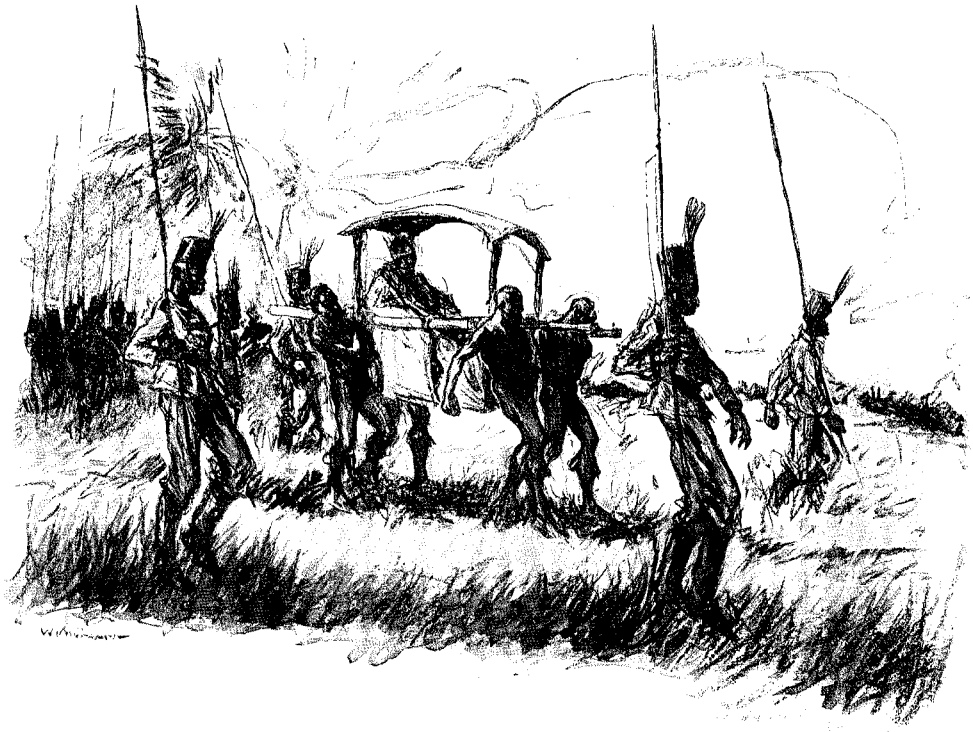

"Surrounded by his comic-opera army, he was carried in state along the narrow track."—Page 82.

The way that Bud could transfer authority showed plainly that he was born to rule.

"He had a great eye for spectacular effect and was well aware of the value of looking like a king. He got a wonderful blue cloth robe up from Sydney and always wore it on special occasions. It was a beautiful thing, made from pale-blue, canvas-like cloth, and was decorated with silver moons and stars. He also had a silver crown made and wore it regularly. It was Bud's business to look like a king, and he did it. Strange stories began to float about the Pacific concerning the mad Yankee who was loose on Kanabaloo; but Bud only laughed when any of them reached him. It's easy to laugh when you've got nearly thirty-five thousand dollars in the bank. Bud had been shipping over eighty tons of copra a month, which shows what a real king can do aided by a few silver-backed mirrors and some shaving outfits.

"The really great thing about Bud was the way he kept those savages interested by continually introducing new things. He was the most inventive individual who ever lived. He had a remedy ready for every trouble that cropped up. When the little, wizened-up chief grew tired of modern things and began to get dangerously restive, it was Bud who cheered him up.

"'We really ought to have a customs,' he said to the dissatisfied chief. 'Every country worthy of the name has a customs department that levies a duty on imports. You'll have to take charge of this and collect the duties and keep them.

"In this way was the little chief's interest again awakened, and he became one of the keenest advocates of the importing policy. Besides giving him an income, which he had to spend with Bud, the collecting of the duties kept him out of mischief.

"When the kingdom was about to come tumbling down for want of something new to prop it up, Bud suddenly decided that what was needed was an army. He knew that would appeal to the natives if the uniforms were sufficiently gorgeous; so he sent instructions down to Sydney to send up fifty uniforms. The attorney, with his eye on saving money, bought the wardrobe of a bankrupt comic opera

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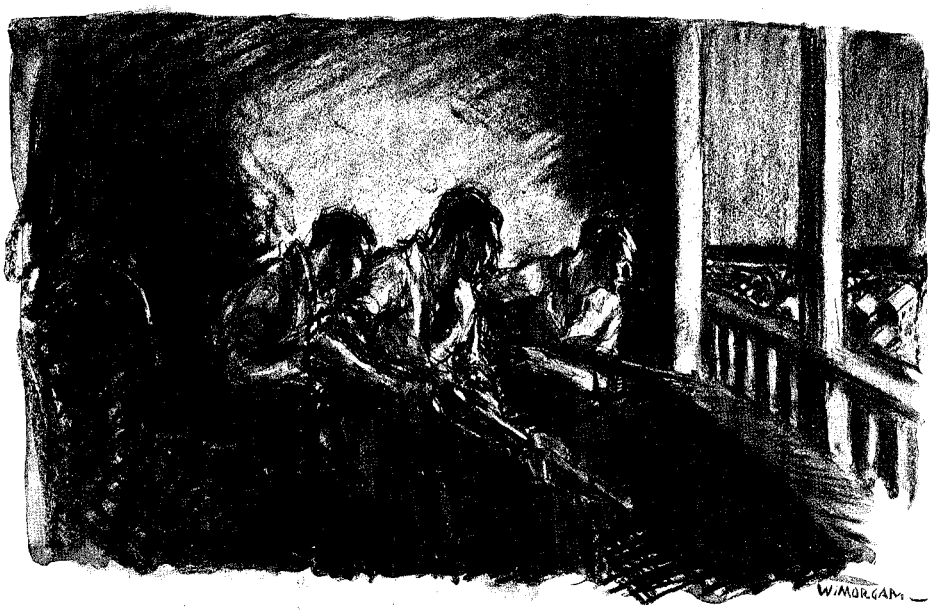

"Up in the bungalow three men sat waiting with repeating-rifles across their knees." — Page 83.

company. When this arrived Bud began to recruit his army. Every man who wanted to join had to get together two tons of copra to pay for his uniform, and, as every one wanted to be in the army, there was a record shipment of copra that month. Bud drilled his fifty men daily until they knew the front of their uniforms from the back and until they could form fours at the word of command and march with something resembling an even step. Bud's great idea was to keep the natives continually on the move and to find new toys for them from time to time.

"He didn't forget himself either. He found it very tiring travelling to the villages in the interior, but it was some time before he hit upon a suitable conveyance. At last he decided upon a palanquin; so he sent instructions down to Sydney to have the one in the museum there copied, only it was to be finished in gray and silver. He always did have a feeling for color, did Bud. When it arrived he picked out four stalwart natives to be his bearers, and dressed them in special suits of white duck with silver buttons. It was a sight fit for the gods to see Bud go by, sitting calmly in his palanquin arrayed in a blue robe and wearing his silver crown. No wonder the heathen bowed down before him.

"Mat was his right-hand man and sometimes offered valuable suggestions. For instance, when Bud got into a knot over shortage of coin it was Mat who suggested that he should make paper money with the typewriter. This worked well, and the natives soon got to like it as well as the copper. It proved to be very profitable, as some of it wore out and much of it was accidentally destroyed.

"Bud about this time grew very ambitious. He had a hundred acres of land cleared in one of the valleys and planted rubber. He planned to bring at least one hundred acres under cultivation every year, and he reckoned that at the end of ten years he'd have an income of a million dollars a year. Bud was certainly looking ahead. He had a fine bungalow, suited to the tropics, designed by one of the best architects in Sydney, and an army of men and several ship-loads of timber and building material came up to Kanabaloo. Six months later the bungalow stood upon the hill above the bay, and down in the village there was a wharf, a copra-shed, and a store. The bathroom was really the most wonderful thing about that bungalow and was the delight of all the natives who ever saw it. The plated fittings and the white tiles took their fancy. Bud imported a Japanese cook

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and a Japanese valet, a shipment of exquisite furniture, a lot of pictures, vases, and carpets, and an old gardener named Jimmy. So he could be said to be living in something like the style a king should keep up.

"Bud was eighteen months on that island before he made a real mistake. It was a fairly serious one when he did hoist it out; but kings, after all, are only human. Bud was really overworked; that was the beginning of the trouble. He had to play the leading part on the stage and manage the show at the same time. The bookkeeping and the correspondence alone were a great worry; and Bud often found himself tied up by these details when he should have been scheming. Bud kept very elaborate books showing his transactions. He was one of those men who couldn't live without accountancy. He had to know where he stood no matter what it cost. Incidentally, it cost him his kingdom. But that's anticipating.

"At this time Bud had over two hundred thousand dollars in the bank and invested in Australia, and it took some looking after. One night he discussed this aspect of his affairs with Mat.

"'I'm sick of keeping books,' he confessed, 'and I'm tired of writing letters. A king shouldn't have to do such things.'

"'Then why don't you cut it out?' Mat queried, for he had a sort of hazy idea that the kingdom really ran itself.

"'Can't,' Bud ejaculated, 'so I'm going to do the next best thing. I'm going to import some one to do it. There's a chap named Tom Kelly down in an office in Sydney whom I believe would fill the bill. I used to know him fairly well once, and I believe he could be trusted. I think I'll send down and get him up.'

"Mat, who was still as pessimistic as ever, sat and smoked quietly for some time while he carefully chewed this proposal over.

"'Don't!' was the terse advice he ultimately gave.

"'What's the matter now?' Bud asked.

"'Just that you'll bust the whole show if you bring any of your friends into it,' Mat cautioned. 'You can only put up a bluff like this amongst strangers. This chap Kelly knew you as a clerk?'

"'Sure!' Bud admitted.

"'And he'll not believe you're anything more now,' Mat warned him. 'No man is a king to his friends.'

"Bud only laughed, not realizing just then that lookers-on sometimes see most of the game.

"So Kelly came up from Sydney and the decline of the kingdom began. He was a little, thick-set chap about thirty, with a very aggressive manner. He wore glasses, was going slightly bald, and was just beginning to get stout. He had an aggravating way of speaking abruptly and a habit of going red in the face when spoken to. He was just about the worst man Bud could have picked for the position. He had no sense of loyalty and not the slightest respect for Bud's authority.

"Kelly didn't prove worth his salt as an accountant. He was an absolute frost and quickly got Bud's beautiful books into an awful tangle. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had stopped there, but he didn't. He was one of those men who can't do their own work and imagine they can do everybody else's. He was insanely jealous of Bud's position and started secretly to undermine it. The first six months he spent in getting a smattering of the lingo and finding out how Bud ran the show and what profits he was making. Then he started poisoning the minds of the head men.

"All this time Bud was pottering about with old Jimmy, the gardener, trying to grow roses. The fact of the matter was, Bud was getting just a little tired of being a king and wanted to be left alone. That's how he came to leave so much of the running of the place to Kelly. His mind was too much taken up with pleasant things to dream about disloyalty. So Kelly went on working against him, while Bud kept one eye on the garden and the other on a sumptuous private yacht that he was planning to have built on the Clyde. Bud had only two real desires. One was to have the best rose garden on earth and the other was to own the finest ocean-going steam-yacht that sailed the sea.

"The first sign of trouble came from the little inland village of Valma, about five miles from the coast. The head man there objected strongly to the wave of in-

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dustry that had hit the island and had been inclined to kick for some time. This tribe, before the advent of Bud, had been famous for its head-hunting capabilities, and it hurt the dignity of the chief to see his men chasing copra and silver-backed mirrors when they might have been pursuing heads. So, backed up by Kelly, he began to kick, and took steps to openly show his contempt for Bud.

"Mat was the first to get definite information as to what had happened, and he hurried with the news to Bud, who chanced to be in his bath.

"'What do you think that fool chief at Valma's gone and done?' Mat asked.

"'Give it up,' Bud said lightly, splashing like a schoolboy.

"'He's openly insulted the crown,' Mat declared, 'by publicly burning all the paper money he could collect.'

"'I think somehow we can stand that,' Bud said as he lay back in his porcelain bath and roared with laughter.

"'They get rum ideas, don't they?' Mat ventured.

"'So that's the way he thinks to make me sit up?' Bud reflected after a time, still spluttering with laughter. 'Collects my paper money from his poor, misguided people and burns it, does he? Say, Mat, that fair beats the band.'

"And then he slid down into the warm water and roared with laughter.

"When Bud came to think the matter over, however, he had to confess that he didn't like the look of it. He realized that it was up to him to do something, and he promptly did it. That was the secret of Bud's greatness. He could arrive at a decision quickly and he had the courage to carry it out.

"He ordered his entire army to take the field, told Mat to have the palanquin sent round, and arrayed himself in his blue robe and put on his silver crown. Then, surrounded by his comic-opera army, he was carried in state along the narrow track through the dense jungle, for all the world like an ancient pagan king. He knew only too well the value of dignity and pomp.

"When he arrived at Valma the natives bowed down and almost worshipped him. No heathen tribe could have resisted the splendor of that semibarbaric procession. Bud, in a great speech, interpreted by Mat, read the riot act to the chief, and wanted to know what he meant by burning the sacred money of the king. Bud's acting rose to great heights, and the natives cowered before his flashing eyes. He finished up by ordering the tribe to produce before the moon waned one ton of copra for every piece of money destroyed. Bud had the stuff in him that kings are made of.

"It was just after this that Kelly first began to demand things and kicked openly. He tackled Bud one day on the question of division of profits.

"'It's not fair,' he contended, 'the way this show is run. You're on wrong lines.'

"Bud was worrying over his yacht and wondering what kind of bathrooms he'd have, so he was careless and not inclined to argue.

"'What do you want, anyhow?' he demanded.

"'I want a share in the business,' Kelly snapped. "Do you think I'm going to slave my soul out on a heathen island like this for nothing?'

"'Keep cool,' Bud advised, with one eye on the bathroom catalogue, 'and I'll give you a share. If you watch out you'll probably get the whole lot when I'm through with it.'

"Even that assurance didn't satisfy Kelly. He wanted Bud's crown and the bungalow right away. So he schemed and planned until he got every one on his side except Mat and old Jimmy. Even the Japanese went over to the enemy.

"The real crisis came a week later. Kelly held a meeting down in the village and pointed out to the natives that they were the slaves of monarchy and capital. He called on them to free themselves from the yoke of the oppressor and to take by force what rightly belonged to them. Then he led the way down to the wharf and broke into the big store. That was Kelly's way of dealing with the natives.

"The savages went mad and cleaned out the store. When darkness came on the din increased, and the natives danced wildly on the wharf until some one threw a burning torch into the store. In a few minutes it burst into flame and quickly caught the copra-shed. Then there was a great blaze, with the crazy savages dan-

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cing in the firelight; while up in the bungalow three men sat waiting with repeating-rifles across their knees.

"Once Mat urged Bud to go down and take charge of affairs; but Bud shook his head sadly.

"'Mat, old son,' he said affectionately, 'there are two things in life that require fine judgment. One is to know when to butt in and the other is to know when to beat it.'

"Next morning Bud saw something away out on the horizon that made him glad. It was the low-lying trail of smoke that foretold the coming of the trading-steamer. Bud knew it was time to act, so he packed his books and papers into a bag, shaved with special care, had a bath, and put on his robe and crown.

"When all was ready he walked boldly down to the village, followed by Mat and old Jimmy. Kelly was trying to persuade the chief to go up and take the bungalow and the natives down on the beach were making a fearful row. When they saw Bud a savage yell went up, and there was a general flourishing of spears; but Bud didn't take the slightest notice. He walked with slow dignity straight up to that yelling mob, and stood for a moment or two looking at the frantic savages, with his arms folded and his eyes spitting fire. It was wonderful how the din died down and the way those savages cowered before him. They were between him and the water where the launch was floating, and as he took a step forward they fell back, forming a lane through which he passed, looking now to the right and now to the left. At the water's edge he turned and faced the crowd calmly, while Mat and old Jimmy pulled in the launch and started the engine.

"Then Bud gathered his robe around him with a fine gesture, and, having bowed gravely to the mob, turned and stepped on board with the quiet dignity of an emperor.

"As the launch began to glide away the wonderful spell broke, and there was a mad rush into the water followed by a wild yell and a shower of spears. Mat, who was turning from the engine to take the wheel, dropped suddenly with his right hand pinned to his leg by a hardwood spear. But the launch was already beyond danger, and Bud quickly grabbed the wheel and headed her for the opening in the reef.

"An hour later, having seen Mat bandaged up, Bud was leaning on the steamer's rail watching Kanabaloo slide over the horizon astern when the skipper joined him.

"'You seem to have started a lot of tall yarns drifting round the islands about your being a king,' the skipper said. Then he added banteringly: 'But, of course, you've got a drop of Yankee blood in your veins?'

"'Yes,' Bud said quietly, taking a last look at his kingdom, 'and it was that drop of blood that made me a king.'"

When the Englishman finished there was silence for a few moments. Then he struck a match, and, as he slowly raised it to his pipe, every one saw that there was an ugly scar on the back of his right hand.

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A DRIFT-WOOD FIRE

By Ellen Burns Sherman

SOMBRE-COLD as life ere comes its love-light,
In the fireplace lies the drift-wood brown,
Till I bid my saffron-hooded Ariel
Doff his tiny sulphur cap enchanted,
While he lights me to the land of Wonder.

Then begins the old bewitching crackle.
'Midst the smoking paper, bark, and twigs
Tongues of flame dart forth in mystic language,
Imaging the hidden soul poetic
Sleeping in the silent drift-wood brown.

Who may scan these wild Promethean measures,
Who translate their vivid sense aright?
Day-dreams opal-blue and fervor scarlet—
Shifting, blending, like the heart's delight.
All its varied, iridescent visions,
Sea-lodged memories of long ago,
Tells the drift-wood now in faithful pictures,
Flashing, fading on our spell-bound sight:
"As my flames leap, so the sea leapt.
All its rainbow tints are matched in mine;
Mine the mirroring of crimson sunsets,
Mine the mimic bird-wing o'er the brine.
Roared the sea-voice as my flames roar,
With its mighty anthem, old as Time,
Chanting, chanting rocks and hills to sand-drift,
As the flames my wood to ashes sift."

Slowly now move on the flickering measures,
Telling low the dying drift-wood's tale,
As it whispers of the far-off forest
Where its mighty branches fought the gale;
Softly lisp the echoes of its leafage
Shivering 'neath November's frosty breath,
While its coals repeat the crimson flush—
Worn by leaves that feel the kiss of death.

Faintly murmurs still the fire voice dying,
Fading scarlet pales to ashen gray—
Telling in the drift-wood's little drama
All that human history may say.
Then might sable dolor tinge the sequel,
Pictured not another symbol true:
Phœnix-soul, uprising like the smoke wraith,
Blue ascending unto heaven's blue.

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"THE WEST'S AWAKE!"

CANADA IN WAR TIME

By Mary Synon

ON the third day of November, 1914, three months after the beginning of the Great War of Europe, a prospector flung his pack from a Siwash dugout upon the shore of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Saint James. A big man, with a trace of military training in his uprightness and the tense look of the gold-cruiser in his eyes, he faced the little group of white men and Indians who gave welcome to his coming. "Is it true," he asked them, "that England's fighting Germany?"

"Where've you been these months past?" the Scotch factor burred at him.

"Up in the Omenica," came the answer. "Just heard of this war three weeks ago, and I've been coming ever since. Has any one gone from Canada yet?"

"Fifty thousand men."

"I'm a little late," said the man of the pack, "but I'm not the only one in the rear-guard. The chaps of the Strathcona Horse are scattered from Ungava to Bering Sea, and from Fifty-three to the Pole. But we'll all be together for the Big Show."

Down through the meadow-lands of the Stuart, where the Indians were bringing in the wild hay, out into the green fields of the white man's valley of the Nechako, he took his way to Vanderhoof, that town where the civilization of the world's northernmost transcontinental cleaves the garden that old Simon Fraser found in the Northwest wilderness. To the agent of the first east-bound train the belated veteran of the Strathcona gave order. "Put me off," it was, "at the first town that's sending a contingent. Where is it?"

"Anywhere in the West," came the answer, "and everywhere. It's the West that's gone to war."

Anecdote and annotation sum up the history of Canada's part in the conflict. The man from the Omenica, speeding eastward to give himself to the Allied armies, flaunted on his banner the spirit of Canada's West. For it is the West of the land of the north that has caught the high thrill of heroic excitement which sends men to war. From Halifax to Vancouver a country tensely nationalized by the importance to its future of the battles of Flanders and of France tingles to the war news. War has drawn Canada taut till every town, every city, every hamlet, gives back answer to the bugle of patriotism; but from the Red River to Prince Rupert runs a higher, shriller note of the tocsin that proclaims Canada's share in the struggle that shakes the world. The West, that vast territory with Winnipeg at its portals, spreading out to the Pacific and up into the Arctic, has been flinging eastward in the last year and a half an army that has no parallel among the armies with whom it has merged, a great crusading army going overseas because of an ideal of service and winning for itself and its country pages in the book of history; and now, with the characteristic courage that saved the country from the resultant condition that might have been catastrophic in a land less virile, the West of Canada has rallied to another call. Armies must be fed; and for the feeding of war-stunned Europe and the Allied armies Western Canada is shipping over a bristling ocean 200,000,000 bushels of wheat out of the harvest that gilded her fields.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon, with less than one-fifth the population of the Dominion of Canada within their far-flung boundaries, have contributed more than one-half the 121,000 soldiers which Canada has given the Allied armies. Sixty-five thousand men have enlisted from the western provinces. Western Canada has a population of 1,400,000 people. At the rate

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of one in five, this means 280,000 men. One in three is an extraordinarily high rate of eligibles for service among the men of the country. Using this rate, a few more than 99,000 men of the West of Canada were eligible to serve in the army. The 65,000 who have enlisted are therefore more than two-thirds of the available men of the country. There is only one instance in history of a volunteer enlistment that equalled the same ratio, that of the Confederate States of America during the Civil War. Consider with this that the soldiers of the Confederacy were fighting in their own territory, and that the Canadians have travelled anywhere from 2,000 to 4,000 miles overland before they came to the sea they must cross, and you will face the fact of an army—not of mercenaries, but of men—that has set out with the zeal of crusaders upon a journey that makes the Anabasis of the army of Cyrus the Persian a child's wandering.

With two-thirds of her men of military availability gone, the West of Canada faced the problem of keeping up her home standard. She had given of men, of money, unstintedly to the cause she espoused. Through one winter her fields lay fallow. Spring came with promise. Then summer lifted into life the words of the prophet: "And lo, God comes, yea, even with a recompense." Canada's recompense was her harvest. Through the prairie provinces the glory of the grain, weighted upon the earth, raised spears of hope to the sun. So vast was the stretch of its yellow acreage, so heavy its burden to the acre, that for its garnering the Dominion Government had to send 29,000 men, 9,000 of them soldiers in training, to the wheat-fields. So great was the crop that 4,000 special trains of 50,000 bushels capacity to each train have been bearing their burdens from the fields to the elevators at the head of the Great Lakes, at Fort Williams and Port Arthur. From there, as fast as they can be filled, go the grain fleets on their perilous journey of carrying food to the war-swept lands of Europe. Somewhere down in the Saint Lawrence they are passing the transports of the rear-guard, men destined to fill the gaps in the ranks left by the fighting in France and in Flanders, men from the Rockies and the Cascades, from the backwaters of the Peace River country, from the islands beyond Prince Rupert, from the tracks beyond the Old Telegraph Trail, come from the ends of the earth over portages and ice-bound passes, going to find places in those regiments that won distinguished honors at Langemarcke and Festubert. From the first day of the war Western Canada has been doing more than her part. Even now, with less enthusiasm, but with finer, grimmer determination, she continues to pour out men, money, munitions, until a journeying from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the country to the north leaves the observer with the conviction that in spirit and in sympathy this is a war of the West.

In the time while England's entrance into the war hung in the balance Eastern Canada, except French Quebec, swung toward a policy of upholding England in any possible contingency. The West of Canada, un-English in sentiment, opposed the idea. Then Germany entered Belgium. The West blazed with beacons of anger. Western Canada went to war, not because of any so-called "colonial" loyalty to England, but from a desire to avenge the invasion. The old-time Western idea that no man should stand idly by while the big fellow strikes his little neighbor has been the motive that took the farther provinces to war.

Quebec, that gray old city on the hills, sentinelling the way to the sea, thrusts her towers skyward like bristling bayonets; but Quebec, even with Valcartier just beneath her ramparts, drowses like a gray old woman who has seen too many wars to be stirred by the thrill of any of them. Montreal, child of the two races fighting side by side in the western trenches of Europe, cheers the victories and grieves over the losses of the far-away armies; but her own sons seem to go about their day's work in the day's fashion. Ottawa, fronting the river as it fronts the nation, frowns over the cares of state. Toronto, more Scottish than Edinburgh, rushes out its curbstone crowds to cry for the Highlanders who go to war; but the business of Toronto appears to run about as usual. It is only when one comes to Winnipeg that he realizes how the young men of

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Canada have followed the fifes. From Winnipeg westward the very streets of the towns tell their own stories of the men who marched over them behind the music of the regimental bands. The West has gone to war.

On the morning of the 5th of October, a detachment of 500 men were leaving Winnipeg. Young—there wasn't one of them over twenty-five—they marched along Portage Avenue with the look of schoolboys on parade. Sidewalk crowds were cheering them. The boys smiled back, not merrily, as the Little Black Devils had smiled as they went out from Winnipeg a year ago last August, but just as bravely. At the head of one of the companies walked a tall young officer from Prince Rupert who had been the gayest of a dinner-party in the Fort Garry Hotel only the night before. "We're off to Belgium in the morning!" had been his blithe farewell to his friends, the words rising over the strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which the orchestra had all too opportunely chosen. One of the older men who heard him turned away from his study of the boy's eager face. "And he knows as well as I do," he said, "that once he gets in the trenches, an officer has only a seven days' chance of life and a private thirty!" The boy knew it; and so did every other boy of the 500 who stepped forth on that sunny October day. Winnipeg has good reason to remember.

Last April there came back to the Manitoba city a story that thrilled the town with pride and sorrow. The Winnipeg Rifles, whose gallantry and dash had won for them in the Riel Rebellion the sobriquet of "The Little Black Devils," had added to their everlasting glory by their heroism at Ypres. They had been in the trenches at Ypres on the day of the 22d of April when the French had been overwhelmed by the poisonous gas fumes of the German attack. On the next day their turn had come. The bluish haze of vapor, rising before them at dawn, clouded their senses for a time; but they hung on, waiting for the German rush. The rush came. A line of gray-green forms rose to meet it. Vomiting, coughing, gasping for breath, the Winnipeg riflemen held their trenches fast. For two days they stood at their posts. That two days' stand changed the tide of the battle. The 8th Battalion had "held its bit." That "bit" saved the British army. Canada cheered from coast to coast. Winnipeg counted the cost when the cables flashed the report that only 216 of the men of the 90th Rifles had come back from the trenches of Ypres. She counted again when in the course of the next fortnight four other thousand of her young men enlisted for service and were sent to the concentration camp at Sewell.

The type of men who enlisted is an important element in the outcome of Canada. Twenty-three members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange went. A prominent attorney, whose brother had died at Ypres, joined the army. More than 300 college students went into camp. So high did the feeling run in Winnipeg that girls took to pinning white feathers on the coats of young men who were known to be free from family obligations and who had not yet enlisted. When the last man shall have gone from Sewell, if that need shall arise, Winnipeg will say, with one of her most famous citizens, the the Hon. Bruce Walker, commissioner of immigration for the Dominion: "My grief is that I have no son to send, and that I am too old to go."

At Sewell, the largest concentration camp in Canada, where 11,000 men wait orders to go overseas, the khaki-clad "rookies" chafe over the delay, even while they learn the rudiments of trench warfare under the tutelage of an even more impatient group of officers. Some of these officers have been invalided home after heroic exploits on the fields of Flanders and Gallipoli. They have at least a memory of achievement; but the officers of the Fort Garry and of the Strathcona Horse, drilling hundreds of new men every week, watching younger men go forth to service, have to hold hard to remember that they too are doing their bit.

Beyond Sewell, on the prairies of the Saskatchewan, the level wheat-fields have their own story of what the war has brought to them, as well as of what they have given to the war. There are thousands of farms in Western Canada to-day

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where the work is being done by old men, by women, and by young boys, just as the work of the war-tossed lands of Europe is being done by them. At Wainwright, one of the towns of Saskatchewan, a man of seventy-four was binding the grain. "My three boys are at the front," he said proudly, "and I'd be there if they'd take me." He himself had taken up his rifle against Louis Riel. Now he was doing his part by labor he had long since resigned to the three hardy young giants who had gone to France. On a neighboring ranch four women were doing the work that three men had been wont to do before they went to war. There isn't a town in the prairie provinces that has not sent its quota to the regiments.

Beyond the prairies, however, one must go for the heaviest enlistment. British Columbia holds the record for sending more men to the Allied armies than any other division of the empire of England. In one month 1,200 men came up the Fraser River from points on the old Cariboo Trail to join the regiment there. Wallachin, a town on the trail, sent 47 men to the front out of 67 eligible citizens of the town. Vancouver sent 10,000 men out of its population of 110,000. Prince Rupert went over this ratio. Every settlement in British Columbia has its soldier in the ranks. Most of the recruits, like the men from the Omenica, travelled two and three weeks to reach the railroad. One man was five weeks going down to Edmonton from the extreme north of the Peace River country.

Of the cities of Western Canada no one has reason for greater pride than has Edmonton. Set high on the banks of the Saskatchewan, the town is the clearing-house of the last West. A city of vivid contrasts, where one of the finest hotels on the western hemisphere shadows tar-paper shacks and log cabins, where cowboys from the ranges of Alberta and Indians from the reservations ride past the marble façades of stately bank buildings, Edmonton filters the adventures of the world in her times of peace. From Edmonton the first rush to the Klondike went forth. Into it poured the railway-builders, the prospectors, the settlers bound toward the valley of the Nechako, the plains of the Athabasca, the mountains of the Yukon, the prairies of the Peace. Americans, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Canadians, men from half the countries of Europe and some of the lands of Asia drifted in and out of Edmonton in the backwash of the Klondike, the return from the South African campaign, and the great wave of Western Canadian development. Through ten years the city grew apace. Then came the war.

With the first trumpet Edmonton arose. The original draft for the Princess Patricia's, 300 men and their officers of the famous regiment that went down to death in glory, was raised in Edmonton on the day after war was declared, the day on which Sir Robert Borden, premier of the Dominion, sent his cablegram to England, offering Canadian troops. Nearly every man of those 300, the most daring adventurers of the Northwest, "pick of the world," as the West called them, fell on the fields of Saint Eloi; but every place their deaths left has been filled from the ranks of later volunteers from the Alberta capital. Three days after war was declared a squadron of dragoons went out of Edmonton as the 19th Alberta. The 101st Edmonton Fusiliers went as a unit. In the first month of war 2,500 men left Edmonton to rejoin regiments in the British, French, Russian, or Belgium armies. Between that time and this 6,000 men have gone from Edmonton, either to France by way of England or to the concentration camps of Canada to wait the summons overseas. Out of a population of 60,000 Edmonton has given more than 9,000 fighting men to the war. Add to these the men who came hundreds of miles by canoe from the posts of the farthest north, the men who rode in from the great plains, the men who packed in from the bush, all seeking enlistment in Canada's army, and some realization arises of the spirit of adventure that is the mainspring of the spirit of empire.

One must rebuild the social life of Edmonton, however, going back two years for the stones, to realize how the war has taken from Canada her best blood. Not only have the younger sons gone back to fight for the England that sent them out, dying in the trenches as did young Lionel West, but the young Canadians

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who brought the grace of the east to the prairie provinces, the Americans who blazed the farthest trails, the Russians, the Frenchmen, and Italians who made life in the West a cosmopolitan holiday,

To those men and women who have perforce stayed at home a splendid record of service has been possible. North Alberta has raised more than $100,000 for the Canadian Patriotic Fund, that official

Presentation of colors to the 51st Battalion at Edmonton, Alberta Province.

Mrs. A. F. Ewing, of the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire, presenting the "Kings" and "Regimental" colors on the eve of departure for oversea service. Lieutenant-Colonel George B. McLeod, commanding, appears in the foreground.

have donned the khaki and marched away to the blare of the bands. Remembering what Edmonton was in days before clouds of strife cast their shadow from Europe, is it any wonder that the orchestra at the MacDonald never plays now the famous song of the Saskatchewan? For its phrase,

"It is springtime now in gay Paree,"

holds too much of heartbreak for those who know that springtime in France made green the grass on the grave of many a boy who used to dance by the banks of the Saskatchewan.

organization founded to aid the wives, children, and other dependent relatives of officers and men, residents of Canada, who are on active service with the Allied armies or waiting in reserve for allotment. The Edmonton Board of Trade raised $13,000 in one day for Belgian relief and on another day subscribed the money for two machine guns for Edmonton regiments. The local branch of the Red Cross has been working daily on supplies for the soldiers. In July, 1915, this one branch sent 63 cases of supplies to wounded soldiers in France. In these cases more than 11,000 articles, including

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every known requirement for the outfitting of hospital patients, had been packed. With the realization that the women who have labored in this work have been among the immediate sufferers from the war, comes the understanding of their immolating idea of devotion. The women of Edmonton, in common with the rest of the women of Canada, have done their part.

In the long run, it is the women of any country who suffer most cruelly from war. The women of Canada have been no exception to the rule. In fact, a canvass of the country would seem to show that the wives, and sisters, and mothers of the Canadians who have gone to war have been burdened with even greater responsibilities than have the women of England. The number of women who are taking men's places on Western farms runs high in the thousands. The courage with which they have looked after these obligations is only equalled by their refusal to consider themselves heroic. A story illustrative of their trials and of their manner of meeting them is told by Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Edmonton, one of the best-beloved as well as of the best-known women of Western Canada.

Mrs. McClung was in the North Market of Edmonton when she met the English girl. The girl, ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed, had driven seventy-five miles to market, coming from the Peace River district. "Are you all alone out there?" Mrs. McClung asked her. "I am now," the girl said. "My brothers went back to the war. My sister was on her way out from the old country, but she was a nurse, and when war came, she felt she should return." "And you're out there alone?" "Well," said the girl consideringly, "some one had to stay by the stuff."

That spirit of "staying by the stuff" has marked the women of Western Canada through the course of this hardest year in the history of the new country. Not only have women taken men's places in the harvesting, not only have they worked on the homesteads, chopping and burning to make clearings, not only have they sent of their finest young women as nurses to the battle-fields, not only are they giving millions of dollars in supplies to the soldiers, not only are they solving the problems of unemployment for women by sending the girls from the cities out to the places where work awaits them, not only are they aiding in the

The 8th Battalion receiving supplies.

This battalion suffered the greatest loss at Ypres of any in action.
For the feeding of war-stunned Europe Western Canada is shipping 200,000,000 bushels of wheat.—Page 85.

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Artillery crossing the pontoon bridge at Valcartier Military Camp.
This bridge was built in ten hours under direction of Major "Bill" Lindsay.

raising of money for the Patriotic Fund that supplements the governmental allowance for soldiers' families, not only are they working for the Red Cross and the ambulance corps, not only are they knitting and making bandages, but they are also doing the finer deeds of patient waiting and splendid sacrifice in letting their men go from them ungrudgingly.

There is not a woman in Canada who does not realize what her anxiety will be when the man of her family goes to the front; and yet few women in Canada have held back their men. There is, of course, a natural resentment against the enlistment of married men when there are single men at home. There is also a growing feeling of anger against those Englishmen in the old country who have not offered themselves in the war. But, in the main, the spirit of the Canadian woman is one of unprotesting sacrifice, with something of the Spartan ideal in her silence.

Every boat going to England from Canada carries a score of women to wounded sons, or brothers, or husbands. Sometime in September a woman travelled alone from Dawson to Bayeaux to be with her husband. That he died of his wounds while she was on the ocean added to the poignancy of the tragedy. Mrs. Mercereau, wife of a Harvard professor who returned to his native Canada to enlist, found her husband in the officers' ward of the Royal Free Hospital in London after she had sought him on the fields of France. To many of the women of Canada her lot in being able to find and care for her husband is a happy one, for the corroding knowledge that other women hold the privilege of nursing their men has come to the women of the West.

Another thought, too, has come to some, at least, of the women of the North since the war has taken 120,000 men out of the life of the country. The western provinces have always been so plentifully supplied with men that the question of the unmarried woman has not seriously affected the Dominion. The war, however, has awakened the realization that the scarcity of men will change the status of women. A married woman in Winnipeg, wife of an officer at the front, stated the case of the single woman. "She'll be the aftermath of the tragedy," she said. But a girl in Edmonton, one of the belles of the town's gay days, spurned the commiseration. "We're not the ones to be

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The 48th Highlanders of Toronto.

Toronto, more Scottish than Edinburgh, rushes out its curbstone crowds to cry for the Highlanders who go to war.—Page 86.

sorry for," she said. "It's the wives and the mothers of men who'll bear the burden."

The women's patience of determination has been infused into the national flood of patriotism. It is that ideal that animates the men who are going from Canada now, just as it was the thrill of novelty, of high hope, of daring, that took out the men who sped away with the first contingent.

To go to war in the first excitement of bugles and banners; to go with flags flying and crowds cheering; to go in the faith of speedy victories; this is the spirit of the adventurer. But to go to war in the knowledge that you're going to fill the gap in the ranks; to go to war in the thought that the odds are all against your life; to go to war in the certainty of a long, dreary struggle in a strange land; this is the spirit of the hero. This is the spirit in which the men of the West are going now. The flags still fly, the bands still play, but the memory of Festubert and Langemarcke rises from the trenches in front of the boys who answer this summons that flares its purple and white of mourning from every railway station, every hotel, every bank of the West:

"You're wanted, Sonny!
The Boys at the Front
Are calling you!
There's a gap in the ranks that needs filling.
There's a place for a man *in the Khaki line that stretches across France.*
A few hundred thousand of Britain's best are out where the fighting is taking place and the men in the forefront are wondering when you are coming.
You'll shout, sonny, when the boys come marching home and curse your luck that you didn't go. So what are you waiting for?
That place in the line of Khaki needs filling.
Why not by you?
Can't you hear the bugle sounding throughout the Empire, "Fall in!"
Can't you hear the boys at the front calling you?
Can't you hear the marching of your pals who have answered their country's call?
Sonny! you're wanted. The Khaki boys in France are asking for you. There's a gap in the ranks that needs filling.
You *fill it and join the army now.*
God Save the King!"

Why has this West given of men and supplies out of all proportion to her population?

The lure of the West is the lure of the war. Men go to war to increase their possessions or to defend them. They go with the zest of adventure lifting their spears. They go forth in that spirit of

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conquest that has driven the human race outward from Asia. Men go to war in the thrilling excitement of awakened emotions as old as the race. For all these reasons men go West.

The trumpet of war, sounding through Eastern Canada, signalled over a middle-aged land, a developed land, a land of set traditions and standard. Its blare aroused the mind, but not the pulse of the listening people. Its blast swept out to the West, to a land of youth, a land of adventure and of adventurers. Men, come into the Canadian West on the wings of promise of gold or grain, heard in the trumpeted note the call of a more stirring adventure. To some few of them it was the summons of the motherland to her sons. To most of them it was another adventure. Men from the Klondike, from the British Columbian mines, from the plains of the territories, made a rush to the enlistment centres that swirled like the crowds of '98 on the Dawson Trail.

One of every ten of the men who have fallen with the Western regiments have their nearest relatives in the United States. Harry Trathea, the sheriff of Deadwood, South Dakota, died with the Canadians in the battle of the Champagne in September, while scores of men from Washington, Oregon, and Montana were crossing the border to join the reinforcements of the 7th Battalion that was being organized as "The Western Scots." In fact, so great has been the rush of Americans into the Canadian army that the Dominion authorities have been struggling to prevent American enlistments. War makes stranger bedfellows than does politics; and the voluntary enlistments have brought together diverse elements of nationality under one standard of intention.

One may not pass even in cursory survey over Canada's part in the war without mention of two elements of extreme political importance: one is the attitude of the French-Canadians toward the war; the other is the problem of the aliens and the retention camps.

At the outbreak of the conflict all Canada held the belief that the French-Canadian enlistment would be exceptionally large. The fact that it has failed to come up to any large number has aroused more than a little comment. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself undertook to augment the enlistment among his race.

From a photograph taken at Valcartier Camp.

The 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

The Winnipeg Rifles, whose gallantry and dash had won for them in the Riel Rebellion the sobriquet of "The Little Black Devils," had added to their everlasting glory by their heroism at Ypres.—Page 87.

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Since his campaign the enlistment among the French-Canadians has increased, giving color to the theory of those who held that the habitants of Quebec were held back by lack of assurance concerning Canada's part in the war rather than from any lack of sympathy in the cause. For the French-Canadians, coming in first contact with the pro-British sentiment of Ontario before the men of the West swept their Canadian idea of empire across the land, seem to have regarded the war as England's affair rather than theirs. The Western belief that Canada has entered upon the war not for England's sake, but for the right of small nations against aggrandizement by larger ones, is coalescing the estranged elements of the Dominion.

The question of the aliens has been more pressing. Until there came back to Canada persistent stories of the crucifixion of Canadian officers by German troops Canada was notably free from prejudice against her German colonists. These stories, the story of the *Lusitania*, and the distribution through the Dominion of certain German newspapers published in the United States aroused popular feeling to such a pitch that alien

Recruits of the 66th Battalion from the Peace River settlements.

Most of the recruits travelled two and three weeks to reach the railroad. One man was five weeks going down to Edmonton from the extreme north of the Peace River country.—Page 88.

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Wives and dependants of enlisted soldiers whose government allowances are being supplemented by bimonthly payments from the Canadian Patriotic Fund, gathered in the Bijou Theatre, Edmonton, to hear an address by Sir Herbert Ames, the active head of the Fund.

camps for the retention of Germans and Austrians under suspicion were established for the care of these foreigners. For the greater part, however, the aliens in Canada seem to have adopted the Canadian attitude of mind, agreeing with the Chinese boy student in the Winnipeg school who succinctly stated his opinion of the cause of the war: "Germany said to Belgium," wrote the occidentalized youth, "'let me go through you.' Belgium said to Germany, 'I am a nation, not a road.'"

The war has developed through Canada a strong spirit of nationality. One may not go across the northern land in days like these without appreciation of her aroused patriotism. The leaven of Western standards of a Canada that is not a colony but a nation has been raising the bread of national unity.

Across the forests and mountains of northern British Columbia runs the Dawson telegraph. Along it flashes every day the Associated Press report of the war news. Its operators have the right of bulletining these reports so that every office from Fort George to the Yukon becomes a daily news bureau for the surrounding country. I chanced to be in a station between Fort Saint James and the Omenica on the day when the story of the gains of the Allied armies in the battles around Verdun whizzed up the wires. There were two Canadian prospectors, old "sourdoughs" of the Klondike, already set down for service in Billy Cooke's company; an Amer-

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ican timber cruiser; a Scot from Fort McLeod; a Chinese cook; a boy with a German name from lower Ontario; three Hindoos from a road gang; an Irishman from a fur trading-station on Takla Lake; and the telegraph operator from Montreal. To a man —except the cook —they cheered when the news of the Champagne came! It wasn't that England and France had won a victory from Germany; it was that "their boys" were winning. Every click of the telegraph through the northern wilderness was driving in another rivet of Canadian nationality.

Reproduced by permission of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Veteran of Riel Rebellion whose three sons have gone to war.

Now he was doing his part by labor he had long since resigned to the three hardy young giants who had gone to France.—Page 88.

For every sacrifice there is a recompense. With her nearest frontier 3,000 miles from the scene of conflict, Canada has borne more than her part in the war she has made her own. She has given of her youth, her strength, her chivalry. She is earning her reward in the awakened pride of her people. Already she is binding her nationality with clamps of steel courage. She knows that her returning soldiers will come back to fling themselves out once more over the land. She is "staying by the stuff" against their return. The great winds of war have torn the dead leaves from the branches of her soul. With the new spring the sap is rising. The West's awake to a call beyond the call to battle. The West's awake to understanding of the great truths of the world; the truth that nations, like men, may not grow strong without struggle, and the truth that nations, like men, may not dwell in the temples of eternity if they seek to serve both the Mammon of profit and the God of sacrifice.

THE VOLUNTEER

By William H. Hayne

UNCONQUERED by the thought of death,
Or wounds that ache and bleed,
His veins are filled with throbbing fire
In the vast hour of need.

No selfish caution binds his hands,
Or chains his eager feet—
"On to the front!" his watchword is,
Through triumph or defeat.

A nation has the mighty power
His inmost soul to stir—
He does not deem it sacrifice
To give himself for her.

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A MILLION TOO MUCH

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

BECAUSE he liked the smell of a newspaper-shop, Jerry Trimble had a sort of courtesy desk in the reporters' room of the *Morning Telegraph;* a desk at which he sat during odd hours in the week to compose paragraph reviews of other people's books, at space rates of five dollars the column. He told Honeybunch—otherwise Mrs. Jerry—that he wrote the reviews because he liked to—which was merely a transparent bit of bluff. She knew, and he knew that she knew, that the columnar five dollars was really the crutch upon which they limped along, while the magazine stories over which he toiled and sweated in the back room of their miniature flat on the North Side were largely the ornamental staff.

Jerry was sitting at this desk one hot morning, alone in the big room because nobody else had yet come down, when the lightning struck. A messenger boy played the part of the lead wire, and Jerry signed for the bolt offhand on the postal form, quite as if special-delivery letters were routine affairs in his busy and blameless life—which they were not.

With admirable self-control he refrained from opening the letter until the retreating boy was doing a double-shuffle vamp down the corridor. A summer-forenoon sun was blistering the asphalt in the streets, but from the fifteenth-story window at his elbow he looked out upon the lake dimpling under a northeast breeze. A big excursion boat was clearing the breakwater for its run to Milwaukee, and Jerry's heart smote him. For a month he had been threatening to fling a column or two of the book reviews into a day trip for Honeybunch and himself: she loved the water so, and the city heat was wilting her. But one may hardly take outing trips at the expense of one's landlord or of the humble but vitally necessary meal-ticket.

Confronted once more by the insurmountable obstacle, Jerry turned his back upon the window allurements and opened the envelope, wondering why the business card in the corner,

SIBLEY, SEXTON AND SIBLEY
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
DENVER, COLORADO

seemed vaguely familiar. Then he unfolded the sheet, and the lightning-flash blinded him. The letter ran thus:

"DEAR SIR:

"Having been appointed by the court administrators of the estate of the late Jeremiah Caldwell, intestate, we write to advise you that, after long and patient investigation, it has been proved to our satisfaction that you are the nearest of kin to the said intestate (the connection dating back two generations on your mother's side), and are therefore his legal heir.

"The estate consists of stocks, bonds, and other securities valued, as per schedule filed with the court, at $1,002,600, together with $87,600 cash in banks. Please advise disposition of the property, the sum total of which, less our administrators' fees, is now at your disposal.

"Since it seemed inadvisable to awaken hopes which might prove disappointing, we have not communicated with you since our letter of inquiry of last February, preferring to pursue our investigation independently and notifying you only when all doubts were removed.

"Very truly yours,
"SIBLEY, SEXTON AND SIBLEY.
"*Per B.*"

Jerry read the letter once for the words in it, and a second time for the sense. Then something let go in his brain, and he floated off into space. When he came back to earth he found himself staring out of the window at the lake with its

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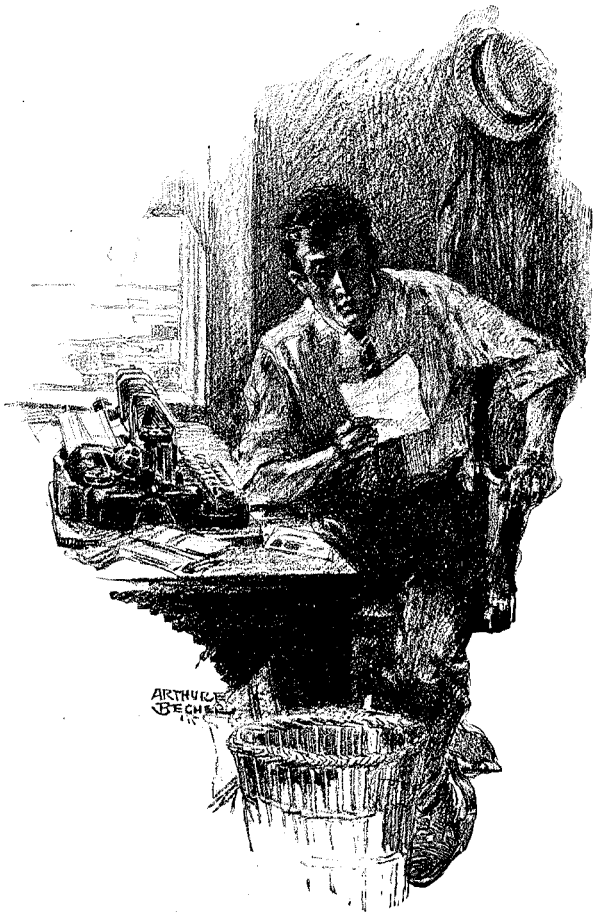
dimpling wavelets flashing in the sun. The lightning-stroke had come out of a clear sky. There had been but the one letter, six months earlier, from the Denver law firm. Giving as a reason for the inquiry some vague reference to a genealogical research they were making, they had asked a number of questions about his ancestry, and he had answered them, chiefly because there seemed to be no sufficient reason for being churlish about it.



Jerry read the letter once for the words in it, and a second time for the sense.—Page 97.

Having replied to the letter, he remembered how they—he and Honeybunch—had joked over the imaginary fortune which they had pretended was lying in wait behind the lawyers' casual inquiry. And now the incredible, the unthinkable, thing had actually come to pass!

Half-absently he turned to the pad of copy paper and began to make figures. Like most men who write, or wish to write, he was diffident in arithmetic; for which cause he left out the odd $2,600 and the cash in banks, and dealt with the even million. At good sound savings-bank four per cent the income would be—at first he made it four hundred dollars a year, and when that seemed too small he made it four thousand. One more surge put the decimal point in the right place, and again he floated off into the stellar remotenesses. *Forty thousand dollars a year!* The Lord have mercy!

Jerry had read somewhere that, in moments of world wreckings and chaotic cataclysms, the perfectly normal person goes on quietly doing the commonplace task. He had been writing a review of the latest "best-seller" when the lightning had struck, and now he squared himself at the desk and tried to finish it. He might as well have tried to fly without wings. In the midst of a sentence he found himself calculating again—this time with gilt-edged, real-estate, first-mortgage six per cent as the multiple. Again the ciphers and the decimal point confused him, but he finally arrived at the terrifying result—$60,000 a year. He shut his eyes and strove to imagine it. It was as impossible as an attempt to measure the height of Mount Everest with a tailor's tape.

Jerry dropped his pencil. Clearly, paragraph reviews at five or any number of dollars a column were out of the question for the time being. Pocketing the Denver letter, he sought the elevators and had himself lowered to the street

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level. Of course, there must be a mistake, a hideous, monstrous mistake. The letter must have been intended for some other Trimble. Without doubt there were hundreds of William J. Trimbles in the world. Like the rainbow pot of gold, the huge fortune—huge at least to a Jerry Trimble—would vanish into thin air at the first attempt to lay hold of it. For his own peace of mind Jerry resolved to lose no time in applying the vanishing-test.

In the writing-room of the nearest hotel he composed a telegram to Sibley, Sexton and Sibley.

"Letter received. Wire Lakeside Commercial Bank, Chicago, to pay me"—he nibbled the penstaff, debating as to whether he should say one thousand or five thousand, and finally, with an "Oh, what's the odds!" went on—"fifty thousand dollars on demand. Further instructions by letter."

"That will puncture the bubble all right," he mused, going in search of the telegraph desk. But when the young woman operator had counted the words and given him the rate he gasped as one who has had a narrow escape. It took the last nickel he had in his pockets—he felt in all of them—to pay for the message.

It was not until he was turning away from the telegraph alcove that the full realization of what he had done came smashing down upon him. In the long dry spells between story sales they ran frightfully close to the wind, Honeybunch and he. True, it was pay-day at the newspaper office; but pay-day on the *Telegraph* meant pay-night, and the odd change just squandered on the Denver wire should have covered his carfare to the distant North Side flat, and the cost of two modest luncheons at the Dairy Quick Meal around the corner in Halsted Street—this because they had nibbled the final hole in the meal-ticket for breakfast.

Jerry was horrified. His first impulse was to try to recall the telegram and get his money back. He could go without luncheon—it wouldn't be the first time by many—but those few miserable coins meant all the difference between Honeybunch hungry and Honeybunch fed. Wheeling quickly, he saw that the impulse

"Read it and see if you think it's good enough to persuade you to lend me a five-spot for a few days."—Page 100.

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had come too late. The young woman operator was already sending his message to the central office.

For an instant the mental machinery stopped dead and he saw black. Then he came alive with a shock that hurt. Could a man starve the wife of his bosom? And especially a man who had just been notified, however mistakenly, that he had fallen heir to a million-odd dollars?

He waited, ripe for robbery, arson, or murder, while the young woman was tapping her key. When the clicking ceased he had invented a desperate expedient.

"Have you sent it?" he inquired.

The young woman nodded.

"All right; now please make me a copy, with a signed notation giving the time of sending."

The operator demurred. She had never been asked to do anything like that. The company had no rule covering such things. Jerry, with fear in his heart and honey under his tongue, argued and persuaded. The young woman hesitated, but finally gave him the required duplicate. With the certified copy of the telegram in his pocket, Jerry trudged six squares in the broiling heat to the Lakeside Commercial, the bank where he had a speaking acquaintance with the paying teller, Dabney—Dabney being the person who cashed his infrequent story checks at the usual charge of twenty-five cents each for collection.

It was nearing the noon hour, and there was a lull in the rush of customers when he entered the bank and sought the teller's window.

"Hello, Jerry," said Dabney; "another check? How big is it this time?"

The friendly greeting cut Jerry to the quick. He had come to the bank determined to approach Dabney for a small personal loan, using the magic letter and his telegram merely as a half-joking introduction to the more serious matter. And Dabney was making it hard. Still, the exigencies were biting. A heart-rending picture of Honeybunch going without her luncheon drove him over the brink.

"I haven't any check to-day, Dabney," he whispered. "More than that, I'm broke, and I've got to have a little money. Read that"—shoving the letter between the rods of the brass grille—"read it and see if you think it's good enough to persuade you to lend me a five-spot for a few days."

Now that the dreadful thing was done and could not be undone he hung his head. If there had been any lingering doubt about the mistaken-identity hypothesis it was slain now, and he saw himself trading with stolen credentials upon the credulity of a friend. It was only the thought of Honeybunch going without her luncheon that enabled him to plunge again without giving himself time to flinch or to take shame for the change that came over Dabney's face at the reading of the letter.

"Look at this, too, while you're at it," Jerry added, pushing the certified copy of his telegram under the wicket.

The teller scarcely glanced at the telegram. Snapping the latch of the wicket he thrust out a hand to the son of sudden fortune.

"Shake, Trimble, old man!" he exclaimed heartily. "You certainly have my congratulations! A full-grown million and then some—great Moses! No more story checks for yours, eh? What was it you were saying just now about a five-spot? Why, my dear fellow, that's absurd! Come around and meet our cashier."

The teller latched his wicket, called the second man to the window, and led the way to the rear, Jerry following outside of the grilles with his brain in a whirl. A moment later Dabney was introducing him to a man at a desk in a railed-in pen; a most luxurious pen with soft-piled rugs on the floor and mahogany furnishings. Then he found himself sitting in a chair beside the desk and realized that Dabney had given the smooth-shaven, cold-eyed cashier the two deceiving documents to read.

He lost count of the number of deaths he died before the cold-eyed gentleman summoned a clerk with a touch of a push-button, gave him the letter with whispered instructions, and then excused himself brusquely to talk with a customer at the railing. Dimly Jerry understood that by some occult process known only to banks and bankers his letter was being tested out for its genuineness. The clerk returned

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in due time and put the letter, which had acquired a pinned-on pencilled memorandum in its travels, upon the cashier's desk. The next thing Jerry knew, the cold eyes were smiling genially across at him and the man behind them was saying:

"Dabney says you are needing a little tide-over, Mr. Trimble. Have you an account with us?"

"N-no," said Jerry.

"But I take it from this telegram you have sent that you are intending to open one. We'll anticipate for you. How much do you want?"

"How much?" put in the perching listener.—Page 104.

For one ridiculous instant Jerry caught himself on the verge of saying: "A five-spot." The ghastly humor of it choked him, and while he hesitated the cashier filled out a promissory note, talking as he wrote.

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"We are glad to have you with us, Mr. Trimble, and glad to accommodate you. We'll make it five, and if that isn't enough you may have more. Sign your name right here, if you please." Jerry signed blindly and the blotter in the cashier's hands flicked over the signature. "Now, if you will step around to the bookkeeper's window——"

Jerry saw the cashier scribble a hieroglyph on the corner of the note, saw the paper passed through a wicket in the wire partition to a waiting clerk, and then felt himself going, going, gone. In the next lucid interval he was standing at the bookkeeper's window with a pass-book and a pocket check-book in his hand. He took one peep into the pass-book and his collar grew suddenly tight. The single credit entry was for five thousand dollars, less the bank discount of eight per cent on the loan for thirty days.

Now there is a point beyond which mere jelly-like endurance crystallizes into jaunty daring. Jerry went to a side desk, wrote out a check for a thousand dollars, and a moment later he was shoving it under Dabney's wicket.

"I'll take it in specie, if you please; fives, tens, and twenties," he announced calmly.

Dabney laughed. "A thousand dollars in gold coin? Why, man alive! it'll weigh between three and four pounds!"

"I don't care. Give me one of the fives in silver and put the gold in two sacks."

"You writing chaps are the limit!" chuckled the teller, stripping his gold rack to fill the two bags. "What's the object? What's the use of having a bank-account and a check-book if you have to lug all this pot-metal around with you?"

"It's just a notion," Jerry confided vaguely; and it was—a purely childish notion. Since the attempt to borrow a few dollars had saddled him with five thousand of them—minus the discount—he had impulsively determined to take a pocketful of gold home to Honeybunch, so that she might—oh, well, it was foolishly unexplainable, but so, for that matter, are hundreds of things the most ordinary mortal does every day of the world.

Obsessed with the mental picture of Honeybunch's shocked astoundment when he should pour out the sacks of gold for her benefit, Jerry watched the bag-filling with a fascinated eye. So, quite unheeded of Jerry, did another: a furtive, narrow-chested young fellow who stood on the sidewalk looking on through the plate-glass street window opposite the teller's wicket. When Jerry left the bank, with a hand under each coat pocket to hold the weight of the coin, the lounger met him at the door and shuffled after him to the street crossing.

What happened after this was recallable to Jerry only in its general aspect. He remembered letting three street-cars pass because they were jammed to the platforms, and that he waited, with a pocket in each hand, in the midst of a jumble of sidewalk obstructions in front of a new steel sky-scraper. When the fourth car came it, too, was crowded; but he took it, wedging his way into the aisle jam, and relinquishing his hold upon the weighted pockets only while he was paying his fare out of the loose silver which he had tucked into a waistcoat pocket.

On the way up-town the car crowd thinned out, and when Jerry, still holding his pockets, dropped off at the North Side street, Mrs. Jerry, starchy-linened and sweet, with her pretty, girlish face framed in a modish little hat of her own trimming, was waiting for him.

"I was *so* hungry," she said; "and I thought you'd never come. You mustn't, you really *mustn't*, work overtime in that dingy old newspaper office, Jerry, dear."

Burdened with the pockets, Jerry was for going first to the apartment in the side street and having the golden shock over with. But the luncheon delay would be short, and he contrived to keep the weighted pockets—and his feelings—in the background while the "bread-and-milk-for-two, please" was served at a near-by dairy counter. Past this, the pockets troubled him again, but on the way around to the apartment Mrs. Jerry helped out, filling the gap with such a flood of diverting chatter that Jerry, who knew the symptoms, was sure that the postman had brought an unusually big packet of rejected manuscripts on his morning round.

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"And now you'll never, *never* write the great American novel!"—Page 105

"Any mail?" he asked, after they had mounted the final flight of tiresome stairs in the flat-house and Honeybunch was unlocking their door.

"Plenty of it," she admitted grudgingly. "But you are not to bother with it until you've had a little rest. No, you needn't scold; I've hid it, and you shan't have it until after I have seen you laugh."

Jerry staggered into the tiny sitting-room, steadying himself with an arm around her waist. At the table where they sometimes ate, playing at housekeeping, he drew the two sacks from his pockets. "Shut your eyes," he commanded; and then he emptied the two sacks upon the table and the universe blew up with a jingling crash. By some hideous trick of legerdemain the two white canvas sacks had been transformed into two dirty pockets ripped from some ragman's coat. And at the climaxing moment they had yielded nothing but a double handful of common iron washers, slightly rusted as if they had been exposed to the weather.

"Well?" queried the one who was to have been shocked, opening her eyes at the metallic clatter. She was well used to surprises. Jerry had a habit of digging

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"So it was, Trimble; so it was—just about a million too much."—Page 108.

his stories out of all sorts of recondite happenings. "Is it another story?"

Jerry's smile was ghastly.

"It is," he rejoined huskily; "the rippingest story that was ever invented, if—if I could only go on and invent some kind of an ending to it. But I can't—I never can."

"Tell it to me," she urged, sitting upon the arm of his chair and poking the pile of washers with an inquiring finger.

Jerry put his elbows on the table and took the creative clutch on his hair; and this time he did not let her see the ghastly smile.

"It opens with two young people, married, desperately poor, struggling for a living, and all that. Man gets a letter from lawyers telling him that he has fallen heir to an incredible pot of money, and——"

"How much?" put in the perching listener.

"Oh, say a million or more. Man blows up, of course; goes off his head; knows there must be some horrible mistake—that he *can't* be the rightful heir. Still, he is ass enough to send a telegram. Paying for the wire takes every nickel he has in the world—and his wife is waiting to go to luncheon with him. Climax, first scene."

"Fine!" she applauded, clapping her hands. "How did you ever come to think of such a beautiful situation as that, Jerry, dear?"

"It—it just came to me," he stammered.

"Well, go on."

"Man has a fit when he realizes; tries to stop telegram and get his money back; too late—wire's already been sent. I forgot to say that the wire asked the Denver lawyers to telegraph him fifty thousand to one of the banks; just a bluff, you know, to see how far the ghastly mistake could run before it would trip and fall down. Fit subsides and leaves man cold and

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trembly and desperate; no street-car fare and no money to buy wife's luncheon. Get the idea?"

"You are making it seem real enough to bite!" was the shuddery answer from the chair-arm.

"Sure it bites," said Jerry, warming to his task. "Something's got to be done, and done quick. Man gets an idea: makes telegraph operator give him a certified copy of his message, and with that and the letter he goes to the bank, meaning to make a joke of the thing, and on the strength of the joke to borrow a five-spot from the paying teller, whom he knows—just a little. Weakens at last minute and shows teller letter and telegram copy without explaining. Teller blows up; jerks wicket open to shake hands. 'Congratulations! Bully for you, old man! Come around and meet our cashier'—and all that."

"I see!" gurgled the chair-arm delightedly. "And then what?"

"Man has another fit. When he comes out of it he finds that he has met the cashier; that the hideous mistake has been taken for the real thing; that he has had a five-thousand-dollar borrow shoved at him; and that he has signed a thirty-day note for that amount. At that he goes off his head completely."

"Of course he would! Oh, good—splendidly good! What next?"

"Next, he does the most foolish thing ever—as he might under the shock of it. He cashes a check for a thousand dollars, gets it in two sacks of gold coin, and starts for home: mixed motives, of course; has some silly idea of dumping the gold into his wife's lap and letting her play with it for a little while; she was a poor girl, you know—college professor's daughter, or an editor's—and she had never seen that much money at one time in all her life; idiotic notion on the man's part, of course, but entirely human. When he reaches home he finds that the two coin sacks have been mysteriously transformed into two dirty coat pockets containing rusty iron washers. He has been 'frisked' in the crowded street-car. Climax, second scene."

His audience of one slipped an arm around his neck and pressed a soft cheek against the hair-clutching fingers.

"Splendid!" she murmured. "And you have worked it out to the final bit of realism—even to finding a pair of old pockets and filling them with the rusty iron things! How could you invent it all, Jerry, dear?"

Jerry looked around at her with stony eyes.

"I didn't invent it at all," he said soberly. "It all happened just as I've been telling you, and I am the goat," and with that he handed her the Denver lawyers' letter.

If he had missed seeing the shock which should have gone with the dumping of the coin sacks, he had a pretty fair substitute for it now in the widening of the slate-gray eyes, the sudden pallor driving the blood from the pretty cheeks, the breath coming in stifling little gasps.

"J-Jerry!" she faltered, slipping from the chair-arm to stand confronting him. "Do you mean to s-say that we've got a m-million dollars all our own?"

"Hold hard, little woman," he broke in quickly. "It isn't ours; it couldn't by any possibility be ours, you know."

"But it is—I *know* it is!" she sobbed, dropping into a chair to hide her face in the crook of a round arm bent upon the table. "It's ours, and we're disgustingly rich, and now you'll never, *never* write the great American novel! Oh, why couldn't he have left it to an orphan asylum or something it couldn't spoil!"

This was a point of view that hadn't occurred to Jerry, though now he saw the force of it immediately. What man, never so deeply bitten by the writing worm, could ever survive an attack of sixty thousand dollars a year? In an instant he had turned comforter.

"There, there—don't you worry a single minute, Honeybunch," he consoled, kissing the defenseless back of her neck. "It isn't ours, you must remember; I knew it the moment I had opened the letter. But we're in a horrible mess, just the same; almost as bad as if we were going to have sixty thousand a year. I've lost a thousand of the bank's money, and I don't know but what they can send me to Joliet for false pretenses, if they want to."

The prison prospect, or the reference to it, had apparently glanced off when she lifted a pair of April eyes to his.

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"Why couldn't your granduncle, or whoever he was, have made a will and left us just a little—just a few thousands to tide us over to the time when you're going to succeed? Jerry-boy, it's—it's a whole million too much! We don't *want* it. It'll spoil us for ever and ever!"

"Hold hard," cautioned Jerry again. "You're still on the wrong tack; it isn't ours—it can't be ours. And the bank——"

Slowly the light in the slate-gray eyes came back to the normal and a hand went up to pat Jerry's face.

"After we've been married years instead of months maybe I'll learn to be a grown-up woman, Jerry, dear. Of course it isn't ours, and equally of course we are in a horrible tangle of trouble. What will you do?"

"There is only one thing to do. I must go back to the bank people and tell them what has happened. They can take the four thousand that's left in my account, and if they'll give us time we can wear out the other thousand by littles. But oh, Honeybunch, it breaks my heart to think that I've got to make you pinch and save and scrimp for months just because I——"

What followed need not be set down here; but a few minutes later, Jerry, with a sort of joyous-martyr light in his eyes, was running to board a down-town car for his fagot-pile.

By the time the car reached the river he had whipped out some sort of a plan. With Dabney for his intercessor he must tell his wretched story of needless disaster, throwing himself upon the mercy of the hard-eyed cashier. But it is one thing to resolve and quite another to perform. Leaving the car a square short of the Lakeside Commercial, Jerry circled the block, taking the long way around in order to give himself time to screw his courage to the sticking-point.

The expedient failed miserably. At the corner of approach he would be fully determined; but by the time he reached the bank steps, where he could steal a glance at Dabney, busy at his wicket, a cold breeze would be blowing up the back of his neck, and he would hurry past, heaping maledictions upon his lack of courage in one breath, and in the next swearing that another round of the block would find him plucking the needful daring out of the heart of despair.

In the last of these futile circlings he made sure that Dabney saw and beckoned to him. That, of itself, was enough to make him duck and run. Past the corner and in the safety of another street he had a fresh shock. Some inner sense told him that the man in a gray suit, a man wooden-faced and shrewd-eyed, over whom he had twice stumbled at this same corner, was following him.

Panic-stricken, he hurried on and tried to lose himself in a Clark Street sidewalk throng. It was useless. When he came out again at the bank corner the man in gray was less than a dozen strides behind him. That settled it. The bank had telegraphed and found out that he was not the William J. Trimble to whom the money was left. It was all over but the arrest and the indictment; and when he got that far Jerry dodged recklessly through the traffic streams and ran for his life.

That, too, was no use. When he stopped to take breath he was on the harbor front, gulping down great mouthfuls of the lake breeze and glancing about like any hunted thing for a hole to hide in. The hole was needed. He must have time to think and plan.

For a moment or two he made sure he had shaken off the man in gray. Then, with his heart thumping like a trip-hammer, he saw the man turn the nearest corner and come straight toward him. Jerry, who could portray a fight so that a reasonably imaginative reader could hear the sound of the blows and see the blood, had never, in his own proper person, come to actual hand-grips with any human being since his schoolboy days. But with the approach of the enemy came a curious thrilling of nerves and hardening of muscles. The thought of Honeybunch, waiting alone and miserably anxious in the North Side flat——

The man in gray gave him no time to plant the blow for which he was carefully choosing the vital spot as the enemy closed in. Worse than that, the enemy stopped just beyond striking distance and grinned sourly at his victim.

"If you're not a crook, you're sure tryin' mighty hard to act like one," was his greeting. "What the Moses 're you dodgin' 'round this way for? Think you could slip one over on *me?*"

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Jerry ignored the query and put one of his own, and he had to moisten his lips before the words would come.

"Who are you?"

"Plain-clothes," grunted the pursuer. "Special on duty at the Lakeside Commercial. Are you ready to come along with me quiet, now?"

Jerry was seeing a picture of the prison buildings at Joliet as vividly as if it had been thrown upon a screen stretched across the nearest of the great warehouses. But the wild, fighting impulse was past, and he went with his captor, vouchsafing only a single question when the return distance was half covered.

"What am I wanted for?"

"You'll find out, all right, when you get there; the cashier wants to see you," was all the answer he got; and from that until he found himself standing once more at the cashier's railing he went as a man in the clutch of a nightmare.

There were no preliminaries. When the cold-eyed cashier looked up and saw Jerry he rose at once, unlatched the gate in the railing, and waved the culprit toward an inner room where there was a desk and a few chairs. Graciously permitting the poor captive to sit down, the cashier took his place at the desk.

"We've been hunting all over the city for you, Trimble," he began, and Jerry was quick to remark the dropping of the courtesy prefix. "Dabney didn't know your house address, and it seems that they don't know it at the *Telegraph* office. Have you had an answer to your Denver wire since you were here this morning?"

Jerry shook his head.

"Then you don't know what you're in for. I'm sorry."

"I guess I do know, all right. When a bank sends a policeman after a man——"

The cashier broke in abruptly. "Dabney tells me you're married. Is that so?"

Jerry nodded.

"And, of course, you went home and told your wife about this legacy business. Did you succeed in making her believe it?"

Jerry saw good reasons why he should be sent to prison, but none why he should be tortured beforehand. Wherefore he found courage to say: "I'm a criminal, if you like, Mr. Corbin, but that doesn't give you the right to drag my wife in."

"A criminal?"

"I suppose that is what the courts will say. I know that letter wasn't meant for me; I knew it when I came here this morning. I had no idea that Dabney would take it seriously when I showed it to him. I meant it as a joke, and he jumped at it so quick that I didn't have a chance to explain that I only wanted to borrow five dollars for—for immediate necessities."

"Oh, that was it, was it? And what was the necessity?"

Jerry made a clean breast of it.

"The letter knocked me silly. I suppose maybe you've always had money and you don't know how it feels to be without it—to have to cut corners and figure on the nickel punch-marks on a meal-ticket. I lost my head for a minute and sent that fool telegram, more as a joke than for any other reason. When I came to pay for it, it took all the money I had, and—and my wife was waiting over on the North Side for a luncheon that I couldn't buy for her."

The cashier was looking out of the window when the culprit made an end of his confession, and the cold-eyed frown seemed to be struggling with a grim smile.

"I'm sorry," he said, wheeling back upon Jerry, "sorry that you have told your wife. What did you do with the thousand in gold that you drew out of your account?"

"I lost it," said Jerry with deepening gloom. "It was stolen from me on the street-car."

"What were you going to do with it if you hadn't lost it?"

Again Jerry became resentful of this preliminary thumb-screwing. Must he tell this hard-hearted money-changer everything?

"I couldn't explain it to you in a thousand years," he retorted morosely. "If you were married, and your wife had never seen as much as a thousand dollars all in one bunch in all her life, maybe you'd understand. Of course, it was idiotic; I know that well enough."

Again the cashier was looking away toward the window.

"Tell me all that happened, Trimble," he urged, adding: "It won't be used against you—in court."

Once more Jerry fell a victim to the necessity, portraying the scene in the home sitting-room as only a teller of

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fairly good stories could portray it. At the climax the cashier broke in abruptly.

"What did your wife say when she read the letter?" he demanded.

"She took it seriously, too, just as Dabney had. She cried and said that the money would spoil us; that I'd never be able to write anything worth while with all that money making it of no use to write. She said it was just a million too much."

By this time the cold-eyed gentleman in the desk-chair was chuckling soberly.

"So it was, Trimble; so it was—just about a million too much. Now that I know how your wife feels about it, I can stick the knife into you without hesitating. We have a wire from the administrators. There was a mistake, a most unaccountable mistake on the part of the stenographer to whom the letter was dictated. They say that the young woman must have been sick or out of her head."

"I see," said Jerry hopelessly; "she didn't address it right. I—perhaps you'd better ring for your policeman and have it over with, Mr. Corbin. I owe you a thousand dollars that I can't pay. I guess 'most any jury will say that I flim-flammed the bank out of it, and——"

"Never mind the thousand dollars," was the snappy interruption. "As I say, the stenographer made a mistake. She took the wrong figures from the pencil memorandum which was given her. The sum total, securities and cash in bank, should have been ten thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars instead of one million ninety thousand six hundred, as she copied it."

Jerry looked up wearily.

"I don't see what difference it makes, if none of it belongs to me," he protested.

"But the smaller total does belong to you," said the cashier, and Jerry was lost in astoundment to find that the smooth-shaven, hard-lined face could actually lend itself to an open laugh. "You are Jeremiah Caldwell's heir without any question of doubt. We've had this matter in hand for some time, you know, though the amount involved had never been mentioned. The lawyers wrote us, asking us to look you up. You are not a millionaire, Mr. Trimble, but you can at least buy your wife a luncheon when she needs it."

Jerry staggered to his feet. "Ten thousand? And, with the thousand I've lost, it's still nine thousand? Th-that won't spoil us, Mr. Corbin; w-we'll keep just as well as if we'd been pickled in benzoate of soda!" he stammered incoherently. And then: "But the policeman—what made you send him after me?"

The cashier, still laughing, reached into a drawer of the open desk and drew out two bags of coin, chinking them down under Jerry's eyes on the drawn-out slide. "There is your lost thousand, Mr. Trimble. Dabney was afraid you might be taking too many chances, and he had our special officer follow you. When your pockets were picked on the street-car, the officer nabbed the thief and recovered the money. That was one reason why we sent him out to hunt you up. You'll be sensible, now, and put it back into your account, won't you?"

"Not on your life!" said Jerry, once more impulse-mad; "but this time I'll take a cab." And, dropping the sacked coin into his pockets, he rushed out and made a dash for the street.

Half an hour later he had climbed the stairs in the North Side apartment-house and was bursting into the tiny sitting-room.

"Jerry, dear—what is it?" cried the anxious one, who had seen the cab drive up. "Are you running away from the—the——"

"No!" he shouted. "I hurried home to tell you that I got that story all balled up. It was ten thousand that the man fell heir to instead of a sickening million, and that iron-washer business can all be cut out!" And with that he pushed her into a chair and emptied the coin sacks into her lap.

But the shock had been too long delayed. Without touching the yellow burden in her lap, she reached up and drew him down to her. "You foolish, foolish Jerry-boy!" was what she said; and in the street below the taxi-driver glanced at his recorder and wondered if the crazy man he had lately driven from the Lakeside Commercial was made of money or whether he merely had a million too much.

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ANDY OF THE TIMOTHY QUARTET

By Arthur Johnson

THE news of Bertram Andresen's début was as exciting to me as anything could be. I read the name over again, letter by letter, to make sure that it was veritably my friend whose accomplishments were being at last so handsomely advertised.

There could be no doubt as to his identity: "In height and splendor of presence he rivalled the late Paul Plançon"; "the range and quality of his tones placed him in the foremost rank of romantic tenors—even remembering the days of Jean de Reszke and Tamagno"; "his histrionic power had caused the King of Sweden himself to stand and applaud publicly the attainments of the young Stockholm virtuoso."

It seemed impossible to wait a whole month for what the event might bring forth. I heard people talk—with offhand seriousness—about Tristan being his best part, had the fact brought casually home to me that he was "the only Radames who acted and sang like a human being"—the one "convincing" Otello. Everybody took for granted what was to me incredibly marvellous. If I hadn't known who he was, I suppose it would have seemed perfectly natural to have a new opera star be just so suddenly and inexplicably heralded—as if, for any clew there was to his origin, he might have descended from the skies. Though I searched through the daily papers, I could find no authentic reference to the "great artist's" early career. It was, however, clearly emphasized that he had been "secured with great difficulty" and at "unheard-of expense"; that he had been persuaded only through the "remarkable diplomacy of our impresario," Mr. Sanimarregia, to leave Europe "at the very moment after Success had all gloriously placed her crown of laurels upon his Hermean brow." Occasionally I would read a notice about some steamer or other on which he had booked a passage; I would see paragraphs describing different kinds of cereals he ate for breakfast. . . . And, one by one, things I knew about him would shoot across my memory.

Hopeful as I had been, so long ago, that somehow or other he might have a great future, I hadn't believed it would really happen, any more than I may have believed, for example, in childish imaginings that I should once get to be President of the United States. To think of it! Bertram—"Andy" (as he had said "they" used to call him)—he who had first come to this country a baby immigrant in the steerage—he couldn't be more, now, than twenty-nine—who the last time I saw him . . . poor Andy! How I had pitied him, how I had loved him when he told me! . . . Where was *she* now? What did she know of all this? Did she guess that he had risen so from—? Was she alive to behold his resurrection? What thoughts would she be having—I could almost feel myself in her place—when she should hear of the conqueror's triumphal return?

I

EACH mile of that journey to Great-aunt Emily's funeral had plunged me into deeper gloom—gloom complicated by my anger at having to go and by my consequent regrets for being angry; I experienced almost every kind of irrelevant irritation on account of whatever came to my attention; I remember how savagely I listened to two gossiping women in the seat forward, and that I felt an unruly impulse to snatch a banana from the child opposite. So that when I reached the house I was in no mood to grieve or sympathize; I passed quickly up-stairs to a seat which somebody had been inconsiderate enough to reserve for me. . . . All this seems inseparably associated with my first knowing Andy, for it was there—while gazing out into that desolate little old-fashioned hall—I beheld the members of the Timothy Quartet range themselves.

Each one hemmed a little or hawed, as

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if they knew it would be a gentle hint to dispel the inarticulate buzzing of the guests. Then, when the hum partly subsided, the shortest and fattest of the four blew into a tiny pitch-pipe and looked intensely commandingly at the others, bringing his clinched chubby fist upward into a rapid signal that was immediately lost in the embarrassing burst of harmony which followed.

But the first tenor's eyes were on the ceiling. He hadn't lowered them even to catch the officious gesture of the leader. I hardly noticed the quality of the singing, so absorbed was I in watching his expression. He sang as if doing so enabled him to think of wonderful things; a tender smile haunted his thick lips; now and then he seemed on the point of taking a step forward in exasperation at having so unrelievedly to contain himself. . . . Until he followed the others out of my sight. I heard their chairs creak. I waited.

It was a long while before he reappeared, and this time he came alone. He sang "Crossing the Bar," but it was only afterward that I knew what he sang; I simply sat there wondering who in the world he was. How *could* he—with that voice—go about under the guidance of that ridiculous squat conductor? What had he in common with the gaunt stooping second bass, the unruly wabblings of whose Adam's apple I can recall to this day? Their dreadfully fitting frock coats suggested some awful religious order which he—in the heyday of his youth—had been decoyed into joining. Really, just the sight of him towering over those three unmusical hacks was as uncannily affecting as the pale minstrel you see on street corners, tricked out to beg alms for her shameless old fake of a parent. All through the rest of the service I was uncomfortably muddled from thinking of it.

After boarding the train for my return journey, I was about to choose a seat when I spied the tenor alone in the front end of the car—looking back through the window; and I suddenly determined to go and speak to him. . . .

He drew his coat together a little consciously, and smiled up at me—eager, I could see, to rectify whatever I might find the matter with his appearance. "I hate having my 'Sunday clothes' on," he stated in explanation, moving over to make room; "especially on week-days."

"It *is* a bore," I said. "I suppose, too, you have to wear them pretty often."

"Well—always in church, of course. I wear them mornings at the Evangelical Methodist, and evenings I sing at the Langdon Street Baptist. And whenever there's a wedding. Funerals—naturally."

"I don't know," I suggested, "which is worse of those two—funerals or weddings!"

"I don't either," he echoed confusedly, apparently only half hearing my remark—as if distracted suddenly by some bothersome thought which had struck him. And then, for the sake of prolonging the conversation, he asked: "Who was it today?"

"Who *was* it?" I repeated, without a clew.

"Yes, I mean—was it a man, or a woman, or—or a child?"

"Oh!" I gasped as the light came. "It was my great-aunt!"

"That is just like me—to be so rude!" he apologized, with a tinge of the taught modulation and the exemplified diction common to his profession. "I'm sorry—really I am. . . . I *never* know, you see; I never *find out*. You wouldn't, either—you couldn't—if you were in this business." He blushed regretfully.

"I should hope *not!*" I reassured him.

"And—it doesn't really matter!" he went on;

> "'Ashes to ashes, dust unto dust—
> As of the unjust so of the just.'"

I looked quickly at him.

> "'God's in his heaven, all's well with the world!'"

he brought out smilingly, as for still greater emphasis—his theory of artistic abandon so asserting itself. . . . "Do you know that magnificent song of Mrs. Beach's?" . . . He gazed through the window to help himself recollect it; until—victoriously, with the tune-assured singer's unabashedness—he faced me again, his great voice rising above the train's rattle:

> "'The morning's at seven,
> The hillside's dew-pearled.'" . . .

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His forehead wrinkled; the lines deepened above his nose; he fixed his eyes powerfully on mine for several minutes after the big volume of his outburst had subsided.

Appreciative though I was, I couldn't help feeling embarrassed at being his one solitary auditor; but, when I nodded my head for recognition—of what I didn't know how otherwise to accept—he slapped me gratefully on the back with: "Oh, it is a wonderful song, isn't it? The words are so lovely. I wish I could tell you—it's gone from me for a moment—who it was wrote them." . . .

"Browning," I said; "Robert Browning."

"Yes—I think you are right. That *is* his name. I knew it began with B."

Solemnly he shook his head over the poem's beauty, glancing at me and murmuring in a low voice to himself. And right then I became aware that something like a wave of unworthiness had stolen upon him. . . . He buttoned his coat; he passed his hand over his hair and tried to open his eyes wider. He seemed suddenly to confront doubts, fears, sorrows—phantoms that made him go pale. I was watching him perhaps too closely, for he said to me—withdrawing his foot from sight: "It's an old pair of shoes I found in a hurry to-day, for I thought it was going to rain, and I had better save my—They're out of style."

But he didn't seem to say it merely because he cared so much what I might think of his personal appearance; the sensitive, serious way he continued to sit there gazing forth into space suggested the mysterious presence of some ideal which his clothes, his face—himself—might be the incidents of his regrettable failure to attain.

> "'Strew on her roses, roses,
> With never a spray of yew.
> In quiet she reposes.'" . . .

After which he subsided again, nodding his head and turning at last once more to the window.

"Is she dead?" I couldn't help saying.

He looked at me in amazement. "What *do* you mean?" he exclaimed. "But it's remarkable you should have said *that!* . . . No. I was only remembering the words of a solo. We're often asked for it when young ladies do die, though! . . . All sorts of things, you know, stick in my head. I often catch myself mumbling them. They help me so. They're a prop when you're down—they seem as sad as you seem yourself. If it weren't for them—them and my music—I don't know what I'd do." He hummed the beginning of "Still wie die Nacht." . . .

I saw his big blond face drawn into a frown; his chin lengthened, his mouth contracted so that the cheek-bones stood out more prominently; and at length he gave me a puzzled stare. "I don't know why it is," he said, "I don't know why I do it, but it used to be the same when I was carving. . . . A design would stay in my mind; I'd trace out a bit of it in the air, and change it, and think how beautiful the curves were, and watch the angles quiver."

"Did you 'carve' long?" I asked, trying not to seem surprised.

"Six years. I was born in Sweden, you know. I got to be a master wood-carver." He watched for my astonishment. "It was my father's trade, and my brother's. . . . *I'm* not ashamed of it!" he emphasized, in the face of my silence.

"Why, in God's name, my dear fellow, should you be!" I cried, noting how his tense body had suddenly relaxed, how his face was slowly regaining a look of hopefulness.

"There's no reason," he said. "I'm not afraid of what I am—of what I was—just because I happen to be good enough, now, to sing in the Timothy Quartet!"

He continued to look convincingly at me. But that same gloom that I had visioned as haunting him, still hovered near. He deliberately straightened himself, twitched his trousers up, and fingered his collar and tie into position.

"Anybody who's any good at all would think that's all something to be proud of!" I stated as warmly as I could.

> "'Who wears 'neath his coat the heart of a man,
> *He* will not hurt you, and no *other* can!'"

he quoted approvingly, without a smile.

(I could but wonder what song those words fitted into!)

"How did you come to change from wood-carving to singing?" I asked.

His mouth puckered resolutely. "I had always sung in choirs—since I was

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eleven. Ten years ago the organist began giving me lessons. After that, he introduced me to Canino—to whom I owe everything I am, absolutely every note."

"Canino?"

"Why, yes—the teacher of Ben Hodges, and Silas Warren, and May——"

"*Ben Hodges?*" I interrupted; but I decided to pretend I knew everything. . . .

There followed an account of the early days with the Timothy Quartet. They had all been together, now, for two years. "It's finely run," asserted my companion. "It's a first-rate, thoroughly reliable, up-to-date organization."

"It's lucky to get *you!*" I cried to him in genuine enthusiasm. "Your voice is different from anything I ever heard. You're too gifted for this kind of business."

"What do you mean?" the young man asked me, obviously at a loss. "Why—I make, well, probably not so much as *you* think of making, but more than I ever dreamed of before—in all my life. Paul says it's lots better for me than opera."

"Paul?"

"Paul Timothy. See here—he'd be ever so glad if you'd come round some day to the studio. . . . And we could have some real singing. I'll try the 'Damnation' for you. It's an oratorio written by Gounod. And it is—at least Paul says it is—greater than 'Faust.'"

II

THE elevator-man directed me down the long corridor. The opaque-glass door-panes were painted over with signs, which mentioned more kinds of vocal training and a greater variety of instrumental instruction than I had ever imagined could exist—to say nothing of the inconceivably conglomerate sounds that these portals did not wholly shut in. A "lesson on mandolin" would echo from my left at the same moment when a violin obligata beset me on the right—both interwoven with a hopeless mixture of piano accompaniments; once I paused, able—with the help of the black letters before me—to make out that I was listening not to a guitar (as one might have supposed) but to a lute; and from "Mrs. Green's Saxophone Parlor" there burst a nightmare of unfamiliar harmonies. On my way through the passage I encountered fat seraphic sopranos—silver chatelaines helplessly dangling from their attenuated middles—who scanned me superciliously and rolled their eyes upward with artistic optimism. Contraltos hurried by, their teeth glistening through heavy ruby lips, their necks tastefully muffled against the cold. There was the smell everywhere of lubricating salves and throat-pellets. This building was unquestionably the centre for every kind of second-rate tone-producer.

Outside 412 I stopped and read the sign carefully:

TIMOTHY'S QUARTET

PAUL TIMOTHY.....MANAGER AND FIRST BASS
JEAN WHITE.....SECOND BASS AND BARYTONE
BERTRAM ANDRESEN.....FIRST TENOR
HAROLD P. ROLAND.....SECOND TENOR

ENGAGEMENTS FILLED FOR THE CLUB, THE HOME, AND THE CHURCH. WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS OUR SPECIALTY

I started back in alarm at the loud gong-ringing which followed the touch I gave the little white bell-button. There were smothered voices, then a decided step across the floor inside. The key was turned and Andy stood beaming down upon me.

"Come in, Mr. Richards," he said. "I am very glad—especially glad—to see you." And he shot a quick glance at the short fat man who was leaning over the concert-grand and talking through a telephone upon it; but the latter didn't look up at us.

Andy's next remark made me recall so vividly the impression he had already made upon me. "How do you feel today?" he queried yawningly. "I'm always apt to be a little depressed on Tuesdays, aren't you?"

"I never thought of it," I answered, concealing a smile. "Monday's *my* bad day."

"Now, I rather like Mondays, as a rule," discriminated Andy. "I know that Sunday is behind me! I hate Sunday evenings particularly. Thursday's about the best day, I think, somehow—I don't know why. Sit down, please, Mr. Richards."

But he still stood there in front of me—gazing as he might have gazed at an au-

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dience while singing "The Holy City." Gradually a pleasant scowl shadowed his face; he had the look I had noted before of trying to see through some cloud that seemed ever ready to descend over him. . . .

He was decidedly better-looking in his every-day clothes. The light tweed suit didn't emphasize the colorlessness of his blond hair as did the black funereal uniform in which I had first seen him; the gay necktie suited his healthy complexion; there wasn't a trace of that yeast-fed puffiness—so generally characteristic even of handsome Swedes—which I had remarked to myself the other day. His presence, too, was superb. . . . At length he sat down to converse with me, in a manner genial and comradely, about whatever came into his head—occasionally indicating, by a half-automatic movement of his head, the short fat man still bent over the piano, whose telephone talk I couldn't help listening to.

"What did you say it was that they call yer? *Hagh? Hagh?* Come over to the Elks' Benefit Performance to-night—Daughters of Isis Chapter—and you'll——"

"Paul is the damnedest talker, sometimes," Andy said to me in an undertone. "I wouldn't waste breath on a woman called me up like that without saying who she was, would you?" He snapped his fingers at it.

I was reminded, by the way he didn't take in what I said in reply, of his habitual absent-mindedness; it wasn't that he wasn't mentally alert, nor that he didn't care about hearing everything; but he was subject to spasmodic preoccupations.

"Do you ever feel queer when you wake up in the morning?" he put to me—conscious of his recent lapse. . . . "No—I don't mean that—but astray, kind of? Rather scared of all the things that come crowding in on you? One by one you get to remember things that have happened just before you went to bed, or the day before, the last week—long, long ago—bits of songs, some rhymes—lights and shadows—they all rush back inside you and find you unprepared? . . . I've been that way all day to-day."

(Andy was a real poet. Despite the comical way he had of quoting odds and ends of the verses he had come in contact with, he knew what underlay the genuine article; I had begun to see that in his delightful attitude the first day I talked with him.)

"It's because you haven't found yourself," I suggested—"because you haven't got control of yourself, yet. You aren't sure of your capacity—your possibilities."

"You're remarkably sympathetic, did you know it?" Andy exclaimed.

"I think when you get used to believing you can accomplish your aims—when you really master your profession, you know——"

"Profession?" (The way he grasped desperately at that one word showed me that but for it he had got only the vaguest impression of the others.) "Let's—" he glowered toward where the short fat man was talking—"he'll never stop! Let's—wait a minute while I go find somebody to play."

Judging by the rapidity with which he reappeared, bringing a short-sleeved, willowy youth—whom he didn't introduce, but who sat down offensively at the piano—it was as easy in this caravansary of music to find "somebody to play" as it would have been to find meat in a butcher's shop. . . . Andy sorted pages and searched for pieces—and took off his collar—and at last directed the willowy youth to begin strumming. "It's an old Swedish song," Andy annunciated.

How he sang it! So extreme was the impression he produced that I had more a feeling of pity than of pleasure at the beauty which, so unknown to the world, could come forth right in the midst of such a *milieu* of awfulness. . . .

The short fat man ceased his talking and hung up the receiver—took a step across the floor, then paused in Machiavelian elation—took another step, then gave me a shrewd, angry glance—and so on until he reached the roll-top desk which filled the corner opposite where I sat. Andy faced him, faced me, faced the empty room—addressing a bar to whatever direction he chanced upon. I think he utterly forgot our presence. He was standing back to us, at any rate, when the song was finished—his arms outstretched in supplication.

My words of praise fell jangling on the silence that followed; the willowy youth

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kept pointlessly turning over pages. . . . At last Andy looked round. There was a tear rolling down his cheek as he came toward me, smiling and trying to pierce the dimness that bound him. "Did you like it?" he asked mechanically, as from far away. "This is Mr. Timothy, Mr. Richards; Mr. Paul Timothy."

Paul Timothy propelled himself jumpily forward on his stubby legs and shook hands with me. "You're the one's been filling his head with this 'opera' nonsense, are you? Nothing in it for him," he said emphatically under his breath; "*his* place's here with me." And he trudged back—more executively—to the roll-top desk and sat down.

I was too disgusted with his manner and appearance to think up anything for reply; but I did start to tell Andy how surprised I was at his having caught the drift of my opinion so accurately, the other day, and at his having remembered it—when I saw that Andy was absorbed in getting ready to sing again.

"It's perfect quarters we have here, Mr. Richards," Timothy approached me to say in his third-rate undertones; "nice big room, you see—telephone; attractively furnished; centrally located; all the airs and the cantatas." He flourished his arm in the direction of music shelves that here and there lined the walls. "The piano alone cost four hundred! He"—Timothy pointed a thumb over his shoulder at Andy—"he has every advantage and opportunity money or brains can offer."

It was obvious that Timothy was expounding these things more for the retaliatory satisfaction it gave him than with any thought of its being worth while to convince me. He seesawed contemptuously back to the desk. But he couldn't help—after he had sunk once more into his snug retreat—listening to Andy's singing. Restlessly he would take papers from pigeonholes and put them into other pigeonholes, he would remove sheets of music from drawers and slide them into racks—now and then raising his head with a greedy expression as the glory of a crescendo filled the air. The moment Andy finished he started toward him—ruffling, as he went, the leaves of a much dog-eared little note-book. "Remember the 22d, will you, Andy? Four o'clock. Cutaways." Whereupon he made an entry of some sort and retreated—like an old hen—to his corner, there pretending to immerse himself in "work."

Andy smiled at me—distantly, in that way he had—and looked toward Timothy for any reassurance I might need as to how engagements poured in. . . . He had flung himself, now, into a frenzy of singing; no commendation was required of anybody; it was enough—just letting himself go, like this, to the full. If between selections he might call out a word to me about something he was looking for, it wasn't because he wanted any reply or expected any. . . . "*Prage, prage Maria, per me!*" he ecstatically entreated. . . .

And through it all Paul Timothy sat, like a big round spider, gloating over his prey; or he would start across the floor—a roll of music in his hand—and halt halfway, gazing at Andy's back and listening; he would bring his clinched fist down in the air to express his relish of what he heard; and—to satisfy his inveterate desire for *seeming* busy, even though he had nothing to make him so—he would waddle to a rack, stick the roll in, pull out another, and needlessly rearrange things. Often I could detect a poor flicker of power in those empty eyes of his—each imprisoned in a swollen ring of convolvular flesh. Once he interrupted Andy right in the middle of an aria (solely, I believed, to show me to what extent he dared "handle" him) and repeated idly: "Don't forget Monday evening. Black ties and white waistcoats." . . . And in another ill-chosen moment he slickered up to him with: "Hair cut a little too short this time, Andy—old boy! Remember you're a musician now, and not a woodcarver."

Andy ran his hand over his head rather vaguely, forgot to make any reply, and began showing the willowy youth some error in his accompaniment; he had barely—if at all—got the drift of Paul's affront. . . . He was singing one of Elgar's songs about the sea—as only a genius could sing it. Timothy might hamper his choice of songs but he didn't govern the way Andy sang them. I trembled from excitement. . . . Out of the corner of my eye I could see Timothy, sitting on the edge of his swivel-chair, squalidly proud, bristling with man-

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agerial concern—as if, for all the world, he would be ready, in a minute's time, to rise and pass the hat. . . . "That's right—give it to 'em, old top!" he shouted to Andy; "I heard" (he named a famous tenor) "last night. Frankly, I don't see how C—— holds his job."

There was a knock on the door; Timothy opened it. The newcomer—she was frail and forty—stepped in and stood silently, with open mouth, until Andy finished. He walked up to her then, called her "Lill" when he found a breathing interval, and enthusiastically introduced me. She was "Miss Lilly Linstrom," who had been unable, "owing to a cold," to reach high F, and had come to borrow "Paul's lavender gargle." . . .

"It always loosens me up," she explained to me, "in a jiffy."

"You see," Timothy muttered, clearing his basso throat, "the sort of people we associate with! Our life—such it is! They're A Number 1, all of 'em. And they all have to come to me—sooner or later. . . . This isn't like the 'Vocal Union'—don't mistake it—or any of those cheap kind of places!" . . .

As soon as Linstrom went, there came a spooky youth—with a satin stock and dimples—for Timothy to "try" his voice. Glad of this opportunity, I suggested to Andy that we go out somewhere and buy a drink. Timothy was at the telephone again when we left; but he made a deterring gesture, covered the mouthpiece with his pudgy hand, and demanded authoritatively where we were going. I think he was afraid to leave me alone with Andy for an instant. . . .

Daylight had deserted the long corridor; only the stray ripples of an old harp disturbed the gaslit gloom. Andy took my arm, eager to tell me as we proceeded (and without a doubt as to my being interested) something of those whose names we passed by; he particularly designated—opposite the elevator—the "luxurious headquarters" of Ben Hodges, "Canino's prize pupil!"

"Perhaps I shall have a studio of my very own here, some day," Andy murmured; "who knows!"

"And leave Timothy's Quartet?" I asked hopefully.

"Well, Paul's always saying he won't go on for many years more. It will be a hard pull for me, though, when he stops."

"You'll not starve," I suggested with conviction; "and he'll 'go on,' as you say, as long as ever you stick to him."

"He does like me awfully—I know that," Andy reflected.

We were strolling along side by side. I hadn't realized, before, how he would tower above me. "Let's change places," he said. "This pavement slopes outward and you'd better have the advantage of the high part." . . . I looked at him in amazement. His flashes were as sudden and inexplicable as his drops. How could he be so blind to Timothy's——

"My father and mother are getting old," he said. "My father doesn't earn much—I have to help them; I earn more now—just think—than he ever did. And I'm saving a little all the time."

It was rather appalling to hear these confidences coming from this stalwart figure.

"Oh, I do hope—" He checked himself; I looked up at him. . . . We walked on in silence.

It was as easy to see why he should be so elated over this first stage of his financial independence as it would be difficult to point out to him—if one had the chance—that such a beginning was trifling compared with what his gifts ought to do for him. But—"I think Timothy's humbugging you!" I suddenly risked exclaiming. Then I saw that, by the way he didn't answer me, he had entirely forgotten my presence. I took his arm. "Let's go in here," I said. "Now listen to me," and I repeated my remark.

He glanced quickly round down at me; momentarily it was as though he had all at once donned his frock coat and black funereal regimentals—he was so blond and pale and expressionless. "You mean because he tells me I can make the Quartet famous?" he asked dreamily, with an effort. "Well, I think—anyhow, I'm going to try my hardest to!" He straightened himself up and pulled down his sleeves, and something made him sigh right out.

"I don't mean that!" I cried. "Damn it—can't you see that you're the one mainstay—the one bright spark, to put it mildly—of his battered old scheme?"

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Andy beamed on me. "You think, you really do?—I'm as good as that?"

"I know you are. You're 'good' enough to do anything you choose."

We ordered some drinks. That dumb heaviness that descended on him so habitually had for me, in my impatience, the effect of stupidity—especially while I watched the aloof way he raised his glass and put it drearily down again; and when I heard him say, "I'm sorry we forgot to ask Paul to sing. Do you know that César Franck song about the roses——

"'Remember, 'mid winter snows,
How in summer we gathered the rose.'" . . .

"I know it," I said in desperation, "but nothing in the world would ever induce me to hear him sing it!"

He glared forth at me tensely; for once he strained every nerve to get my meaning. . . . The veil between us had fallen. It was as if I had unwittingly produced the touchstone which could bring our minds together. "You—*you* say *that?*" he uttered, aghast.

"That, and lots else besides," I announced—rather terrified by the clarity with which he began to hear me; and I don't know what, in the fury of my frankness, I might have added, had Andy not brushed—with an irresistible wave of his hand—what I should say aside,—stepping up very close to me to interpolate:

"What you said about that song is almost the very same—word for word—what *she* said, too!"

"What *she* said?" I echoed.

He nodded. Then he moved his head up to speak. . . .

I believe, at that moment, we could have begun to talk on a rational basis and with really mutual understanding; I believe he would have told me everything—would have let me try to help him, if just then Paul Timothy hadn't suddenly appeared from behind me and taken Andy by the shoulders. Perhaps he had been eavesdropping—I didn't know, I was too disgusted to care; I didn't even listen to what he jabbered there to Andy. . . .

They started out of the room together. Andy called to me: "It's that benefit performance—the Elks don't know how to arrange a programme—it'll be rotten—and we've got to wear dress suits!" But when he started back toward me to say good-by, Paul Timothy caught him by the arm.

III

It wasn't so long before I altogether ceased thinking of Andy and the Timothy Quartet. On the day following the events I have just tried to describe, I remember realizing how preposterous, how humorous, it was that I should have become enough interested in a tenor who sang at my great-aunt's funeral to have pursued him into the very penetralia of his existence, there to have upbraided him for reasons I hadn't the slightest ground or right to believe in. . . . Though I admit having an inextinguishable zeal for the human scene; hardly a day passes but what I accidentally do devote at least a good many minutes to observing something unusual with which I have been brought in contact. I seldom have an opportunity to study the thing to its utmost, but I harvest a few seeds now and then. I see faces that set me thinking; I can't help prying at the people opposite me in street-cars; I've often paid more attention—even when there wasn't a single extenuating attraction visible—to the person, man or woman, who has sat beside me at the theatre, than I could ever give to a play.

Once, on my way home from the office, I heard the cymbals and shouts of the Salvation Army approaching, and I instinctively waited until they should come up to the square where I was. Always, since childhood, I have regarded the Salvation Army with insatiable curiosity; just as I have circus-riders, or Shakers, or Yale secret societies. I always want to catch a glimpse of the troupe.

But when they paused and spread round a corner of the square for their meeting, I experienced the same baffling disappointment. What were they like? Whence came they? There was no telling; there was no imaginable clew. The speechifying and the grand hallelujahs never came up to one's expectations, either. . . . I do recall that this particular

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regiment shrieked out a lilting, swaying tune of which the refrain ran:

"You can go to heaven in a rocking-chair
If you'll only——"

But after repeatedly failing to catch the last line of it, I moved up the street.

I had hardly turned my back before I heard something that made me swing round in alarm. I pressed my way through to the edge of the curb and stood there, my attention riveted. . . . The members had broken ranks to form a great circle, in the midst of which—hat in hand, wild-eyed, spent, dishevelled—Bertram Andresen was singing. . . .

I reckoned up the time—it was little more than a year since my great-aunt Emily died. . . . I looked to the right of me, to the left of me, obsessed by the desire to tell somebody all about it. . . . That voice again—there! . . .

Andy! Andy! A lump rose in my throat; my mind flew over the incalculable range of possibilities that might have brought him to this. He sang with head thrown back, unrestrainedly, like a man—I don't know why the thought came to me—who tempted the utter doom of insanity to overtake him. . . . He wore no uniform; his clothes were untidy. The way he had unbuttoned his collar in the fervency of his performance made the facts seem so sickeningly real. . . . Slowly I realized that I must get to his side and talk to him.

I waited there shivering until the end of the meeting. Then, just as the Army was forming to march to another battle-field, I stepped right into the thick of it and grasped Andy's hand. . . .

Even if he hadn't recognized me I think I should have done the same; it wasn't so much my interest in his particular qualities—though, of course, it was my idea of him that gave me the courage to act—as it was my having quite definitely presented before me the clear need to rescue a tortured fellow man from I knew not what dangers. . . . I can hear now the inspired remonstrances that were directed at me in the manner of those who were used to driving off disturbers of their sanctity; see the face of that woman who followed me out of the hubbub which ensued—condemning me, begging Andy to "heed the hand of God" now, once she had shown it to him—sending her heartrending cries round the last corner after us! But Andy looked at me with hopeless dependence; and I didn't waver. I was borne along on the tide of intentions that flooded my initial step. . . .

We walked arm in arm, without speaking, for several miles,—the whole way to my house. I explained to him, then, that the family hadn't yet returned to town (it was near the end of September, I think), and that he was to come in and stay there with me as long as he liked. . . .

Several days went by during which Andy didn't set foot beyond the door. He appeared wearily willing—like one who was ill—to accept my hospitality; not too humbly, and very gratefully, with only an oft-repeated query as to why I wanted to bother so much about him. I could see that he understood well enough, in the background of his perplexities, what this chance for tranquillity might do for him; I left him pretty much to himself—I not asking, and he not offering to tell me anything.

One day, on arriving home, I found him neatly dressed in a new suit of clothes, fresh linen, and bright-red cravat—looking as fit as one can imagine. He wanted to take me out somewhere to dine; invited me to go to a show with him afterward "if I didn't mind being seen in his company." . . . I felt exactly like a doctor rejoicing over his first successful case! I felt perfectly free to joke about it with Andy, too, and there wasn't a vestige of anything like embarrassment between us on account of what had happened. . . . All through those last days he spent with me he was a different person from the one I had once so fortuitously grown to think of his being.

That characteristic heaviness, preoccupation, absent-mindedness, lack of coordination, which I have found so hard to describe, had absolutely and completely vanished, without leaving a trace. He was alert and lucid and normal; a weight seemed to have been removed from his mind. And no wonder! . . . But I don't want you to think I got the story all at once; it came from him gradually, piecemeal, however collected I may make my account of it seem. . . .

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His father and mother had died, within a week of each other, only a short while after our meeting at Timothy's studio. In the midst of the grief and loneliness which had followed, Andy found himself with no zest for work. He began to realize that, half the time, his mind wasn't on it at all. He would sing perfunctorily. Sometimes, after he finished and took his seat, he would feel a sudden anxiety as to what he had sung come upon him; he would try to recall the words and the music, without any memory of just having rendered them.... Can't you picture him, drawing his coat together, making that effort (as his lapses always had the effect of prompting him to do) to look a certain way, not as the result of vanity —I could be sure of that—but because he was haunted by the desire not to fall short of certain standards?

Of course it was *she* who was always haunting him; she was always there—always flitting and hovering through all his moods....

"Why, I'm not the same man I was when you knew me, Mr. Richards," Andy assured me. "*What* could you have thought? I must have behaved like a crazy man—I *was* crazy!" he burst out with.... "It was the incessant, awful worry about what she was doing—about where she was—what she thought of me. Had she begun to hate me?—for example; had she found somebody else?"

Andy's head would drop forward a moment after he had spoken, in a way which showed me how easily he could let himself slip back into that mood; but he had a firm grip on himself....

"Half the time I hardly knew where I was for wondering all about her. And after father's death, and mother's—singing—it, that had been my one sure comfort—it went back on me, too; it became just like anything else."...

I tried hard—piecing together, as best I could, his erratic utterances concerning her—to picture what she was like; but his standards were all so foreign to mine, his expressions of them might be so misleading, that it was difficult to make up one's mind.

"It wasn't my not having money that made me doubt her," he said in answer to some question. "She was always as poor as me. We grew up together, you see. She was my kid idol—the one person I ever used to know—have ever known—who gave me any ideas beyond the range of all the other people's I met. But, Mr. Richards" (with a hand on each knee, Andy would lean forward to impress upon me the extraordinariness of it), "there *were*—I could name to you two of them, I could—million-heirs who wanted to marry her!... And they all had different kinds of outlooks from mine; they weren't musical, to speak of, or painters, or readers even, or anything like that. You understand, don't you? Oh, she was a genius for being the loveliest person in the world!"

(I could see how difficult it still was for Andy to speak of her—much as he wanted to.)

"She always was so kind to me. My family's been fine and honest and hard-working, but I never had some of the advantages of a bringing-up; and she'd always be trying to make allowances for it, and give me suggestions for how to act and how—well, I can't exactly describe it, but she'd tell me how to do little things I wanted to learn so as to make me more polished. She would look my samples over with me in the hammock before I got new clothes, for instance, and tell me what sort of gloves to wear, and explain that I mustn't turn the wrists down over the hands same's Paul did. She wasn't so stuck on those things as to think they were all there was in life, you know, but she saw how they made a difference to people's minds, and that it would be a help to me in my profession." (Even while he said it, Andy fingered his tie and collar to see if they came up to her ideals.)

"It was she got me to taking Italian lessons, and studying French, evenings; and she taught me lots of English, too, and how not to keep remarking 'I says' instead of 'I said' when I was telling stories in the past tense.... She often used to say to me: 'You've got to earn your living, Andy, and save enough money for a rainy day, and your job's all right for now; but don't let yourself get quartettish.' (How that word did hit the nail on the head!) 'Don't try to look like a floor-walker just because you have to sing in a church choir; and don't exclaim "I'm very happy to

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meet you indeed!" whenever you're introduced to somebody; and don't be so overanxious to pay for little things for other people, as if it gave you a sensation to be able to.'

"I don't mean she was conceited, or thought she was anywhere's near perfection herself—but she was!" (Andy buried his face in his hands.) "You see, she'd been abroad twice, in Paris and Italy, studying, and she knew how much I naturally wanted to go work with Lombardi, or Lilli Lehmann even.... And she just was always anxious to give me some of the advantages she'd had. She never right out with them, critically, but, in the nicest way, she would point out something in—well—in Paul, or Jean, or Harold P. Roland, that I could see was common and vulgar, and know enough not to try to do it afterward. For instance, she showed me one day how they held their heels close together, and turned their toes too far out, when they sang 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'... It's surprising how a business gets a hold on you, and makes you show the effect of doing it; even when I was a little brat—and of course I never chewed tobacco—she imitated how I kept my mouth going all the time I was carving (I was on circles and squares then) the way father and everybody did.... And at funerals you're apt to hold your head this way and look—she once told me—like a stuffed undertaker, though you never mind it yourself. She thought Paul had a bad habit of sticking the back of his neck out over the edge of his collar, and protruding his lips, whenever he said the word 'shore' or 'might'—which any one's likely enough to fall into if there's no girl kind enough who knows to help him not do it....

"Musical? Oh, it would make you cry, Mr. Richards, to hear her touch the piano! She treats it as though it was the violin, or some pliable stringed instrument.... But she wasn't musical in this meaning of the word:—she never *dressed* at all like a pianist; never too much lace and trimming on her clothes, you know." (Andy's expression was very serious when he told me that; and he looked at me, rather proud of his discernment, glad, too, that he was talking to somebody who he thought understood the fine shades as well as he did.) "She never crossed her legs or wriggled her feet same as most girls do who have a temperament. And her hair was never the least slouchy. I never once heard her laugh like a pianist,—in those dripping little trills, like this—" (He stated it as if I should be perfectly safe in taking it from him as an absolute fact.) "You would have thought that she had had a house and an automobile on Fifth Avenue all her life.

"Her friends weren't musical, in that sense, either. I don't believe"—Andy spoke slowly, giving due thought to his point—"I don't believe she knew another man, not counting me, who could sing the scale. The people you saw at her mother's house were people you might have met in—in—well—in the most conservative uptown restaurants, or—or at a summer hotel. But she never treated them like inferiors, you know. She could talk on all kinds of subjects as well as though she'd never even heard of the 'Moonlight Sonata.'... I've often seen her discuss house-furnishings—describe how you cut out a fringe of pansies and paste it on pale wall-paper for a border, or sew denim onto a couch—just as vividly as if her heart and soul were in it." (I remember how sad the recollection suddenly made him.) "She could cook anything—I don't mean in the kitchen, you understand, but on the chafing-dish, Sunday evenings, after the Langdon Street Baptist was over."...

"She wanted you, did she," I probed him one day, "to continue on with the Timothy Quartet?"

"I used to think she did—she did once, I am sure. But she never could bear to hear Paul sing. Isn't that funny? She couldn't endure being in the room when Paul Timothy opened his mouth!" (Andy had gone through so much that he no longer remembered our having touched on this subject once, so long ago—though I do think that talk had influenced him subconsciously to trust me.) "I knew that before she went away the last time.... Just think—it is only nine months ago she came back, nine months!"

Andy was silent a long while.

"It was that last time she went changed matters." (He looked up at me to convince me that he really was sure of it.) "It was what I was always having on

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my mind, all that time, *might* happen. I must have seemed so queer to you! Why, I hardly took a step without judging if I was doing it to suit her; when I'd speak I'd suddenly hear myself say something I knew she wouldn't like. It was only my singing where I could depend on not doing—I don't mean she didn't like *anything* I did, only I knew how she always saw room for improvement—but in singing she took my word for it. . . . I'd think of her when I sat down, when I stood up, when I walked on the street. . . . She was gone so long!—I was afraid I might be drifting back into being all those ways she'd been kind enough to make me over from. I struggled, at first, not to let it worry me, but it was no use; I gave up and let her come into my mind whenever it happened that I wanted her to—however much I might have to suffer from it. I'd forget myself a few minutes, and then the image of her'd be there, floating, to remind me how to act. . . . I dreaded lest when she came home she'd find me worse than she remembered me—'specially after she had seen so many new sights and people, and had been learning more all the time; it would be enough to expect her to like me, after that, even if I could manage to stay as I had been. . . .

"Then she came. . . . I had a little Swedish air I'd found and been rehearsing to sing to her when she got home. It was in D flat—a pathetic, beautiful thing, about two lovers, in a meadow, by the side of a running brook." (Andy indicated with a glance how much he valued my recognition of the song's suitability for the occasion.) "It went like this . . . and there were words she couldn't know the meaning of. The man said to the woman: 'Oh, let us always stay beside this happy brook and ne'er go back any more to the city, which will bring us only misery.' But the girl, she would return to the city. Nothing he could do prevented her."

Andy opened and shut his eyes very fast.

"She met me the same way she used to do. She let me kiss her cheek. I thought everything was all right—I felt weak all over from sheer relief. . . . But she didn't want me to ask her anything about her travels, her experiences; she said she couldn't try to tell them to me all at once, and she laughed pleasantly at me for being so anxious to find out about everything. . . . I asked her if I'd changed any, but she didn't answer. . . . After dinner I sang her that song. I remember we had baked beans, and she had used to say it was funny I could like them so much; but she ate a lot herself that night, and I just tasted mine. . . . I was fussed singing for almost the first time in my life. I knew I hadn't been—those last weeks—putting my feelings into it as I ought, but I believed I should begin again as soon as she got back. . . . So when I finished, she just said: 'Sing something else, Andy.' I was disappointed that she hadn't liked the song, but I thought it was because she couldn't understand the words, perhaps; and I sang 'Who Is Sylvia?'

"After a while she said: 'Andy, you've got to get out of Paul Timothy's influence. . . . He's spoiling—spoiling—spoiling you!' . . . She said that to me, Mr. Richards, the first night," stated Andy, looking into my eyes. . . . "I asked her what she meant. . . . That was just the beginning of it. . . .

"Oh, it wasn't right to go do what I did!" Andy remonstrated to me late the next evening. "It wasn't noble—it wasn't decent to *her*. I've been living as if she deserved to repent for something she couldn't help not feeling. . . . And she's made me all I was and all I shall ever be—I see that as clear as day. And she's going to be proud of her accomplishment. . . . She's right up there—now—everywhere, urging me to go ahead and be great. And I'm going to be; I'm going to Europe to do it.". . . He showed me, with those firm nods of the head, eyes darting, how thoroughly in earnest he was. "H'm, h'm, h'm," he let out, as singers do to adjust their throats, and he essayed a brief passage of song to reassure himself that his voice was still there.

"Don't worry about me, now, Mr. Richards; there's nothing to worry about any longer. . . . It was criminal of me, low, vile, disreputable. But, have you ever dreaded lest something, some particular thing you had conceived as possible, would happen to you, which if it came would knock the bottom out of everything? Have you ever waited, not believing it

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would come, but fearing it day in and out? And then suddenly had it strike you right here, so that it nearly took the breath out of you? Oh, to remember, afterward, how hideous you had thought it would be when you didn't actually believe it was going to happen! How you had known beforehand it was the end, the definite end, of everything!... Of course you ought, then, to be thinking of somebody besides yourself, but you can't....

"I remember the next night.... Yes, Mr. Richards, I have done *everything;* I've drunk and drunk, and dissipated myself; I've done things you couldn't imagine it was possible for any human being to do." (Andy squinted unflinchingly at the mental vision which was unfolding itself before him.)... "Always, it made me worse, it made suffering harder to bear, until I got to like to suffer, more and more.... There's a character in one of Dostoyevski's books—have you read it?—that immensely used to appeal to me.... Peter, the hero, discovered his wife was unfaithful to him, and he got to love her more on account of it; he loved her so madly that he could not help doing anything which might make her happier. He would plan to go away, so as to leave them together, though every moment nearly killed him. He *wanted* to suffer! He wanted to bear just everything he could, so as not to forget for a moment! It was only the torture which made it seem possible for him to live.... And *I* was like that." (Andy stared, realizing how few people believed such a tragedy could be founded on "real life.")... "I drank—I did everything, *everything*, to make it worse! I kept saying over to myself things she'd said, recalling how she looked and how kind she was when she said them.... 'Andy,' she told me, 'we're old, old friends, and we'll never be any different. We can't change *that*—nobody can. And when I need you I shall call to you and you'll come, and when you're in trouble you'll call to me. You're not *ready* to marry any one yet and settle down; you need to have a lot more experience first; you need to travel and have adventures.'"

Andy picked a piece of lint from his coat—trying, in such little ways, still to please her.

"I would force myself to keep thinking: 'She doesn't love anything about you, Andy, really; she never did. You're not the sort of a fellow she would ever think of loving, with your peasant's education and your plain breeding. She's *told* you she's in love with somebody else!—a better sort altogether than you are, probably. You? You sing in a quartet—with that toad-like ass, Paul Timothy, who's the joke of the age—and you've always had it in your head you *were* somebody for doing it!'...

"But, Mr. Richards, she had always been my bright star, through everything. In those days when I was getting to be dissatisfied with carving, it was only dwelling on her beautiful remarks that enabled me to pull through the days.... My home was not bad—I was never ashamed of it—but I couldn't have managed to be happy there, if I didn't always know how lovely she was, and that I had her—*her*—however unfortunate I might be.... When I'd get home late at night—you see, my brother and I had to sleep in the same room, and I'd open a window, perhaps, because he was snoring and the air was bad, and he'd wake right up and tell me how selfish I was to stay out so late and then come there disturbing him; and I'd start to answer him—I'd think, for just a moment, how wretched it all was. Then I would make myself like it by just telling myself that I had her, and picturing how she looked.... Can't you see, Mr. Richards? I'd shut the window and get into bed perfectly content.... And Sundays, at the Methodist, after the sermon began Paul and all of us'd go out back of the organ, and sometimes when I couldn't stand listening any longer to their poor stories, and smoking, and seeing them go on manicuring their nails, I could always go down by the furnace and call her up."...

His eyes were brimming.

"Oh, it's no use—I can't have her!" Andy bravely flashed out with....

"I didn't know how to get away. I shipped for two months before the mast on a Boston boat; I wanted to feel coldness and gloom and misery all around every second; I couldn't bear to see anybody happy.... You know I never went back to the studio? Never even to get my silk hat, or my fur coat, or my music? Or to say good-by to Paul, even. I *never*

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wanted to see him again. . . . But I shall go see him now, and explain it, if I can." . . .

It was the very last evening we spent together that I asked Andy how long he had been with the Salvation Army.

"Only three days," he answered. "It was like this, Mr. Richards. . . . I had been walking up and down, where I could see her bay window, all night; I saw their shadows on the yellow shade-curtains. . . . I saw him leave the house, and her come to the door and stand looking up at the stars after he went. I was behind a stoop on the other side of the street, crying like a baby—like a little child." (Andy faced the incredulity of it, for a moment.) "I saw her chamber light go on and the windows grow suddenly dark again. . . . I heard every sound in that street all night. . . .

"The next afternoon I was in a saloon on Forty-second Street, when that woman followed me in there, asking for money. I said I'd give her some if they'd sing. I don't know why it got in my head that I wanted to hear somebody sing; I think it was because I knew it would be more sad. . . .

"Their singing reminded me of the Quartet, somehow—only their voices were all so bad, and none of them had had any vocal advantages. . . . I thought how pitiful it was. I was criticising to myself the mistakes they made—and then suddenly the tragedy of my life swept on me with overwhelming force. I suppose I must have staggered, or something—I don't know. But that woman came up and took hold of my arm, and pulled me out into the ranks, and cried to me: 'Sing—sing anything!—for the love of God raise up your voice!'

"And I was dazed. I wasn't sure what had happened until I heard these wonderful words—

> "'I only know I cannot drift beyond thy loving care.'

"They were in a song Paul taught me once—for the Estabrook funeral—but I never knew what they meant before that moment. . . . They seemed like a bright light that spread over everything,—as the sunset does afternoons,—like a fire across the faces watching it! I was wild with a strange feeling. I kept thinking them, and saying them again and again, and when the verse came round I joined in the chorus. . . .

"Don't you see? It meant that as long as she lived nothing should touch me! That was what I hadn't been able to grasp; I'd thought because she threw me over she was gone out of my life—that I had to give *her* up! But I didn't—I was all wrong. I must go on loving her, and trying to be like the man I ought to have been to please her. I needn't—I wouldn't *ever* give her up. . . . *Wherever* she was, whether I saw her or not, she was alive—alive! And no matter what happened, I could not drift beyond her loving care!"

IV

Until I read that notice in the daily paper I hadn't had a word of Andy for more than three years. I had known, of course, when he went abroad; and for a time afterward he had written to me regularly; and then I had grown careless about answering his letters and our correspondence had fallen off. I often wondered if he was staying over there all that time. I warned him that he would find it—except for study—a more difficult field than America; I half feared lest he might have become one of those luckless singers who drift forgottenly around Europe—filling, now and then, a tragic rôle in some scrub company that panders from one small town to another—prowling, betweenwhiles, through desolate arcades—nursing ebbing hopes for a magic opportunity in which to display themselves to the world. . . . But this—it was like the tale of Madame Malibran and the young musician!

As if anything could add to my sense of enchantment, I was invited to go—very fashionably—to hear Andy that first night; and for a time the splendor of such an improbability dazzled me. But as the event got nearer (and dearer) I realized how utterly impossible it would be to endure sitting with a chattery boxful of people on that extraordinary occasion. My interest would be all too personal and intimate to share with those for whom Bertram Andresen was—wonderfully

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enough—only a name. So I made perfunctory excuses and got a seat (with great difficulty, I may say, for "everything had been sold out a month in advance") by myself in the balcony.

It was Monday evening. The opera was the "Manon" of Massenet. I remember how I eyed everybody on the way upstairs trying to catch the drift of popular expectation, just as you do at the polls when a friend of yours is a candidate for office. It seemed absurd that I should feel there was so much at stake.

I really hadn't formed any preconceived idea of what it might be like; but the mere fact of its being about to *be* agitated me as much as if I had managed the entire thing and vouched for the quality of it. . . . The minutes grew fewer; I underwent, literally, an attack of stage fright; I gazed so timorously toward that glittering burst of footlights—feeling the same irrepressible cynicism one always has when any public manifestation concerns one's family. . . . Andy? It was all so long ago; he really couldn't be going to appear there right before this great assemblage!

And all the while I had *her* on my mind! I couldn't now, to save me, remember her name, although Andy had made a point of telling it to me. When the orchestra started up, my eyes flew over the wide circle of faces, so mysteriously blurred in a distance of dimmed lights.

Through the beginning of the first act I sat there, as ineptly and incongruously present as a chef at a feast, hardly taking in what was happening on the stage, looking all around me for some reassurance. . . . Then I did know that Des Grieux's entrance was approaching, and that a general movement of apprehension spread over the audience: people shifted their positions, or leaned forward, or fanned themselves rapidly, or looked nervously at a programme. Next moment he was there! I should have recognized him anywhere, under any circumstances. Tall, handsome, with the tread of a prince, he came forward; stared; smiled. Those thick lips, that slight lifting and wrinkling of the cheek round the bone, that friendly squint—I clapped and clapped, and the tears rolled down from sheer excitement. I watched him meet the second wave of applause. I saw him step back into his part, and then come forward again to acknowledge another rising surge of echoes. I leaned far out over the edge; I took out my handkerchief and waved it at him. I couldn't help it. . . .

I had never had any doubt about his voice. Of course, it was bigger now, and finer. But I hardly paid so much attention to that and to the art of what he did as I paid to the obvious success he was making; there could be no two opinions as to how much he was being liked; and, while the final certainty of his triumph swept more poignantly through me, while my brain continued to pour out new elements of it to wonder at, I had for once indeed the consciousness that—reckoning it from beginning to end—a miracle had been performed.

I remember how, after the lights came on in the *entr'acte*, I stood up and gazed proudly around! I couldn't help having for the instant an I-told-you-so attitude—though things were leaving me breathless enough, I admit. I was experiencing, too, a rather cheap glory in Andy's behalf on account of the way he was getting it back at that girl who had refused to marry him. . . . She might be down there, I thought, in the stalls, with some one of those million-heir husbands. I should have liked to catch a sight of her. I would fancifully pick her out here and there—only to be sure, next moment, what a fool I was for my pains. Andy, likely as not, had forgotten all about her by now. Had he forgotten also about me? I must go back, I planned, at the close and try to see him. . . . Every now and then swept over me afresh the prodigy it was that any of this had really ever happened.

When Andy sang "Le Rêve" he brought the house down. The way he called "Manon, Manon"! . . . At the end of the song I rose and shouted bravos, and everywhere people caught up the cry and repeated it. Then to see him graciously bowing for those laurels! . . . Sprays of orchids were thrown to him, a bunch of violets with a card attached (somebody asking for his autograph, probably), and roses. He waved his arms to the gallery. How many people were there in the audience, I wondered, who had known him five, six years ago?—Salvation-soldiers? Sailors? Sopranos? Harpists? Pianists?

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Fiddlers? Was Paul Timothy a witness of this scene? . . . Andy picked up the flowers. He was looking in every direction. I tried, ridiculously enough, to catch his eyes. . . .

I did not intend to wait until his last appearance before the curtain, for I wanted to get round to the stage door in time to see him; but when the fourth act was finished I was still standing there, in spite of myself, joining in the aftermath of enthusiasm. . . . The footlights were turned out; people began to go; but the main body of them turned and paused to lure Andy back once more.

He came. He bowed to the stalls; he gazed toward the balcony, and stretched forth his hand; I could see the little bunch of violets in it. He bowed again to right and left—and the thought came to me that he was searching for somebody. . . . There was a burst of sound. He hesitated. He motioned as if for it to stop; but it lasted on some minutes. He said something. I was afraid he was going to make a speech. He shook his head. . . . Gradually the clapping died away. It was quiet again. . . . I felt responsible for what might happen. I wished he would leave the stage.

Just a moment more he hesitated; then the footlights were turned on; he stepped forward and began to sing:

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine.'" . . .

Suddenly I saw that everybody was looking to the end of the balcony near the stage. A young woman was hanging over it as if in a swoon; her arms were straight down in the air and her body was pressed against the rail; she was staring spellbound at the singer.

"'I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.'" . . .

Andy's face was turned on hers, with the rapt expression of one who had entirely forgotten everything else. And he was singing like a god:

"'But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me.'" . . .

He dramatically clutched the bunch of violets. . . .

She wore a simple black dress. I could see the pulsations of her body through my glass. . . .

I found myself standing behind her. A good many others were grouped near by. I saw that, below, the clapping had subsided and that people were going out. The lights were being, one by one, extinguished. I touched her on the shoulder; I touched her again. . . . At length she sat back in her chair.

"Are you Miss Gerald—Miss Katharine Gerald?" I asked. I don't know how it was the name so flew into my head.

She nodded. . . . She had come alone, as I had, to hear Andy sing.

I helped her on with her wrap. She wanted to get to a cab. I hardly think she heard much that I said, or realized I was conducting her round to the stage.

But Andy was waiting there with open arms, and seemed to be expecting both of us.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I COUNT it an honor that this guest of mine upon the hearth has vouchsafed me a kind of intimacy which has relieved many an otherwise lonely hour. Adrift in the universe, it is well to make friends with the elements if we can, and Brother Fire is the closest friend, as well as the fiercest foe, among them all. It is not only for the comfort and the charm of his presence that I value him, and the sense he brings as of perpetual shining of the sun on darkest nights and grayest days, but for the mental quickening that he affords, for no other acquaintance gives more intellectual and spiritual stimulus. The flickering flame, the swift sparks, have some subtle power of lighting ideas and kindling thought to leaping fire. The warmth on one's fingers and cheeks mounts to one's brain; life and experience, and ideas garnered from books, take on a kindly glow. As a bit of poetic justice I always purchase the firewood for my hearth with points-of-view, for nothing else has ever given me so many points of view, both those that can be written and those too vast to be put into words or mere thoughts, commanding far horizon lines that border the infinite.

Brother Fire

It is odd that so much of personality clings to this elemental friend. Where he is, abide rest and comfort; finding him, one finds companionship, and is not alone. Not long ago, entering the sitting-room in early morning, I felt a living presence there, and spoke, asking who it might be, for there was a stir and a whisper, as of life going on. Then I saw that, at an unwonted hour, a fresh-laid fire had inadvertently kindled from old coals beneath the ash, and Brother Fire, an unexpected guest, was making himself merrily at home. In his presence is ever this breath and murmur of being; one learns to converse with him in ancient speech, antedating words.

No one else, perhaps, has ever felt so deeply the comradeship with fire as did St. Francis of Assisi, and in the whole history of imaginative sympathy with so-called inanimate things there is nothing more curious than some phases of this intimacy. "Above all other creatures wanting reason he loved the sun and fire with most affection," is written in *The Mirror of Perfection*. On a time, the record continues, sitting next the fire, the flame caught his linen clothes or hosen near the knee, but he forbade that it be quenched, saying: "Nay, dearest brother, harm not the fire," and but for a venturesome warden, who disobeyed his bidding and put out the flame, the saint would have perished in that close embrace of his beloved. "For whatever necessity urged him, he would never extinguish a fire, or a lamp, or a candle, with so much pity was he moved toward it." On another occasion, when his cell on Mount Alberna was all aflame, he rescued a certain skin which he wore over him at night, then suffered remorse because, in his avarice, he had refused to let Brother Fire eat the skin for which he yearned; nor would the saint ever cover himself with that skin again. Alas for the complex entangling of human affections! Which of St. Francis's other intimates in the kingdom of his family, the beasts, ox, ass, or wolf, had given up that skin in the first place? But his love of fire was his intensest love, and his great *Canticle of the Sun*—to him fairer than other created things, and "radiant with great splendor"—sings of Brother Wind, and Sister Water, and our Sister, Mother Earth, as dependent upon this central source of life and light and heat:

> "For he is beautiful and joyful and robust and strong."

Sitting by the hearth on a cold winter night, sleepily, through half-shut eyes, one sees other fires on other far-off hearths, and follows the path of flame down the long trail of human life. Old camp-fires of shepherd folk on Asian plains rekindle here; what did our Aryan ancestors talk about, one wonders, as they gathered round at night to toast their toes on that prehistoric trek? Here glow again great hearth-fires of Mycenean kings, and huge war-fires of embattled hosts on wide European plains or in deep valleys of the Caucasus. Here one sees new fires blazing in new human homes in times of

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peace, as the "seed of fire" is carried from hearth to hearth, to quicken life afresh.

Eye and imagination alike are spellbound as one watches; even the sparks which run hither and yon in irregular lines, and circles along the soot have ever a wayward charm. Chief among the delights in the companionship of Brother Fire is his beauty, which is inexhaustible and of myriad kinds, of "infinite variety." Whether the resistless charm of leaping flame is more compelling, or the vivid red of glowing coal under gathering clear white ash, is hard to say. Never twice the same, here is a beauty which, like that of music, ceases to be as it comes into being. This vanishing beauty of line and passionate color, gold, red, pure light, with flashes oftentimes of green or of blue, has ever the beckoning appeal of all that is swift and fleet. Flames and waves are alike in their symbolic, spirit-charm, of always coming to be. In both, the remorseless change at the heart of things seems for once—at least in the fires of peace and the waves of sunny weather—not tragic, but a source of exquisite delight, that swift, living thing, the soul, deriving joy from something as swift and vivid as itself.

It is a beauty that I must follow wherever I see it, for it has the challenge of all questing things. I could almost write a point-of-view about "bonfires I have known." Those that I have helped make have served a double purpose, of wise destruction and æsthetic charm. Hoary branches of ancient trees; old papers, outworn and outlawed, have together turned to glory before vanishing into merciful nothingness; so dead flowers, too lovely in memory for any less lovely death. Decadent pieces of contemporary fiction, too inflammable to be kept in the house, have had here one, and one only, moment of cleanliness, as the purifying flame has swept the print from the paper that it but defiled. Was I mistaken, or did the bonfire at this moment have a peculiar, unpleasant odor, as of a soul in decay? Here, too, have perished old, old sacred books, worn and soiled by long and reverent use, Bibles, hymn-books, and books of common prayer; did not the ascending smoke have something of the odor of sanctity as the souls of these volumes returned in flame, out under the open sky, to that pure spiritual impulse that gave them birth?

It is not only my own; I would ever share my neighbor's bonfire, if may be. Oft-times at nightfall from my window I watch its leaping, golden light against the gathering dusk; sometimes it lights the glimmering green of grass and heavily foliaged trees; sometimes I see its passion of living color against the white radiance of snow. If I but catch a glimpse from far of a bonfire over the hill or down the road, I must follow, watching from a distance. Last night I had great joy in one whose splendid springing fire, in the dusky autumn evening, lighted an orchard corner, etching outlines of bare apple-tree boughs in dark network on barn door and side in ruddy light. Most alluring of all are the autumn fires of leaves along the village streets—when amid the ascending smoke, little creeping flames devour the red and brown glory of the leaves; or when light and flame leap softly against the shadows of an Indian summer night, making another sunshine. In October days, when the haze of my neighbor's bonfires blends with the dim, blue haze of all things, I fall to thinking, not unpleasantly, of that ultimate bonfire, prophesied by science and Scripture alike, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Foreshadowings of this I had but lately, when I saw the great building where my work of life has been done, burning from end to end; so many years of life and work seeming to vanish in smoke; while those friendly windows, sunny spaces in the shaded recesses of an old library, windows over which trailing tendrils of ivy nodded, through which companionable ideas came and went, turned into terrible windows of flame, through which one looked out upon —what?

The Divine Spark

WE can never wholly escape from a feeling of the sacredness of fire; wherever we see it, it stirs within us something from long ago of the most beautiful of primitive beliefs; like St. Francis, we are fire-worshippers all. The village blacksmith's shop, with the deep glow at its shadowed heart, and its wild shower of sparks as iron is smitten, recalls ancient mysteries; and common bonfires relight the altars of ancient faiths. One I recall from a recent May, when earth was fresh with cool young grass and streams were full, and in recalling it I seem to be remembering something farther back than all the springtimes I have known. In a wide green space the smoke ascends as from an altar fire, and I watch again a primi-

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tive rite, perhaps a sacrifice to some earth-goddess of wood and stream. Thin gray smoke half veils the soft greens of the wood, and of the meadow-grass, through which slow water trickles. To the clear golden flame in the gathering twilight minister an old man, a leaping child, a gambolling dog. To what goddess do they bring sacrifice? The goddess of Cleanliness—the only one we have now, in exchange for a whole celestial hierarchy; to her they burn rubbish. Perhaps the flames on any altar suffice to keep our souls alive! Long after these ceremonies are over I watch—the smoke-fragrance, with its immemorial suggestions, in my nostrils, while the fire slowly flickers, dies, vanishing like a gigantic firefly. Some large, symbolic suggestion is given by these bonfires of spring, and I do not doubt that they are remnants of pagan worship, celebrating casting off the old, the coming of new life. Watching clouds of smoke pouring upward till they fill my whole sunken meadow with a cloudy grayness, against which the flames spring high; watching my neighbor between two slender cedars as, with a long staff, he ministers to flame, I cannot help seeing leaping sacrificial fires at Ægina, perhaps, or at Delphi, against a blue-green sky.

There is small reason for wonder at our instinctive reverence; our lives are circled by fire, by the splendor and the mystery of the stars. Of this the sun at dawn, rising from the rim of water in the east, reminds us, as does the evening star in the fading rose color of the west. Early legend bears witness to our perpetual concern with flame; no old story is more glorious than that of the Titan Prometheus, stealing fire from the gods and speeding with it in a trail of flying sparks to man. It hints ever of guidance; the torch has marshalled marching hosts of men, and led lone wanderers to safety, flaming against the cloud. Bonfire, it is said, means beacon-fire, and something of beacon significance attaches to light and fire everywhere. Lights in far windows across the intervale, shining out through dusky pine boughs; long lines of light of city streets or village ways, or of wide bridges across dark waters with rippling golden reflections; distant light-houses signalling across dim wastes of sea; the myriad lights of shore cities watched from the receding deck as one sails away—for anywhere—have something of beacon character, as have the many other ways of flame: the fire upon our neighbors' hearths, the light in certain faces, the light of sun and stars. For light is fire, and fire is —what?

Surely the central heart of us, and of all the universe, the source of all existence, as the source of all destruction. What means this recent carping at the nebular hypothesis, that magnificent conjecture that this infinity of matter started in as living, whirling flame? This new planetesimal theory that earth and other heavenly bodies were evolved by slow accretion out of a cold something or nothingness, seems at first glance less appealing; and yet the idea in the latter of constantly waxing heat may, upon consideration, suit our sense of cosmic fitness better than that other thought of slow waning, until the divine fire has quite died out of our inmost being, and we shall hit against some celestial body and vanish in blessed flame. I dearly love an hypothesis; this exact creature, science, shames us all by the unabashed audacity of her guesses. Surely we may take our choice of the two celestial fairy-stories; in either case, there is something at the heart of us that attests the truth of our nearness to waxing and waning heat; the very working of our minds betrays the ways of fire. Watching the persistent manner in which flame plays smokingly around a place about to kindle, disappearing, reappearing in a single flash, coming more often until it burns with pure, steady blaze, we realize that nothing else in nature so closely resembles the working of the human mind, the human soul. Even thus come and go hope, and faith, and love, fading, failing, persisting, triumphantly burning.

Does this sense of deep intimacy with the fire on the hearth come from our far origin in flame itself, or our slow waxing toward the goal of fire? It is the centre of earthly life; from uncounted ages it has been found the most fitting tribute on altars erected to whatsoever gods; thinkers and poets who have given profound interpretations of existence have found it the most fitting emblem of the enduring life of the soul. No other symbol can perfectly suggest the godhead, from the Hebrew burning bush to the words of Mechtild of Magdeburg: "Our God is a consuming fire, ineffably tending upward above all creatures, endlessly, sweetly, everlastingly burning. As vital heat, holding eternal life in itself, this hath produced all things from itself."

Dante, the poet of the soul, is never so

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satisfactorily read as by the fire on the hearth, thought in flame and light. The sun in his burning is the one symbol of the Love which moves through all things; flame is the only perfect figure for intensity and reality of love. Dante's paradise is passionate with flame and light; purgatory has something of it, but shaded and dim; and the inferno is inferno partly from being shut down from light and air and fire. But already in inferno there are hints of enkindling; flamelets show the way toward paradise to the travellers, who at the end are left "pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

In paradise, the angels' faces are living flame; the angels are described as live sparks. The words, the figures, used to express feeling and processes of thought are words of burning, flaming, mounting upward; there are flames upon the foreheads of the saints in the Rose of the Blessed. Through all this runs something of the terrible joyousness of fire; and the life eternal has the passion and the beauty of mounting flame.

So one's hearth of an evening, through its leaping fire, its soft glow of coal, both brings back that primal glow of light and heat through endless space, and blazes the way to paradise. Gazing at it, we are aware of supreme charm, this ultimate beauty making us forget all other, whatever its appeal of color, outline, fragrance, as something after all cold, external, remote from this consuming central loveliness discovered in naught save fire. There are moments when it seems that, if we were not so drowsy, we might penetrate the utmost mystery and understand this miracle of life in death. This bright, fierce, fearful creature, who destroys with magnificence of utter horror, murmurs sweet songs upon one's hearth, and suggests a something tender and friendly at the heart of the great terror of the universe.

"Dear Old-Ladies."

WORDS have a way of falling violently in love with each other. One may watch sometimes the progress of the affair. A graceful adjective is introduced to a sturdy noun by some careless writer. The two strangers find themselves mutually congenial. There may be a piquancy about the combination—each, perhaps, is torn from his or her usual surroundings. They part, after a while, to take up their ordinary duties, but it is with a firm resolve to meet again.

They manage it at first through their mutual friend the writer. He does not know why when he writes one word the other instantly appears. He thinks his mental processes are responsible. In reality it is the flirtatious impulses of the enamoured words which joggle his pen. Other people follow suit. The words are thrown together constantly. After a while the wedding is quietly celebrated, and the couple pass from romance to humdrum respectability, becoming such a couple perhaps as "Bitter-End," "Unparalleled-Circumstances," or "Critical-Situation."

Sometimes one is churlish enough to desire divorce for such a pair, as in the case of your contributor and the collocation, "Dear Old-Lady." Why is it that no old lady, not positively vicious, appears in speech or print nowadays without the adjective "dear" announcing her?

Some of us will be—many of us are—old ladies. Must we all be "dear old-ladies"? Must all the pleasing and interesting characteristics it has taken us a lifetime to cultivate be obliterated by this vague, sickly sentimental blanket word? Probably none of the thousands who use it with such satisfaction knows exactly what is meant by it. They associate "dear" with gray hairs and failing strength—that is all. They have never taken the trouble to reflect that there are as many kinds of old ladies as there are girls, men, automobiles, books, and remedies for a cold. There are kindly old ladies, ill-natured old ladies, sharp old ladies, witty old ladies, stupid old ladies, musty-fusty old ladies, dainty old ladies, wise old ladies, silly old ladies, Whistler's mother old ladies, Betsy Trotwood old ladies, white-spatted old ladies, churchly old ladies, sit-by-the-fire old ladies, tangoing old ladies, and old ladies who don't wish to be called old ladies at all!

Nowadays most of them are so busy working in public causes that they have not time to protect their own interests as they should. But let us hope that after a while they will organize a new association, to be called "The Society for the Promotion of Distinctive Characterizations for Old Ladies," and that it will have displayed prominently on its banners the slogan, "Down with the word, 'Dear'"!

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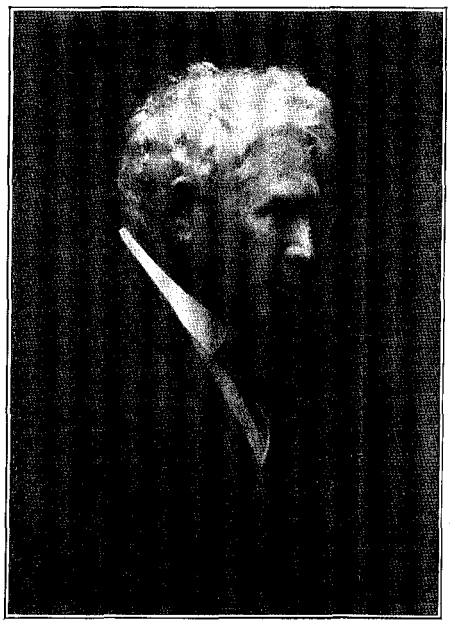
THE FIELD OF ART

J. ALDEN WEIR
President of the National Academy of Design

THE schools of art of every period have had their experimenters. Leonardo was always searching; Sir Joshua was never content with his method. It will always be thus. The impressionable temperament, sensitive to certain appealing aspects of nature and with a longing to express its emotion, is ever confronted with the question of method. How? In the graphic arts alone there are so many media and so many ways of using each: the pencil, the needle, the brush, the wash and the gouache, thin glaze and thick pigment. The very wealth of means and opportunity embarrasses the young enthusiast. He starts out hopefully on one line only to be convinced that another is better. Again and again he is back to the turning of the ways. Uncertain, baffled by the inadequacy of materials, checked by the difficulties encountered in the field or with models, he is often on the verge of discouragement. But he never gives up, for has he not from time to time had some taste of the satisfaction—and what words can picture that ecstatic joy—of realizing on his canvas, even if only to a limited extent, that goal for which he strove? He has seen that canvas emit light. Perhaps it has only been realized in a small passage—a reflection of the sky on a leaf, a shadow across the surface of running water—but what a glorious vision has been opened up. Hope reinspires, though mingled still with fears. The ultimate end hangs always in the balance. How far away the world seems at such a time.



From a photograph by W. E. Dassonville.

J. Alden Weir.

The experimenter sees the delights and the possibilities of varying styles, but he seldom masters any. He may have "style" but not "a style." He is too ready for change if aught is thereby to be gained. So how is it possible for him to master a style? For a style is a goal in itself, admitting no changes of process, having its own method of evolution, requiring often a lifelong singleness of purpose and devotion—sometimes carried through generations. No, these experimenters are wanderers through the realm of fixed technical expression, like comets in a planetary system crossing all the established orbits, often to find themselves lost in the regions of the unknown. They essay the methods of one medium when employing another. They seldom become masters of any one medium or method. They make poor teachers of *technique*. Nevertheless, they are our greatest artists.

This group stands in contrast with another—the group of technicians. Masters are they of their materials, generally having throughout life but one style, with which they are content, and in which they are so competent that they make few mistakes. You marvel at their accuracy. You call them masters. You admire them as much or more for the superb control of their "métier" as for the ideas they wish to express. But when those ideas are feeble or lacking and workmanship alone attracts attention

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their art fails. Mechanical accuracy alone does not suffice. It becomes even a drawback to good art. The proficiency of Meissonier, Vibert, and even Bargue—skilful beyond compare—has been a restriction on their greatness.

Now of these two classes there can be little doubt as to which J. Alden Weir belongs. He is far more typical of the first than of the second. He is true artist. He has the impressionable temperament. He delights in the struggle to express his impressions; but with him the impression is always paramount to the way of rendering it. Weir has tried many media and many methods. Etchings, water-colors, lithographs, pastels, and even engravings on copper, are among his productions, and when we come to review his oils, what changes in method are seen? From early varnished dark to the latest flat lights; from smooth surfaces, through heavily weighted textures, to the present agreeable surfaces—all has he tried and still he is experimenting. Always willing to discard, always ready to learn, he has carried the traits of youth into the period of his maturity.

A Gentlewoman.

In the William T. Evans collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Those who cannot divest themselves of the established—the conventional—may complain of this freedom in his work; but frank truthfulness in line, tone, and composition are always innovations, and it takes an artist to discover and prove the essential beauty of the unconventional. Here lies originality, and we gladly accept Weir's new and fresh view of our land and people even if it sometimes seems unfinished—even crude. We leave his pictures with the thought that he may be right, we wrong, and so comes progress.

But Weir cannot be disposed of by a discussion of his technical methods alone. His work inevitably charms us for reasons far deeper than surface paint. It is as impossible to clothe in words the essence of the painter's art as it is to describe a tune or a musical harmony. His interpretations of femininity—delicate and refined—as typified in his picture, "A Gentlewoman," in the National Gallery at Washington, and in "The Blue Gown," are no less a realization of his conception of the emotional value of his theme than are his renderings of the subtle charms of atmosphere in his New England landscapes. Take, for example, his "Pan and the Wolf." The mystery of night is in the canvas and the still subtler influence of the mythical piper over the wolf. It is the spiritual rather than the technical call that glues you to this idyllic landscape.

Weir may never have conquered a technical method, but he has come very near it, notably in "The Green Bodice," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and he has generally gone far enough in his conquests

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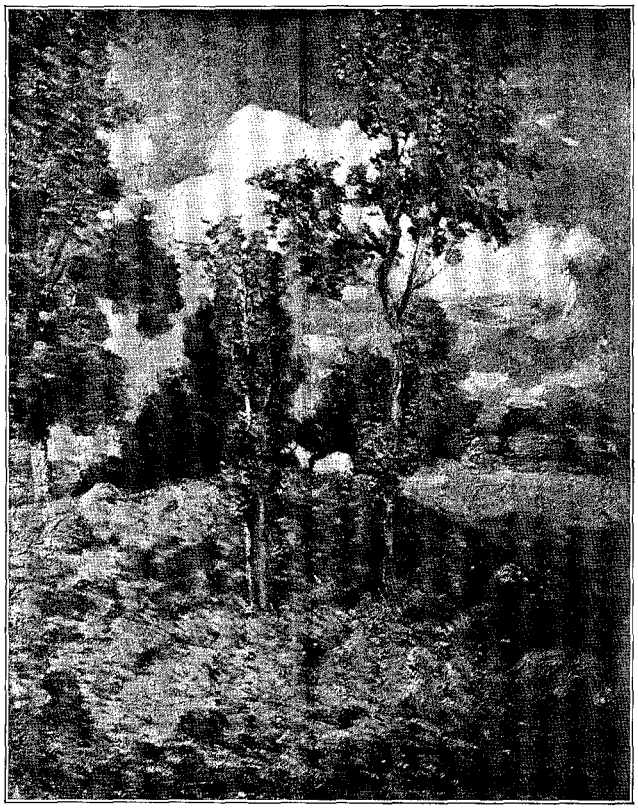
thoroughly to render his idea—to pass it on to you—and is not that the mission of the artist? It is little detriment to his art that it sometimes seems unfinished. It matters not that his work at times shows evidences of the struggle he has been through, for struggle is always interestingly human and with him it is the struggle of the joyful optimist, with faith in his idea and ever reviving hopefulness—as keen now as in the early days of darks and varnish.

Perhaps Weir would prefer that no allusion be made to that time, but it is a period for which he need have no regrets. I once stood with him before a noble portrait which he had painted in his youth—dark but rich in its tones, still richer in the character which it showed and which had inspired it. I knew what was in his mind when he broke out with "How could I have done it?" He had but a short time before thrown off the mantle of conventional darkness which he had shared with the contemporaries of his youth and emerged into the light of outdoor impressionism. He was all aglow with the new revelation, which, as he handles it to-day, certainly is better suited to his inspirations and his temperament than were the methods of previous days. Perhaps one groundwork of his optimism is the consciousness that he has come into his own country. He has been spared the agony of discovering too late that the "modus" of expression is unsuited to the inspiration. Happy he who has the joy of finding the instrument best fitted to his theme. Chopin for the piano, but imagine Tschaikovsky without an orchestra!

But underlying all his various methods there is the same artistic force which has always been his actuating motive regardless of the means he has employed to express himself. The lighter key, closer range of values, the purer color, and the pervading tone of the impressionists are far more suited to his temperament than were the former key, color, and contrasts of previous schools. It is his good fortune to be alive at the right time; to have the benefit, as well as to help in the leadership, of the new movement for which he was so well prepared by his knowledge of the deficiencies of other methods. To him it came as a joyful revelation. He engaged in the new movement with a zeal that startled his friends into the fear that he was going too far.



Landscape.

But he soon had the new method under as great control as the old. Restrained by his fine sense of the artistic, to which with him any method will always be subject, he has been saved from the fate of the majority of modern revolutionists. Weir has always had something to say—a theme to interpret—and the way of saying it, while satisfactory, has always been secondary. The horde of modernists have had little or noth-

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ing to say—most of them never felt an impression—and with them the *way* of saying has been everything. So have developed neo-impressionism, cubism, coneism, futurism, and a host of other isms—all striving to outdo each other, resorting to exaggerations of method, and when these have failed to attract attention they have sought acclaim by debasing their meagre subject-matter, misfitted to art, and descending to the grotesque, the vulgar, the obscene, and the degenerate. So has the fine movement of impressionism been violated by its exploiters on the Continent. It has fortunately seen less of prostitution here.

In contrast to this debauchery of art stands the work and the influence of J. Alden Weir, no less up to date but of an elevating and spiritual character. The nobility of his inspiration has sobered his technique and kept him from drifting on the rocks against which so many lighter hulks have been shattered.

Now all these traits, exemplified in Weir, are appreciated by his artist friends. In the unformed state of American art the experimenter—as distinguished from the revolutionist—is of great value. More men of this type are needed. They give inspiration of an original kind where the able, foreign-taught technician cannot. If an American school, native, distinct from that of other countries, is to come into being, it will be through the influence of such sincere artists, fired with inspirations drawn from their own environments—battling for ways of expression.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the modern movements all claim him as their own. The Association of American Painters and Sculptors, an organization which included many extremists, who argued that, because Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, and others had succeeded, their various innovations were destined to like success, offered him the office of president. He declined it.

Idle Hours.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

But not so has he treated the invitation of the National Academy of Design over which he now presides. The academy showed wisdom in this selection. The organization which stands for the best traditions in the art of our country necessarily has to submit to the criticisms of radicals. It must, however, be conservative—its mission is to conserve but it must also welcome the good in all new movements. Its indorsement of Weir's art means no surrender of principle. No; it means acceptance of advanced methods so long as legitimately used. It means also a more true devotion to American subject-matter and American sentiment. It means, above all, a true underlying artistic basis—an ultimate reliance on inspiration.

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.

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THE FINANCIAL WORLD

QUESTION OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

WHEN the European war broke out, now nearly a year and a half ago, the question asked with special urgency in American business circles was how the United States could be safeguarded from a period of financial adversity. Eight or ten months later the prospect of immediate financial reaction was conceded to have disappeared, and vague talk began of the business revival which this powerful neutral country might expect after the war. Since then a good deal of water has passed under the mill. A few weeks ago the question was put to one of the most eminent of our practical manufacturers, "Is the United States headed for unprecedented prosperity?" and the reply was, "It is enjoying that prosperity now."

Has a Period of Prosperity Arrived?

This view of the case has been cordially approved by some excellent authorities in finance and trade, rejected out-of-hand by others, and accepted by still others, though only in a tentative way and with large reservations. Every one who has conversed on the matter with his office or club acquaintances knows that the third group comprises the greater part of the community. At bottom, all of us wish the prompt return of prosperity—even those who foresee difficulties in conducting the next presidential campaign if undeniable prosperity is to be in existence under a political régime whose presumptive right to be surrounded by it the opposition party denies. To an extent, however, the answer to the question, whether the country has already entered an era of prosperity, must be subject to definitions.

What one merchant, banker, or speculator would call "prosperity," another would dismiss as not measuring up to the title at all. If by prosperity we mean such a period as 1901 or 1906, when every one seemed to be making and spending money lavishly, when the word passed current that "nothing can stop the good times," and when the spirit of hopefulness over any and every kind of business undertaking was apparently under no restraint—then the present state of affairs would certainly not meet the test. But there is prosperity and prosperity; and it may not be without interest to appeal to several perfectly well-known criteria which have long been accepted, in financial and industrial circles, as indicating whether real prosperity does or does not exist.

One of them is historic. The London market, as even the English histories show, has traditionally made great account of the movement of the foreign exchanges, for or against the country whose prosperity is in question. If this were to be the test, the prosperity of the United States would stand unchallenged; it is doubtful if ever before in economic history have

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the rates of exchange on all the rest of the world moved so powerfully in one market's favor as they have this time moved in favor of New York. The economic derangement of Europe by the war, however, makes this rather more a test of relative than of actual conditions.

The Stock-Market as a Criterion

THE stock-market, if its action is sufficiently continuous and emphatic, is another quarter where at least the premonition of prosperity is expected. It is "the pulse," Macaulay said, "which during four generations has continued to indicate the variations of the body politic." It performs this office, first, because a prolonged and general rise in prices should reflect expectation, by the best-informed people in the country, of increasing business profits for the transportation and manufacturing properties whose shares are sold on the Stock Exchange; but second, also, because the same body of experienced investors will not continue to pay advancing prices if they foresee any sudden interruption to the favoring influences.

For obvious reasons, this is a test which must be cautiously applied. Currency inflation will stimulate advancing prices, measured in paper money, when gold values may even be declining. This made the Stock Exchange almost a useless criterion in our Civil War. Experienced people would not take one of those outbursts of wild speculative mania, which at intervals derange the whole financial organism, as prophetic of sound prosperity. On the stock-markets of the past few months, something like that has been witnessed in the extravagant rise of shares of companies manufacturing war-supplies. But that movement reached and passed its climax; prices of such stocks, after rising 25 to 100 points, lost half of the preceding rise, or more, in a violent collapse. Yet at the same time a long series of railway stocks, in which prices had risen fully 20 per cent since the early months of 1915, held stubbornly to their higher values.

Among these were shares of the most conservative American railway companies—whose fluctuation on the market measures the attitude of serious investors. What was not least remarkable, the home demand which served to bid up prices for these stocks was so obstinate as almost wholly to offset the influence of Europe's sales to us of its own holdings of these shares, in a sum total running to the hundreds of millions of dollars. Europe had been selling back our best railway and industrial bonds also, and it had become a matter of common prediction that a violent fall of prices for American bonds must be inevitable as a result of the high European bid for capital. Yet what happened in November was the largest dealing in bonds that the Stock Exchange had witnessed in half a dozen years, and an advance in prices so rapid as to bring them nearly or quite up to the earlier high level of 1914.

The Clearing-Houses as a Test of Prosperity

THESE indications showed chiefly what was expected. There are other indications of what must actually have occurred. One very familiar test of active and prosperous trade, financial observers find in what are known as the country's clearing-house exchanges. Every bank, receiving as deposit from a client the checks drawn in his favor

(Continued on page 52, *following*)

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(Continued from page 55)

cle of prosperity" is invariable to the effect that after a great financial panic four or five years (not more) are needed for liquidation and recuperation; after which the great forward movement begins again. It began in 1879, following 1873, and in 1898, following 1893, and many signs indicated resumption in 1912 of such a movement, when the reaction of 1907 had spent its force. In what way this return to American prosperity three years ago was arrested by the approach of the European war, every one knows.

Sometimes compulsory postponement of so normal a movement of recovery means that the forces making for legitimate expansion at the earlier date will have grown stronger for being held in check. At all events, it is under precisely such circumstances that the United States will confront the changed world, with its new financial and industrial conditions, which is to emerge from this war whenever peace actually returns. Nothing will then be quite as it has been in the past; all economic relationships between the different nations will be altered. But the position occupied by the United States at the beginning of the new economic chapter will be something very striking and unusual. Notwithstanding all the economic perplexities of the day, and notwithstanding the certainty that the huge destruction of capital in this war will be felt hereafter in the financial organism, there is a very firm conviction, in the mind of far-seeing financiers, that the United States is breaking some new ground in economic history.

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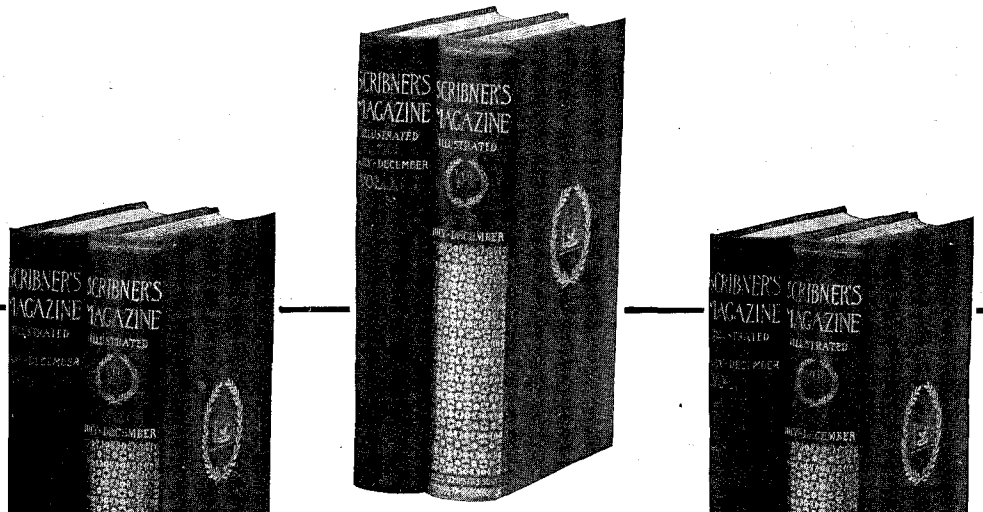

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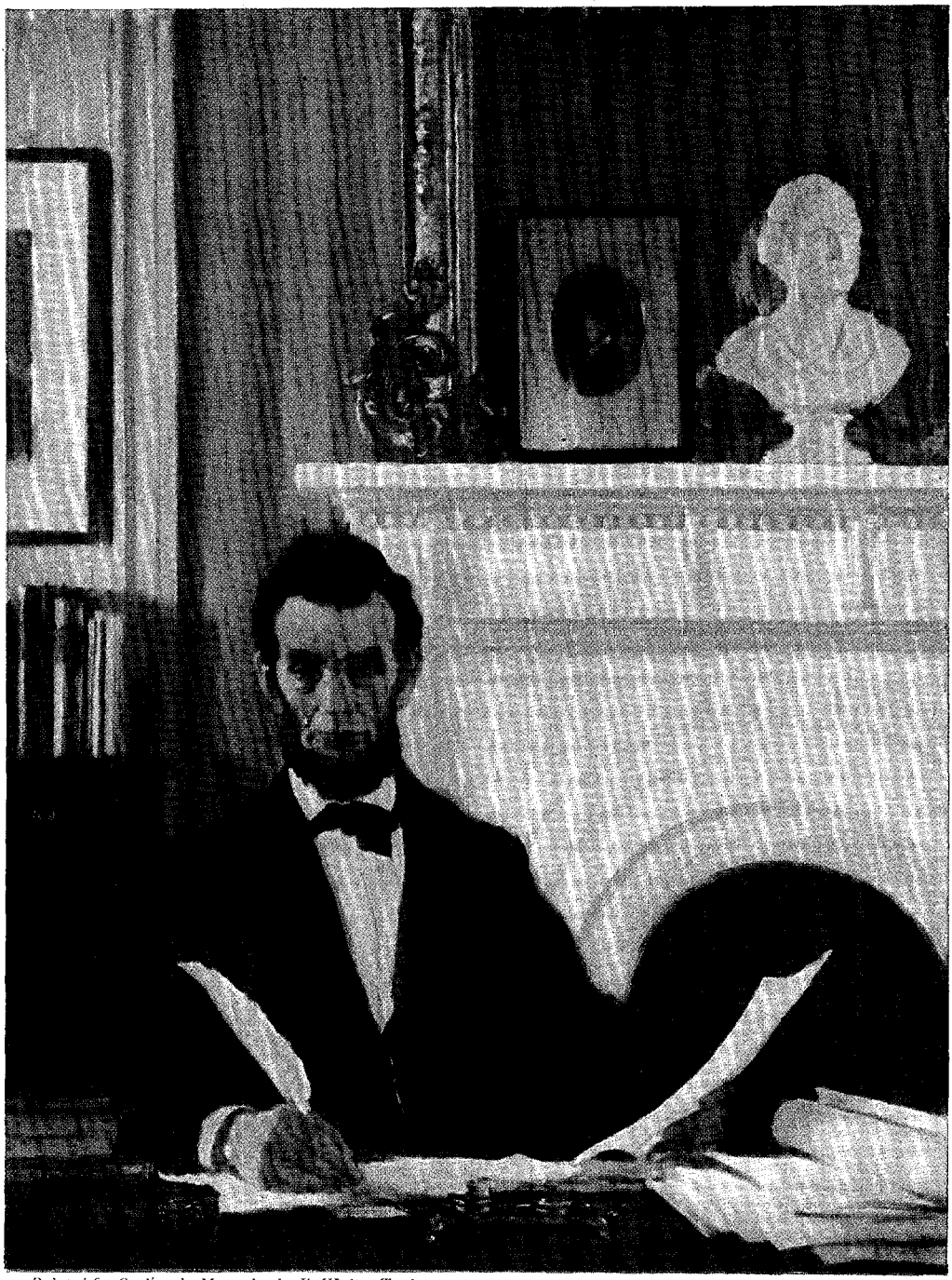

Painted for Scribner's Magazine by F. Walter Taylor.

DRAFTING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Throughout 1862 President Lincoln was brooding over the question of his duty to his country. On September 22, 1862, he issued a preliminary proclamation, written some two months previously, which had been kept secret within the councils of the Cabinet. This was followed on January 1, 1863, by the final Proclamation of Emancipation.

[The seventh of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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